

Princip A Elizabeth

POETICAL DICTIONARY;

OR, THE

BEAUTIES of the ENGLISH POETS,

ALPHABETICALLY DISPLAYED.

CONTAINING

THE MOST CELEBRATED PASSAGES

in the following Authors, viz.

SHAKESPEAR,
JOHNSON,
DRYDEN,
LEE,
OTWAY,
BEAUMONT,
FLETCHER,
LANDSLOWNE,
BUTLER,
SOUTHERNE,
ADDISON,
POPE,
GAY,

GARTH,
ROWE,
YOUNG,
THOMPSON,
MALLET,
ARMSTRONG,
FRANCIS,
WARTON,
WHITEHEAD,
MASON,
GRAY,
AKENSIDE,
SMART, &c.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. NEWBERRY, J. RICHARDSON, S. CROWDER
and Co. T. LONGMAN, T. DAVIS, R. STEVENS, T.
CASLON, J. COOTE, and G. KEARSLEY.

MDCCLXI.

POETICAL DICTIONARY

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| DRYDEN, | TEMPERLEY, |
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| BEAUMONT, | BEAUMONT, |
| FLETCHER, | FLETCHER, |
| LANDOWNE, | LANDOWNE, |
| BUTLER, | BUTLER, |
| SOUTHERN, | SOUTHERN, |
| ADDISON, | ADDISON, |
| POPE, | POPE, |
| GAY, | GAY, |



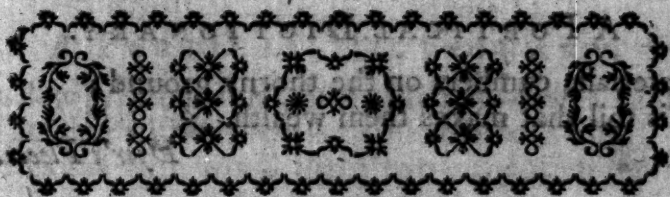
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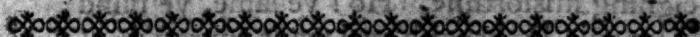
L O N D O N

Printed for J. Newbery, J. Richardson, and S. Crowder
and Col. J. Boneman, T. Davis, E. Sturges, T.
Garton, J. Cottle, and O. Harsnett.

MDCCLXX



POETICAL
DICTIONARY.



L.

LABOR.

NATURE lives by toil :
Beast, bird, air, fire, the heavens, and
rolling world,

All live by action: nothing lies at rest,
But death and ruin : man is born to care ;
Fashion'd, improv'd, by labor ; this of old
Wise states observing, gave that happy law,
Which doom'd the rich and needy, ev'ry rank,
To manual occupation, and oft called
Their chieftains from the spade, or furrowing
plough,

Or bleating sheepfold. Hence utility
Thro' all conditions ; hence the joys of health ;
Hence strength of arm, and clear judicious thought ;
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
Delectable. What simple nature yields
(And nature does her part) are only rude

VOL. III.

B.

Materials,

2 A POETICAL DICTIONARY.

Materials, cumberers on the thorny ground;
'Tis toil that makes them wealth.

Dyer's Fleece.

Houses of Labor, or Work-houses.

O when, through ev'ry province, shall be rais'd
Houses of labor, seats of kind constraint,
For those who now delight in fruitless sports
More than in chearful works of virtuous trade,
Which honest wealth would yield, and portion due
Of public welfare? Ho! ye poor, who seek,
Among the dwellings of the diligent,
For sustenance unearned; who stroll abroad
From house to house, with mischievous intent,
Feigning misfortune. Ho! ye lame, ye blind;
Ye languid limbs with real want oppress'd,
Who tread the rough highways and mountains
wild,

Thro' storms and rains, and bitterness of heart.
Ye children of affliction, be compell'd
To happiness; the long wish'd day light dawns,
When charitable rigor shall detain
Your step-bruis'd feet. Ev'n now the sons of trade,
Where'er their cultivated hamlets smile,
Erect the mansion, here soft fleeces shear,
The card awaits you, and the comb and wheel:
Here shroud you from the thunder of the storm;
No rain shall wet your pillow; here abounds
Pure bev'rage; here your viands are prepar'd,
To heal each sickness the physician waits,
And priest intreats to give your Maker praise.

Dyer's Fleece.

L A M B.

Ah, gentle shepherd, tune the lot to tend,
Of all that feel distress, the most assailed,
Feeble, defenceless: lenient be thy care;
But spread around thy tend'rest diligence

In

In flow'ry spring-time, when the new-drop'd lamb,
Tott'ring with weakness by his mother's side,
Feels the fresh world about him; and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet.

O guard his meek sweet innocence from all
Th' innum'rous ills, that rush around his life;
Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain;
Observe the lurking crows, beware the brake,
There the sly fox the careless minute waits;
Nor trust thy neighbour's dog, nor earth nor sky,
Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide.

Eurus oft flings his hail; the tardy fields
Pay not their promis'd food; and oft the dam
O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
Or fails to guard, when the bold bird of prey
Alights, and hops in many turns around,
And tires her also turning: to her aid
Be nimble, and the weakest, in thine arms,
Gently convey to the warm cote, and oft,
Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,
His hungry bleating still with tepid milk;
In this office may thy children join;
And charitable habits learn in sport.

Dyer's Fleece.

LANDSCAPE.

See the sun gleams; the living pastures rise,
After the nurture of the fall'n shower,
How beautiful, how blue th' etherial vault!
How verdurous the lawns! how clear the brooks!
Such noble warlike steeds, such herds of kine,
So sleek, so vast, such spacious flock of sheep,
Like flakes of gold illumining the green,
What other paradise adorn but thine,
Britannia? happy, if thy sons would know
Their happiness. To these, thy naval streams,
Thy frequent towns superb of busy trade,

4. A POETICAL DICTIONARY.

And ports magnific, add, and stately ships
Innumeros. But whither strays my muse?
Pleased like a traveller upon the strand
Arrived of bright Augusta: wild he roves
From deck to deck, thro' groves immense of masts;
'Mong crouds, bales, cars, the wealth of either Ind;
Thro' wharfs, and squares, and palaces, and domes,
In sweet surprize; unable yet to fix
His raptur'd mind, or scan in ordered course
Each object singly; with discov'ries new
His native country studious to enrich.

Dyer's Fleece.

LAPLANDERS.

Not such the sons of Lapland: wisely they
Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war:
They ask no more than simple nature gives:
They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms.
No false desires, no pride-created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time;
And through the restless ever-tortur'd maze
Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage.
Their rein-deer form their riches. These their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely
wealth,

Supply their wholesome fare, and chearful cups:
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the sledge their necks, and whirl them swift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
Of marbled snow, or far as eye can sweep
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heav'ns,
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
With doubled lustre from the radiant waste,
Even in the depth of polar night, they find
A wond'rous day! enough to light the chace,
Or guide their daring steps to Finland fairs.

Thomson's Seasons.

L A R K S.

The lark, that thuns on lofty boughs to build
 Her annual nest, lies silent in the field:
 But if the promise of a cloudless day,
 Aurora smiling, bids her rise and play,
 Then straight she shews, 'twas not for want of
 voice,

Or power to climb, she made so low a choice:
 Singing she mounts, her airy wings are stretch'd
 T'wards heav'n, as if from heav'n her notes she
 fetch'd. *Waller.*

And now the herald lark
 Left his ground nest, high tow'ring to descry
 The morn's approach, and greet her with his song.
Milton's Paradise Lost.

Now hear the lark,
 The herald of the morn; whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heav'ns, so high above our heads,
 Making such sweet divisions. *Romeo and Juliet.*

L A W Y E R.

I oft have heard him say, how he admir'd
 Men of your large profession that could speak
 To every cause, and things meer contraries,
 'Till they were hoarse again, yet all be law;
 That with most quick agility could turn,
 And return, make knots and undo them,
 Give fork'd council, take provoking gold
 On either hand, and put it up. These men
 He knew would thrive with their humility,
 And (for his part) he thought he should be blest
 To have his heir of such a suffering spirit;
 So wise, so grave, of so perplex'd a tongue,
 And loud withal, that could not wag nor, scarce
 Lie still without a fee. *Ben. Johnson's Volpone.*

6 A POETICAL DICTIONARY.

One that not long since was the buckram scribe,
That would run on mens errands for an asper;
And from such baseness, having rais'd a stock
To bribe the covetous judge, call'd to the bar;
So poor in practice too, that he would plead
A needy client's cause for a starv'd hen,
Or half a little loin of veal, tho' fly-blown:
And these the greatest fees you could arrive at
For just proceedings.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Spanish Curate.

I heard the deep mouth'd pack; they scented blood
From their first starting, and pursued their view
With the law musick of long winded calumny.
Well I remember one among the tribe,
A reading cut-throat, skill'd in parallels,
And dark comparisons of wond'rous likeness,
Who in a speech of unchew'd eloquence
Muster'd up all the crimes, since Noah's days,
To put in balance with this fancied plot,
And made e'en Cataline a saint to Raleigh:
The sycophant so much o'er-play'd his part,
I could have hugg'd him, kiss'd the unskilful lies,
Hot from his venal tongue.

Sewel's Sir W. Raleigh.

We have strict statutes, and most biting laws,
The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds,
Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep;
Ev'n like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use; in time the rod's
More mock'd than fear'd: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum. *Shakesp. Measure for Measure.*

L. A W.

L A W.

I have been a term-trotter myself these five
 And forty years; a goodly time, and a gracious!
 In which space, I have been at least sixteen times
 Beggar'd, and got up again; and in the mire again.
 You see I am old, yet have at this present
 Nine and twenty suits in-law, and all not worth
 forty shillings.

The pleasure of man is all:

A stake pull'd out of my hedge, there's one:

I was well beaten, I remember, that's two:

I took one a-bed with my wife against her will,
 that's three;

Was call'd cuckold for my labour, that's four;

I took another a-bed with her, that's five;

And then one call'd me wittal, that's the sixth;

He kill'd my dog for barking, that's seven;

My maid-servant was kiss'd at that time, eight;

My wife miscarry'd with a push, nine;

Et sic de cæteris.

I have so vex'd and beggar'd the whole parish

With processes, subpoena's, and such like molestations,

They are not able to spare so much ready money

From a term, as would set up a new weather-cock:

The churchwardens are fain to go to law

With the poor's money: and I so fetch up all the
 men

Ev'ry term-time, that 'tis impossible

To be at civil cuckoldry within ourselves,

Unless the whole country rise upon our wives.

2. O' my faith a pretty policy.

3. Nay, an excellent stratagem:

But of all I most wonder at the continual

Substance of thy wit, that having had so

Many suits in law from time to time, thou

Hast still money to relieve them.

8 A POETICAL DICTIONARY.

1. Why do you so much wonder at that? Why
this is my course:

My mare and I come up some five days 'fore the
term,

Here I lodge, as you see, among inns and places
Of most receipt; by which advantage I
Dive into the countrymens causes, furnish them
With knavish council, little to their profit;
Buzzing into their ears, this course, that writ,
This office, that *ultimum refugium*;
As you know I have words enough for the purpose.

2. Enough a conscience in faith.

1. Enough in law, no matter for conscience;

For which busy laborious sweating courtesy,
'They cannot choose but feed me with money,
By which I maintain mine own suits.

Another special trick I have, which is
To prefer most of those men to one attorney
Whom I affect best; to answer which kindness of
mine,

He'll sweat the better in my cause, and do them
The less good. Take it of my word, I help'd
My attorney to more clients the last term,
Than he'll dispatch in all his life time.

Middleton's Phœnia.

LEARNING.

A little learning is a dangerous thing!
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first sight with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the height of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor mind the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold, with strange surprize,
New distant scenes of endless science rise!

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

Learning

A POETICAL DICTIONARY. 9

Learning was first made pilot to the world,
 And in the chair of contemplation,
 Many degrees above the burning clouds,
 Held in his hand the nine-leav'd marble book,
 Drawn full of silver lines and golden stars.
 But farther, it was learning's place,
 Till empty outsidcs, shadows dawl'd with gold,
 Pluck'd him down headlong, then he lost his wits,
 And ever since lives zany to the world ;
 Turns pageant-poet, toiler to the press ;
 Makes himself cheap, detested, hiss'd, and stale,
 To every bubble and dull groom :
 Who, for his outsidcs gawdy, will presume
 To make poor wit an hackney to his pride :
 And with blunt rowell'd jests spur-gall his side,
 Till his soul bleed. O, I am more than mad,
 To see mere shadows, censure and controul
 The substance, worthier both in sense and soul.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

LEGACY.

Think upon the deed ;
 Think on your own decrepid age ; and know
 That day, by nature's possibility,
 Cannot be far from hence when you must leave
 Those wealthy hoards that you so basely lov'd ;
 And carry nothing with thee, but the guilt
 Of impious getting : then, if you would give
 To pious uses, what you cannot keep,
 Think what a wretched charity it is ?
 And know this act shall leave a greater stain
 On your detested memory, than all
 Those seeming deeds of charity can have
 A pow'r to wash away ; when men shall say,
 In the next age, this goodly hospital,
 This house of alms, this school, though seeming fair,
 Was the foul issue of a curst murder,

10 A POETICAL DICTIONARY.

And took foundation in a kinsman's blood.
The privilege that rich men have in evil,
Is, that they go unpunish'd to the devil.

Old Couple by May.

LEISURE.

Yet of the various tasks mankind employ,
'Tis sure the hardest, leisure to enjoy,
For one who knows to taste this godlike bliss,
What countless swarms of vain pretenders miss ?
Tho' each dull plodding thing, to ape the wise,
Ridiculously grave, for leisure sighs,
(His boasted wish from busy scenes to run)
Grant him that leisure, and the fool's undone.
The gods to curse poor Demea heard his vow,
And business now no more contracts his brow :
No real cares, 'tis true, perplex his breast,
But thousand fancied ills his peace molest :
The slighted trifles solid sorrows prove,
And the long ling'ring wheel of life scarce seems to
move.

Useless in business yet unfit for ease,
Nor skill'd to serve mankind, nor form'd to please,
Such spurious animals of worthless race,
Live but the publick burthen and disgrace :
Like mean attendants on life's stage are seen ;
Drawn forth to fill, but not conduct the scene.

Melmoth's Epist. to H. C. Esq;

LETTERS.

Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid :
They live, they speak, they breathe what love in-
spires,

Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires :
The virgin's wish, without her fears, impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart ;

Speed

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Pope's Eloise to Abelard.

LEVIATHAN.

Satan compared to one.

Satan —

With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other part besides
Prone on the flood extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian or earth-born, that warr'd on Jove,
Briareus or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest, that swim the ocean stream.
Him hap'ly slumb'ring on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff
Deeming some island, oft as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and the wished morn delays :
So stretch'd out in length the arch fiend lay
Chained on the burning lake. *Milton's Par. lost.*

There huge Leviathan unwieldly moves,
And through the waves a living island roves:
In dreadful pastime terribly he sports,
And the vast ocean scarce his weight supports;
Where-e'er he turns, the hoary deeps divide ;
He breaths a tempest, and he spouts a tide. *Broome.*

Go to the Nile, and, from its fruitful side,
Cast forth thy line into the swelling tide :
With slender hair Leviathan command,
And stretch his vastness on the loaded strand.

Will he become thy servant, will he own
 Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown?
 Or with his sport amuse thy leisure day,
 And, bound in silk, with thy soft maidens play?

At full my huge Leviathan shall rise,
 Boast all his strength, and spread his wond'rous size.
 Who, great in arms, e'er stripp'd his shining mail,
 Or crown'd his triumph with a single scale?
 Whose heart sustains him to draw near? behold,
 Destruction yawns; his spacious jaws unfold,
 And, marshal'd round the wide expanse, disclose
 Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows.
 What hideous fangs on either side arise!
 And what a deep abyss between them lies!
 Mete with thy lance, and with thy plumbet sound,
 The one how long, the other how profound.

His bulk is charg'd with such a furious soul,
 That clouds of smoke from his spread nostrils roll,
 As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
 Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire.
 The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas,
 Thy terror, this thy great superior please;
 Strength on his ample shoulders fits in state;
 His well join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;
 His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part;
 As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart.

When late awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
 And, stretching forth his stature to the clouds,
 Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
 And strikes the distant hills with transient light;
 Far round are fatal damps of terror spread,
 The mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.

Large is his front, and when his burnish'd eyes
 Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise.

In vain may death in various shapes invade
 The swift wing'd arrow, the descending blade;
 His naked breast their impotence defies;
 The dart rebounds, the brittle faulchion flies.

Shut in himself, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempests of their rattling spears;
The cumber'd strand their wasted volleys strow;
His sport the rage, and labour of the foe.

His pastimes like a cauldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the rising mud;
The billows feel him, as he works his way;
His hoary footsteps shine along the sea;
The foam high-wrought, with white divides the
green,

And distant sailors point where death has been.

His like earth bears not on her spacious face;

Alone in nature stands his dauntless race;

For utter ignorance of fear renown'd,

In wrath he rolls his baleful eyes around;

Makes ev'ry swollen, disdainful heart subside,

And holds dominion o'er the sons of pride.

Young's Paraphrase on Job.

LIBERTINE.

Fly, fly, *Varanes*, fly this sacred place,

Where virtue and religion are profess'd:

This city will not harbour infidels,

Traitors to chastity, licentious princes:

Fly to imperial libertines abroad:

In foreign courts thou'lt find a thousand beauties,

That will comply for gold; for gold they'll weep,

For gold be fond, as *Athenais* was;

And charm thee still, as if they lov'd indeed:

Thou'lt find enough companions too for riot;

Luxuriant all, and royal as thyself;

Tho' thy loud vices should resound to heav'n.

Lee's Theodosius.

LIBERTY.

Oh! give me Liberty!

For were ev'n Paradise itself my prison,

Still I should long to leap the crystal walls.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

14 A POETICAL DICTIONARY.

A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Addison's Cato.

What is life ? 'Tis not to stalk, and draw fresh
air,

From time to time ; or gaze upon the sun :

'Tis to be free : when liberty is gone,

Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.

Addison's Cato.

Remember, O my friends ! the laws, the rights,

The generous plan of power deliver'd down,

From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers ;

So dearly bought, the price of so much blood !

O let it never perish in your hands !

But piously transmit it to your children.

Do thou, great liberty, inspire our souls,

And make our lives in thy possession happy ;

Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

Addison's Cato.

O liberty, heav'n's choice prerogative !

True bond of law, thou social soul of property,

Thou breath of reason, life of life itself !

For thee the valiant bleed. O sacred liberty !

Wing'd from the summer's snare, from flattering
ruin,

Like the bold stork you seek the wint'ry shore,

Leave courts, and pomps, and palaces to slaves,

Cleave to the cold, and rest upon the storm.

Upborn by thee, my soul disdain'd the terms

Of empire—offer'd at the hands of tyrants.

With thee I fought this fav'rite soil ; with thee

These fav'rite sons I fought ; thy sons, O liberty !

For ev'n among the wilds of life you lead them ;

Lift their low rafted cottage to the clouds,

Smile o'er their heaths, and from the mountain tops

Beam glory to the nations, *Brook's Gustavus Vasa.*

——— O liberty,
 Parent of happiness, coelestial born !
 When the first man became a living soul ;
 His sacred genius, thou ; be Britain's care ;
 With her secure, prolong thy lov'd retreat ;
 Thence blest mankind ; while yet among her
 sons

Ev'n yet there are, to shield thine equal laws,
 Whose bosoms kindle at the sacred names
 Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walsingham, and Drake:
 May others more delight in tuneful airs ;
 In masque and dance excel ; to sculptur'd stone
 Give with superior skill the living look ;
 More pompous piles erect, or pencil soft
 With warmer touch the visionary board :
 But thou thy nobler Britons teach to rule ;
 To check the ravage of tyrannick sway,
 To quell the proud, to spread the joys of peace
 And various blessings of ingenious trade :
 Be these our arts ; and ever may we guard,
 Ever defend thee with undaunted heart.
 Inestimable good ! who giv'st us truth,
 Whose hand upleads to light, divin'st truth,
 Array'd in ev'ry charm : whose hand benign
 Teaches unwearied toil to cloath the fields
 And on his various fruits inscribes the name
 Of property : O nobly hail'd of old
 By thy majestick daughters, Judah fair,
 And Tyrus, and Sidonia, lovely nymphs,
 And Lybia bright, and all enchanting Greece,
 Whose num'rous towns and isles and peopled
 seas

Rejoic'd around her lyre ; th' heroick note,
 Smit with sublime delight, Ausonia caught,
 And plan'd imperial Rome. —————

Dyer's Ruins of Rome.

LIFE.

L I F E.

Ah ! what is life with ills incompass'd round ?
 Amidst our hopes, fate strikes the sudden wound :
 To day th' statesman of new honour dreams,
 To-morrow death destroys his airy schemes.
 Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd ?
 Think all that treasure thou must leave behind ;
 Thy heir with smiles shall view the blazon'd herse,
 And all thy hoards with lavish hands disperse ;
 Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
 Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay ;
 Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
 No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
 Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
 To suffer life beyond the date of man ?

Gay's Miscellanies.

Like to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are ;
 Or like the fresh spring's gawdy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew ;
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood ;
 Or bubbles which on water stood ;
 Ev'n such is man, whose borrow'd light
 Is straight call'd in, and paid to night.
 The wind blows out ; the bubble dies ;
 The spring entomb'd in autumn lies ;
 The dew dries up ; the star is shot ;
 The flight is past ; and man forgot.

King, Bishop of Chichester's Poems.

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat :
 Yet fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit ;
 Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay ;
 To-morrow's falser than the former day ;
 Lies more, and while it says we shall be blest
 With some new joys, cuts off what we possess'd :

Strange

Strange cozenage ! none would live past years
again,

Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain :
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.
I'm tir'd with waiting for this chymic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

Dryden's Aurengzebe.

Who, who would live, my Narva, just to
breathe

This idle air, and indolently run,
Day after day, the still-returning round
Of life's mean offices, and sickly joys ?
But in the service of mankind to be
A guardian god below—still to employ
The mind's brave ardour in heroic aims,
Such as may raise us o'er the groveling herd,
And make us shine for ever, that is life.

Thompson's Sophonisba.

Life is vainly short ;
A very dream of being : and when death
Has quench'd this finer flame that moves the heart,
Beyond is all oblivion, as waste night
That knows no following dawn, where we shall be
As we had never been ; the present then
Is only ours.

Mallet's Eurydice.

Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds,
Are only varied modes of endless being.
Reflect that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone,
Not for itself, but for a nobler end
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
When inconsistent with a greater good,
Reason commands to cast the less away ;

Thus

Thus life, with loss of wealth, is well preserv'd,
And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

S. Johnson's Irene.

Ye sons of men, with just regard attend,
Observe the preacher, and believe the friend,
Whose serious muse inspires him to explain,
That all we act and all we think is vain.

That in this pilgrimage of seventy years,
O'er rocks of perils and thro' vales of tears,
Destin'd to march, our doubtful steps we tend,
Tir'd with the toil, yet fearful of its end.

That from the womb we take our fatal shares
Of follies, passions, labours, tumults, cares :
And at approach of death shall only know
The truths, which from these penitive numbers
flow,

That we pursue false joy and suffer real woe.

Prior's Solomon.

O gentlemen, the time of life is short ;
To spend that shortness basely were too long.
Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.

Shakespeare's Henry IV.

L I N C O L N ' s I N N .

Where Lincoln's Inn's wide space is rail'd around,
Cross not with vent'rous steps, there off is found
The lurking thief, who, while the day-light shone,
Made the walls echo with his begging tone ;
That crutch which late compassion mov'd, shall
wound

Thy bleeding head, and sell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the linkman's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall ;
In the midway he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilf'ring band ;
Still keep the public streets, where oily rays,
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.

Happy

Happy Augusta! law-defended town:
 Here no dark lanthorns shade the villain's frown:
 No Spanish jealousies thy lanes infest,
 Nor Roman vengeance stabs th' unwary breast:
 Here tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand;
 But liberty and justice guard the land;
 No bravoes here profess the bloody trade,
 Nor is the church the murd'rer's refuge made.

Gay's Trivia.

L I O N.

Does the dread king and terror of the wood,
 The lion, from thy hand expect his food?
 Stung with keen hunger from his den he comes,
 Ranges the plains, and o'er the forest roams;
 He snuffs the track of beast, he fiercely roars,
 Doubling the horrors of the midnight hours;
 With sullen majesty he stalks away,
 And the rocks tremble while he seeks his prey;
 Dreadful he grins, he rends the savage brood
 With unsheath'd paws, and churns the spouting
 blood.

Broom's.

The prince in a lone court was plac'd,
 Unarm'd, all but his hands, on which he wore
 A pair of gantlets.

At last, the door of an old lion's den
 Being drawn up, the horrid beast appear'd:
 The flames which from his eyes shot glaring red,
 Made the sun start, as the spectators thought,
 And round them cast a day of blood and death;
 The prince walk'd forward: the large beast de-
 scry'd

His prey; and with a roar that made us pale,
 Flew fiercely on him: but Lyfimachus
 Starting aside, avoided his first stroke,
 With a slight hurt: and as the lion turn'd,

Thrust

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Thrust gantlet, arm, and all into his throat :
Then with Herculean force, tore forth by th' roots
The foaming bloody tongue; and while the savage,
Faint with the loss, sunk to the blushing earth,
To plough it with his teeth, your conqu'ring sol-
dier

Leap'd on his back, and dash'd his skull to pieces.

Lee's Alexander.

———— The lion

Who long has reign'd the terror of the woods,
And dar'd the boldest huntsman to the combat;
When caught at length within some hidden snare,
With foaming jaws he bites the toils that hold him,
And roars, and rolls his fiery eyes in vain :
While the surrounding swains wound him at plea-
sure.

Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.

L O N D O N.

London, the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common sewer of Paris and of Rome;
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs in each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this;
I cannot bear a French metropolis.

Samuel Johnson.

L O O K S.

If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself: vex'd I am
Of late with passions of some difference;
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviour.

Shakespear's Julius Cæsar.

See ! what a grace was seated on his brow !
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself ;

An

An eye, like Mars, to threaten or command:
 A combination, and a form indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

In his looks appears
 A wild distracted fierceness: I can read
 Some dreadful purpose in his face.
 Sometimes his anger breaks thro' all disguises,
 And spares nor gods nor men: And then he seems
 Jealous of all the world; suspects, and starts,
 And looks behind him.

Denham's Sophy.

He looks secure of death, superior greatness;
 Like Jove, when he made fate, and said, Thou art
 The slave of my creation.
 He looks as man was made, with face erect,
 That scorns his brittle corps, and seems asham'd
 He's not all spirit; His eyes with a dumb pride,
 Accusing fortune that he fell not warm:
 Yet now disdains to live.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

What brutal mischief sits upon his brow!
 He may be honest, but he looks damnation.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

Each vassal has a wild distracted face,
 And looks as full of business, as a blockhead
 In time of danger.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

My form, alas! has long forgot to please:
 The scene of beauty and delight is chang'd:
 No roses bloom upon my fading cheeks,
 No laughing graces wanton in my eyes:
 But haggard grief, lean-looking, fallow care,

And

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And pining discontent, a rueful train,
Dwell on my brow, all hideous and forlorn.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

A venerable aspect!

Age fits with decent grace upon his visage,
And worthily becomes his silver locks:
He wears the marks of many years well spent,
Of virtue, truth well try'd, and wise experience.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sun-shine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart.

Addison's Cato.

Just now I met him; at my sight he started,
Then with such ardent eyes he wander'd o'er me,
And gaz'd with such malignity of love,
Sending his soul out to me in a look.

Young's Busiris.

What glory blazes from his eye,
What force, what majesty in every motion,
As at each step he trod upon a foe.

Young's Busiris.

His visage seem'd to bear
A mixture of uncertain chearfulness
Like hope corrected by some cautious fear.

Sewell's Sir Walter Raleigh.

Where are now those looks,
Those looks of smiling heaven, of radiant sweetness,
That wak'd our morn of love? within whose sphere
No evil durst approach, no sadness dwell;
While the charm'd gazer knew nor fear nor danger.

Thompson's Agamemnon.

How

How distant are your looks, and how reserv'd!
Full of indiff'rence! coldness and aversion
Sit at the entrance, like two baleful fiends,
To tell no pity is contain'd within.

Havard's Scanderbeg.

LOQUACITY.

Oh! rid me of this torture quickly there,
My madam with the everlasting voice;
The bells in time of pestilence ne'er made
Like noise, as were in that perpetual motion!

All my house

But now steam'd like a bath with her thick breath;
A lawyer could not have been heard, nor scarce
Another woman; such a hail of words
She has let fall.

Ben Johnson's Silent Woman.

Manhood is turn'd and melted into courtesy,
Valour into compliment, men into tongues,
And trim ones too: he now is valiant,
Aye, as Hercules, that only tells a lie
And swears to it.

Shakespeare's Much-ado about Nothing.

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,
More than any man in Venice; his reasons are
Two grains of wheat hid in a bushel of chaff;
You shall seek all day ere you find them,
And when you have them, they're not worth the
search.

Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.

LOVE.

— There is in love a power,
There is a soft divinity that draws transport
Even from distress; that gives the heart
A certain pang, excelling far the joys
Of gross unfeeling life.

Mallett's Alfred.

Love

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Love warms our fancy with enliv'ning fires, H
Refines our genius, and our verse inspires; lo 11u7
From him Theocritus on Enna's plains, 33 33 12
Learnt the wild sweetness of his Doric strains; 6 T
Virgil by him was taught the moving art,
That charm'd each ear, and soften'd ev'ry heart
Lord Littleton.

I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one
That I should love a bright partic'lar star,
And think to wed it; he is so above me.
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself;
The hind that wou'd be-mated by the lion
Must die for love: 'twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To see him ev'ry hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and track of his sweet favour.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy,
Must sanctify his relicks. *Love's Labor Lost.*

I know thee, love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed.
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born.
Pope's Pastorals.

Love free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour wait the wedded dame,
August the deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove,
Fame, wealth, and honour, what are you to love?
Pope's Eloisa to Abelard.

To

Then he to love an altar built
 Of twelve vast French romances neatly gilt.
 There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
 And all the trophies of his former loves;
 With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
 And breaths three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.

Pope's Rape of the Lock.

Oh love! thy genius and thy force I know,
 Thy burning torch and pestilential bow:
 From some fermented tempest of the main,
 At once commenc'd thy being and thy reign;
 Nurs'd by fell harpies, in some burning wood,
 Inur'd to slaughter, and regar'd in blood:
 Relentless mischief! at whose dire command
 A mother stain'd with filial blood her hand:
 Curs'd boy! curs'd mother! which most impious
 say,

She who could wound, or he who could betray?

Blacklock.

All-bounteous nature taught the fertile field,
 For all our other ills a balm to yield:
 But love, the sharpest pang the heart sustains,
 Still cruel love incurable remains.

Blacklock.

Oh mighty love! from thy unbounded power
 How shall the human bosom rest secure!
 How shall our thought avoid the various snare,
 Or wisdom to our caution'd hearts declare
 The different shapes thou pleassest to employ,
 When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy!
 The haughty nymph, in open beauty dress'd,
 To-day encounters our unguarded breast:
 She looks with majesty, and moves with state;
 Unbent her soul, and in misfortune great,
 She scorns the world, and dares the rage of fate.
 Here whilst we take stern manhood for our guide

And guard our conduct with becoming pride ;
 Charm'd with the courage in her action shown,
 We praise her mind, the image of our own.
 She that can please, is certain to persuade ;
 To-day belov'd, to-morrow is obey'd.
 We think we see thro' reason's optics right,
 Nor find how beauty's rays elude our sight :
 Struck with her eye, whilst we applaud her mind ;
 And when we speak her great, we wish her kind.

To-morrow, cruel Pow'r, thou arm'st the fair,
 With flowing sorrow, and dishevel'd hair ;
 Sad her complaint, and humble is her tale,
 Her sighs explaining where her accents fail.
 Here gen'rous softness warms the honest breast,
 We raise the sad, and succour the distress :
 And whilst our wish prepares the kind relief ;
 Whilst pity mitigates her rising grief ;
 We sicken soon from her contagious care,
 Grieve for her sorrows, groan for her despair ;
 And against love too late those bosoms arm,
 Which tears can soften, and which love can warm.
 Against this nearest, cruellest of foes,
 What shall wit meditate, or force oppose ?
 Whence, feeble nature, shall we summon aid,
 If by our pity and our fear betray'd ?
 External rem'dy shall we hope to find,
 When the close fiend has gain'd our treach'rous
 mind,
 Insulting there does reason's pow'r deride ;
 And, blind himself, conducts the dazzl'd guide ?

Prior's Solomon.

Too aptly the afflicted heathens prove
 The force, while they erect the shrines of love.
 His mystic form the artisans of Greece
 In wounded stone, and molten gold express :
 And Cyprus to his godhead pays her vow :
 Fast in his hand the idol holds his bow :

Vol. A

A quiver by his side sustains his store
 Of pointed darts; sad emblems of his pow'r.
 A pair of wings he has, which he extends
 Now to be gone; which now again he bends,
 Prone to return, as best may serve his wanton
 ends.

Entirely thus I find the fiend pourtray'd,
 Since first, alas! I saw the beauteous maid;
 I felt him strike: and now I see him fly;
 Curs'd demon! oh! for ever broken lie
 Those fatal shafts by which I inward bleed!
 Oh! can my wishes yet o'ertake thy speed!
 Tir'd may'st thou pant, and hang thy flagging
 wing,

Except thou turn'st thy course, resolv'd to bring
 The damsel back, and save the love-sick king.

Prior's Solomon.

Fantastic tyrant of the am'rous heart,
 How hard thy yoke! how cruel is thy dart!
 Those 'scape thy anger who refuse thy sway;
 And those are punish'd most who most obey.

Prior's Solomon.

Soft Love, spontaneous tree, its parted root
 Must from two hearts with equal vigour shoot;
 Whilst each delighted and delighting gives
 The pleasing extasy which each receives:
 Cherish'd with hope, and fed with joy, it grows,
 Its chearful buds their op'ning bloom disclose,
 And round the happy soil diffusive odour flows.
 If angry fate that mutual care denies,
 The fading plant bewails its due supplies;
 Wild with despair, or sick with grief, it dies.

Prior's Solomon

Thou sov'reign power whose secret will controuls
 The inward bent and motion of our souls!
 Why hast thou plac'd such infinite degrees
 Between the cause and cure of my disease?

The mighty object of that raging fire,
 In which unpy'd Abra must expire;
 Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir,
 The lowing herd or fleecy sheep his care;
 At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
 Scornful of winter's frost and summer's sun;
 Still asking where he made his flock to rest at
 noon.

For him, at night, the dear expected guest,
 I had with hasty joy prepar'd the feast;
 And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain,
 Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain;
 Wav'ring, impatient, toss'd by hope and fear,
 Till he and joy together shall appear;
 And the lov'd dog declare his master near.
 On my declining neck and open breast,
 I should have lull'd the lovely youth to rest;
 And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
 With softest care have stole my arm away;
 To rise, and from the fold release the sheep,
 Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep.

Prior's Solomon.

Love, the most generous passion of the mind,
 The softest refuge innocence can find;
 The safe director of unguided youth,
 Fraught with kind wishes, and secur'd by truth;
 The cordial drop heaven in our cup has thrown,
 To make the nauseous draught of life go down;
 On which one only blessing God might raise,
 In lands of Atheists, subsidies of Praise;
 For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
 But felt a god, and blest'd his power in love.

Rochester's Poems.

So like the chances are of love and war,
 That they alone in this distinguish'd are:
 In love, the victors from the vanquish'd fly,
 They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.

Waller.

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To be in love, where scorn is bought with
groans;
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs: one fading mo-
ment's mirth,
With twenty watchful weary tedious nights;
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain:
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquish'd.

Shakespear's two Gentlemen of Verona.

Fie! fie! how wayward is this foolish love!
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently all humbl'd, kiss the rod?
How churlishly I chid Lucella hence?
When willingly I would have had her here?
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile.

Shakespear's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Oh! how this spring of love resembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an April day!
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away.

Shakespear's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

There is no woman's sides
Can 'bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love does give my heart: no woman's heart
So big to hold so much; they lack retention;
Alas! their love may be call'd appetite:
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt:
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much; make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Shakespear's Twelfth Night.

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Love, fair maid, is an extream desire,
That's not to be examin'd, but fulfill'd :
To ask the reason why thou art in love ;
Or, what might be the noblest end in love ;
Would overthrow that kindly rising warmth,
That many times slides gently o'er the heart :
'Twould make thee grave and staid, thy thoughts
would be

Like a thrice married widow, full of ends,
And void of all compassion ; and to fright thee
From such enquiries : whereas thou art now
Living in ignorance, mild, fresh, and sweet,
And but sixteen ; the knowing what love is
Would make thee six and forty.

Beaumont's Coxcomb.

Love's an heroic passion, which can find
No room in any base degenerate mind :
It kindles all the soul with honour's fire,
To make the lover worthy his desire.

Dryden's Conquest of Granada.

Love is that madness which all lovers have :
But yet it's sweet and pleasing so to rave :
'Tis an enchantment where the reason's bound ;
But paradise is in th' enchanted ground :
A palace void of envy, cares, and strife,
Where gentle hours delude so much of life ;
To take those charms away, and set me free,
Is but to send me into misery :
And prudence, of whose care you so much boast,
Restores the pains which that sweet folly lost.

Beaumont's Coxcomb.

My love's a noble madness,
Which shews the cause deserves it. Moderate for-
row
Fits vulgar love, and for a vulgar man :

But

But I have lov'd with such transcendent passion,
I soar'd, at first, quite out of reason's view,
And now am lost above it. *Dryden's All for Love.*

Love various minds does variously inspire ;
He stirs in gentle nature's gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the altar's laid ;
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade :
A fire, which every windy passion blows,
With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows.
Dryden's Tyrannick Love.

Love is that passion which refines the soul ;
First made men heroes, and those heroes gods :
Its genial fires inform the sluggish mass ;
The rugged soften, and the tim'rous warm ;
Gives wit to fools, and manners to the clown :
The rest of life is an ignoble claim ;
The soul unmov'd by love's inspiring breath,
Like lazy waters stagnates and corrupts.
Higgon's Generous Conqueror.

Oh ! shun that passion, as thou would'st thy bane ;
The deadliest foe to human happiness,
That poisons all our joys, destroys our quiet.
Love like a beauteous field at first appears,
Whose pleasing verdure ravishes the sight ;
But all within the hollow treacherous ground
Is nought but caverns of perdition.
Higgon's Generous Conqueror.

Methinks it lightens
The weight of my calamities, that thou
Are yet a kin to my infirmity,
And bear'st thy part in love's melodious ills ;
Love like that bane perfum'd infects the mind,
That sad delight, that charms all womankind.
Lee's Theodosius.

Why dost thou urge me thus,
And push me to the very brink of glory? where,
alas!

I look, and tremble at the vast descent;
And yet even there, to the vast bottom, down
My rash adventurer, love, would have me leap,
And grasp my Athenais with my ruin.

Lee's Theodosius.

Early thou know'st last night I went to rest;
But long, my friend, e'er slumber clos'd my eyes:
Long was the combat fought 'twixt love and glory;
The fever of my passion eat me up;
My pangs grew stronger, and my rack was doubled:
My bed was all afloat with the cold drops,
That mortal pain wrung from my lab'ring limbs:
My groans more deep than others dying gasps.

Lee's Theodosius.

Oh! he is lost in a fond maze of love;
The idle truantry of callow boys!
I'd sooner trust my fortunes with a daw,
That hops at every butterfly he sees,
Than have to do in honour with a man,
That sells his virtues for a woman's smiles.

Osway's Orphan.

I knew 'twere madness to declare this truth,
And yet 'twere baseness to deny my love:
But such a love kept at such awful distance,
As what it loudly dares to tell a rival,
Shall fear to whisper there! queens may be lov'd,
And so may gods; else why are altars rais'd?
Why shines the sun, but that he may be view'd?
But, oh! when he's too bright, if then we gaze,
'Tis but to weep, and close our eyes in darkness.

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

A heat full of coldness, a sweet full of
Bitterness, a pain full of pleasantness,
Which maketh thoughts have eyes, and hearts,
And ears ; bred by desire, nurs'd by delight,
Wean'd by jealousy, kill'd by dissembling,
Buried by ingratitude : and this is love.

Lilly's Gallathea.

They say, base men being in love, have then
A nobility in their natures more
Than is native to them.

Shakespeare's Othello.

1. Didst thou but know th' inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

2. I don't seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreamer rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

1. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it
burns :

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth
rage ;

But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musick with th' enamell'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to ev'ry sedge

He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;

And so by many winding nooks he strays

With willing sport to the wide ocean.

Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

In love of women, my affection first

Takes fire out of the frail parts of my blood ;

Which, till I have enjoy'd, is passionate

Like other lovers ; but fruition past,

I then love out of judgment ; the desert

Of her I love still sticking in my heart,

Tho' the desire and the delight be gone ;
 Which must chance still, since the comparison
 Made upon trial 'twixt what reason loves,
 And what affection, makes in me the best
 Ever preferr'd ; what most love valuing least
 They love being judgment then, and of the mind,
 Marry thy worthiest mistress.

If there were love in marriage, so I would ;
 But I deny that any man doth love
 Affecting wives, maids, widows, any women ;
 For neither flies love milk, altho' they drown
 In greedy search thereof ; nor doth the bee
 Love honey, though the labour of her life
 Is spent in gathering it ; nor those that fat,
 Or beasts, or fowls, do any thing therein
 For any love : for, as when only nature
 Move men to meat, as far as her power rules,
 She doth it with a temp'rate appetite,
 The too much men devour, abhorring nature ;
 And in our most health, is our most disease :
 So, when humanity rules men and women,
 'Tis for society confin'd in reason.

But what excites the bed's desire in blood
 By no means can be justly constru'd love ;
 For, when love kindles any known spirit,
 It ends in virtue and effects divine ;
 And as in friendship chaste and masculine.

Chap. Revenge of Buffy Dambois.

I'll tell you just how long love's bred in the blood
 Prospers as long as beauty's in the bud :
 When beauty withers lustful love grows cold ;
 And e'er it be half ripe, 'tis rotten old,

Day's Law Tricks.

Ah, I remember well, and how can I
 But ever more remember well, when first
 Our flame begun ? when scarce we knew what was
 The

The flame we felt ; when as we sat and sigh'd,
 And look'd upon each other, and conceived
 Not what we ail'd, yet something we did ail,
 And yet were well ; and yet we were not well :
 And what was our disease we could not tell :
 Then would we kiss, then sigh, and look : and
 thus

In the first garden of our simpleness
 We spent our childhood ; but when years began
 To reap the fruit of knowlege, ah ! how then,
 Wou'd she with graver look, with sweet stern
 brow,

Check my presumption, and my forwardness,
 Yet still wou'd give me flowers, still wou'd me
 shew,

What she wou'd have me, yet not have me know.

Daniel's Hymen's Triumphs.

Love is a joy which upon pain depends,
 A drop of sweet drown'd in a sea of fours ;
 What folly doth begin oft' fury ends,
 They hate for ever, who loved for hours.

Earl of Sterling's Cræsus.

Young wenches loves
 Are like the course of quartanes, they may shift,
 And seem to cease sometimes, and yet we see
 The least distemper pull them back again,
 And seats them in their old course.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Monsieur Thomas.

Hear ye ladies that despise,
 What almighty love has done ;
 Fear examples, and be wise,
 Fair Calisto was a nun.

Leda sailing on the stream,
 To deceive the hopes of man,
 Love accounting but a dream,
 Doted on a silver swan.

Dante

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Danae in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, lov'd a shower.

Hear ye ladies that are coy,
What almighty love can do;

Fear the fierceness of the boy,

The chaste moon he makes to woo,

Vesta kindling holy fires,

Circle round about with spies,

Never dreaming loose desires,

Doting at the altar dies.

Ilion in a short hour higher

He can build, and once more fire.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian.

Young men's love is like ivy, it must have
Somewhat to cleave to, or it never prospers.

Love is like fasting days, but the body
Is like flesh-days; and it is our English

Gallants fashion, to prefer a morsel

Of flesh, before all the fasting-days in the year.

Middleton's any Thing for Love.

Love is a God,

Strong, free, unbounded, and as some define,

Fears nothing, pitieth none. *Mason's Muleasses.*

For this is held a principle in schools:

Love makes not fools wise men, but wise men

fools. *Cupid's Whirligig.*

For love, good mistress, is much like wax,

The more 'tis rubb'd, it sticks the faster,

Or like a bird in bird-lime, or a pit-fall,

The more he labours, still the deeper in. *Shirley.*

Love is a region full of fires,

And burning with extreme desires,

An object seeks, of which possess,

The wheels are fix'd, the motions rest,

The flames in ashes lie suppress.

This

This meteor striving high to rise,
The fuel spent, falls down and dies. *Beaumont.*

1 Do not too much aggravate the crime,
Rather impute it to their childish love.
2 To love, my lords, if that were tolerable,
What are so vile but might be so excus'd?
The murd'rer that sheddeth innocent blood
Might plead it was for love of his revenge:
The felon likewise might excuse his theft,
With love of money: and the traytor too
Might say it was for love of sovereignty:
And indeed all offenders so might plead.

Swelchman the Woman-hater.

All men that are in love deal with the devil,
Only with this difference; he that dotes
Upon a woman, is absolutely possess'd,
And he that loves the least is haunted
With a familiar. *Shirley's Sisters.*

Thus can the flame of heaven with subtle art
Leave the skin whole, and yet consume the heart.
Shirley's Sisters.

Young men fly when beauty darts
Amorous glances at your hearts;
The fixed mark gives the shooter aim,
And ladies looks have power to maim:
Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,
Wrapt in a smile, or kiss, love lies:
Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer love, who run away. *Carow.*

Give me a lover bold and free,
Not eunuch'd with formality,
Like an ambassador that beds a queen,
With the nice caution of a sword between.

Cleveland.

How

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How weak is lover's laws !
 The bonds made there, like gipsies knots, with
 ease,
 Are fast and loose, as they that hold 'em please.
Suckling.

She quite o'ercame
 My dallying thoughts, and turn'd them at length
 To a true dotage. O she would often sit
 And breath a cloud of sighs, tell me how much
 I should abuse a credulous virgin, if
 I did but personate the love I made:
 How if I did enjoy another mistress,
 Her ghost, for sure she could not long outlive it,
 Would fright my soul from this my body to her:
 O she would cast such powerful glances on me;
 Such charming spirits danc'd in the bright rays
 Of every view, they did draw up my soul,
 And chain'd it fast to hers: Thus the fond lark,
 Playing about the glit'ring snare, does tempt
 The net, and dares its prison, till at length
 He finds his liberty betray'd, and all
 That pomp of brightness but a glorious bait.

Mead's Combat of Love and Friendship.

A lover's like a hunter: if the game be got
 With too much ease, he cares not for't.

Mead's Combat of Love and Friendship.

Hear, ye virgins, and I'll teach,
 What the times of old did preach:
 Rosamond, was in a bower
 Kept, as Danae in a tower;
 But yet love, who subtle is,
 Crept to that, and came to this:
 Be ye lock'd up like to these,
 Or the rich Hesperides:
 Or those babies in your eyes,
 In thin crystal nunneries;

Notwith-

Notwithstanding love will win,
Or else force a passage in;
And as coy be as you can,
Gifts will get ye, or the man. *Herrick.*

There is no failing of women at their
Critical minute; if you do they'll hate
You ever after, and think you want vigour,
Or apprehension: counsels in love, like
Stratagems in war, are to be taken
In the sudden, when you find the enemy
In disorder, or your own men
Fittest for action. *Fane's Love in the Dark.*

Blushes a woman's passions may reveal,
But men their passions by their words should tell.
E. of Orrery's Triphon.

Love is a God, and cannot be withstood,
Yet he's a God alone to flesh and blood:
For those whose soule are active and sublime
Resist his power, and so prove Gods to him.
Earl of Orrery's Mustapha.

Love never was to reason's rule confin'd,
For 'tis a passion, sir, which only knows
Such laws as on itself it will impose.
The greatest men the world e'er did grace,
Have still allow'd to love the highest place.
Earl of Orrery's Mustapha.

Do you yet love the cause of all your woes?
Or is she grown, as sure she ought to be,
More odious to the sight than toads or adders?
Dryden's Spanish Friar.

Alas! thou know'st not what it is to love
A grove of pikes,
Whose polish'd steel from far severely shines,
Is not so dreadful as this beauteous queen.
When we behold an angel, not to fear,
Is to be impudent. *Dryden's Spanish Friar.*
Didst

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Didst thou but know, as I do,
The pangs and tortures of a slighted love,
Thou woud'st not wonder at this sudden change:
For when ill-treated it turns all to hate;
And the then darling of our soul's reveng'd.

Powell's Treacherous Brother.

Love's a greater king,
Nay, a tyrant, a devil, that possesses me,
He turns the organs of my voice, and speaks
Unknown to me within me, pushes me,
And drives me on by force.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

Ye niggard gods! ye make our lives too long,
You fill them with diseases, wants and woes,
And only dash 'em with a little love,
Sprinkled by fits, and with a sparing hand.

Dryden's Amphitryon.

O artless love, where the soul moves the tongue,
And only nature speaks what nature thinks.

Dryden's King Arthur.

Love's force is shewn in countries cas'd with ice,
Where the pale pole-star in the north of heav'n,
Sits high, and on the frozy winter broods,
Ev'n there love reigns.

There the proud god, disdain'g winter's bounds,
O'erleaps the fences of eternal snow,
And with his warmth supplies the distant sun.

Dryden's King Arthur.

We lov'd, without transgressing virtue's bounds
We fix'd the limits of our tenderest thoughts;
Came to the verge of honour, and there stopp'd:
We warm'd us by the fire, but were not scorch'd:
If this be sin, angels might love with more,
And mingle rays of minds less pure than ours:

Our

Our souls enjoy'd, but to their holy feasts,
Bodies on both sides were forbidden guests.

Dryden's Love Triumphant.

Let the fools,
Who follow fortune live upon her smiles;
All our prosperity is plac'd in love:
We have enough of that to make us happy.

Southern's Oroonoko.

Love is a subject to himself alone,
And knows no other empire than his own.

Lansdown's British Enchanters.

Love, like a meteor, shews a short-liv'd blaze;
Or treads thro' various skies a wand'ring maze:
Begot by fancy, and by fancy led;
Here in a moment, in a moment fled;
But fix'd by obligation it will last,
For gratitude's the charm that binds it fast.

Lansdown's Jew of Venice.

Life without love's a load, and time stands still,
What we refuse to him to death we give;
And then, then only, when we love we live.

Congreve's Mourning Bride.

O love! thou bane of an unhappy maid;
Still art thou busy at my panting heart;
Still dost thou melt my soul with thy soft images,
And make my ruin pleasing: fondly I try,
By gales of sighs, and floods of streaming tears,
To vent my sorrows, and assuage my passions;
Still new supplies renew th'exhausted store,
Love reigns my tyrant: to himself alone
He vindicates the empire of my breast,
And banishes all thoughts of joy for ever.

Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.

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The idle god of love supinely dreams
Amidst inglorious shades and purling streams;
In rosy fetters, and fantastick chains
He binds deluded maids, and simple swains;
With soft enjoyment woos them to forget
The hardy toils and labour of the great:
But, if the warlike trumpets loud alarms
To virtuous acts excite, and manly arms;
The coward boy avnws his abject fear,
On silken wings sublime he cuts the air;
Scar'd at the noble noise and thunder of the war. }
Rowe's Tamerlane.

Spight of the high-wrought tempest in my soul;
Spight of the pangs which jealousy has cost me,
This haughty woman reigns within my breast:
In vain I strive to put her from my thoughts,
To drive her out with empire and revenge;
Still she comes back like a retiring tide,
That ebbs a while, but strait returns again,
And swells above the beach. *Rowe's Tamerlane.*

It exceeds
My power to cease to love, but tho' a wretch
Scorch'd in a fever cannot cease to thirst;
Yet he may throw the baneful draught away,
Or beg some friend to bind his desp'rate arms;
May chuse the present misery to avoid,
A greater in reversion, and endure
The cravings of unsatisfy'd desire. }
Trapp's Abramale.

How great is the mistake of our vain sex,
Who think the number of their fond admirers
Alone can make them happy!—She indeed,
Who unsubdu'd by love, his power defies,
May with delight her num'rous conquests prize,
And view with careless air, the triumph of her
eyes. }

But

But when these amorous pains our breasts divide,
We find in spite of our fantastic pride,
We should more true and lasting pleasures prove,
Were we belov'd by none but those we love.

Trap's Abramule.

Did I not labour, strive, all-seeing powers !
Did I not weep and pray, implore your aid,
Burn clouds of incense on your loaded altars ?
Oh ! I call'd heaven and earth to my assistance,
All the ambitious thirst of fame and empires ;
And all the honest pride of conscious virtue :
I struggled, rav'd, the new-born passion reign'd
Almighty in its birth.

Smith's Phedra and Hippolitus.

When love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love :
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together. *Addison's Cato.*

Believe me, prince, tho' hard to conquer love,
'Tis easy to direct, and break its force :
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress,
Light up another flame, or put out this.

Addison's Cato.

Now Marcus, now thy virtue's on the proof;
Put forth thy utmost strength, work every nerve,
To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails.

Addison's Cato.

Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death ;
Then thou shalt see that Marcus is not slow
To follow glory, and confess his father :
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition, and a thirst of greatness ;

'Tis

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'Tis second life, it grows into the soul;
 Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse:
 I feel it here, my resolution melts. *Addison's Cato.*

O Lucia! language is too faint to shew
 His rage of love; it preys upon his life:
 He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
 His passion, and his virtues lie confus'd,
 And mix'd together in so wild a tumult,
 That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him:
 Heav'ns! would one think 'twere possible for love
 To make such ravage in a noble soul!
Addison's Cato.

The hero shakes in vain the whizzing spear,
 Boasts the rich trophies and the pomp of war,
 Though captive princes sweat beneath his chains,
 A greater foe unconquer'd yet remains;
 Love feels with rival's pride and envious shame,
 His growing honours and aspiring fame;
 Then his big schemes are in a moment cross'd,
 Beauty unnerves him, and the world is lost.
Beckingham's Scipio.

Love strong in wish, is weak in reason, still
 Forming a thousand ills which ne'er shall be;
 And like a coward, kills itself to-day
 With fancy'd grief for fear it die to-morrow.
Sewell's Sir Walter Raleigh.

O love! what miracles by thee are wrought,
 How dost thou mix thy causes in one day,
 Crowding the woes and happiness of years?
 All passions that divide the human breast,
 Sink it in sorrow, or exalt with joy.
 Hope, anguish, transport, anger, fear:
 All have reign'd here within the scanty space.
 Let this suffice, imperious deity

Be all my future view, one bright serene,
One lengthen'd sunshine of unspotted bliss,
Where fear, nor damps, nor sorrow casts a shade.
Sewell's Sir Walter Raleigh.

Love, like od'rous Zephyr's grateful breath
Repays the flow'r that sweetness which it borrow'd;
Uninjuring, uninjur'd, lovers move
In their own sphere of happiness confest,
By mutual truth avoiding mutual blame.
Milton's Comus.

Why should we kill the best of passions, love?
It aids the hero, bids ambition rise
To nobler heights, inspires immortal deeds,
Even softens brutes, and adds a grace to virtue.
Thompson's Sophonisbe.

No anger, no distate can dwell with love,
With love like ours ennobled, into friendship,
That while it soothes, invigorates the heart:
Union of wishes, harmony of wills,
Blended and lost in one consenting interest,
One undivided happiness, beyond
The solitary, joyless pride of power
That dazzles, not delights. *Mallet's Mustapha.*

Love is a passion whose effects are various;
It ever brings some charge upon the soul,
Some virtue, or some vice till then unknown,
Degrades the hero, and makes cowards valiant.
— When it pours upon a youthful temper,
Open and apt to take the torrent in;
It owns no limits, no restraint it knows,
But sweeps down all, tho' heav'n and hell oppose:
Ev'n virtue rears in vain her sacred mound
Rais'd in its rage, or in its swellings drown'd.
Brooke's Gustavus Kasa.
Almighty

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Rais'd in its rage, or in its swellings drown'd.
Brooke's Gustavus Kasa.
Almighty

Almighty love! what wonders are not thine!
 Soon as thy influence breathes upon the soul,
 By thee, the haughty bend the suppliant knee,
 By thee, the hand of avarice is open'd
 Into profusion; by thy power the heart
 Of cruelty is melted into softness;
 The rude grow tender, and the fearful bold.

Paterfon's Arminius.

He praises love, as if he were a lover.
 He blames the false pursuit of vagrant youth,
 Calls them gay folly, a mistaken struggle
 Against best-judging nature. Heav'n, he says,
 In lavish bounty form'd the heart for love;
 In love included all the finer seeds
 Of honour, virtue, friendship, purest bliss.---

Thompson's Tancred and Sigismunda.

Let not the flow'ry scenes of joy and peace,
 That faithless passion to the view presents,
 Ensnare thee into woe.---Thou little know'st
 What mischiefs lurk in each deceitful charm;
 What griefs attend on love. *Smollet's Regicide.*

O gilded curse!
 More fair than rosy morn, when first she smiles
 O'er the dew-brighten'd verdure of the spring!
 But more deceitful, tyrannous, and fell,
 Than Syrens, tempests, and devouring flame!

Smollet's Regicide.

As love alone can exquisitely bless,
 Love only feels the marvellous of pain;
 Opens new veins of torture in the soul,
 And wakes the nerve where agonies are born.

Smollet's Regicide.

Love ne'er should die:
 'Tis the soul's cordial: 'tis the fount of life:
 Therefore should spring eternal in the breast.
 One object lost, another should succeed;
 And all our life be love.

Brown's Barbarossa.

Where strictest virtue, softest love unite,
 How fierce the rapture, and the blaze how bright!
 True joys proceed from innocence and love,
 Th' unsteady by this lesson may improve,
 Disdain their vices and forget to rove.

Havard's Scanderbeg.

I know a passion still more deeply charming
 Than sever'd youth e'er felt; and that is love,
 By long experience mellow'd into friendship,
 How far beyond that froward child of fancy?
 With beauty pleas'd a-while, anon disgusted,
 Seeking some other toy; how far more noble
 Is that bright offspring of unchanging reason,
 That fonder grows with age, and charms for ever.

Thompson's Agamemnon.

Ye libertines,
 Ye lawless rovers, who, to fate desire,
 Ravage thro' all love's province! can ye find
 Ev'n in that vast variety you prove,
 A charm like virtue! — 'tis the only good,
 An emanation of that source of light,
 Whose all-creating word, from darkness rais'd
 Yon lucid firmament, and bid it shine
 With never-ceasing lustre.

Havard's Regulus.

'Tis love combin'd with guilt alone, that melts
 The soften'd soul to cowardice and sloth;
 But virtuous passion prompts the great resolve,
 And fans the slumbering spark of heav'nly fire.

S. Johnson's Irene.

Keen are the pangs
 Of hapless love, and passion un approv'd:
 But where consenting wishes meet, and vows
 Reciprocally breath'd, confirm the tie,
 Joy rolls on joy, an unexhausted stream!
 And virtue crowns the sacred scene with peace.

Smollet's Regicide.

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I'm numb'd and fix'd, and scarce my eye-balls
move;

I fear it is the lethargy of love:

'Tis he! I feel him now in every part,

Like a new lord he vaunts about my heart,

Surveys in state each corner of my breast:

And now I'm all o'er love!

Dryden's Conquest of Granada.

Castalio, oh Castalio! thou hast caught

My foolish heart, and like a tender child

That trusts his play-thing to another hand,

I fear its harm and fain would have it back,

Otway's Orphan.

I look'd and gaz'd, and never miss'd my heart,

It fled so pleasingly away: but now my soul

Is all Lavinia's; now she is fix'd

Firm in my heart; by secret vows made there,

The indelible records of faithful love!

Otway's Caius Marius.

A change so swift, what heart did ever feel!

It rush'd upon me like a mighty stream,

And bore me in a moment far from shore;

I've lov'd away myself in one short hour:

Already am I gone an age in passion.

Was it his youth, his valour, or success?

These might perhaps be found in other men:

'Twas that respect, that awful homage paid me;

That fearful love which trembled in his eyes,

And with a silent earthquake shook his soul.

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

I am not what I was; since yesterday,

My strength forsakes me, and my needful rest;

I pine, I languish, love to be alone;

I think much, speak little, and in speaking, sigh:

When

When I see Torrismond, I am unquiet ;
 And when I see him not, I am in pain.
 They brought a paper to me to be sign'd ;
 Thinking on him, I quite forgot my name,
 And writ for Leonora, Torrismond.
 I went to bed, and to myself I thought
 That I would think on Torrismond no more ;
 Then shut my eyes, but could not shut out him :
 I turn'd and try'd each corner of my bed,
 To find if sleep was there, but sleep was lost :
 Feverish for want of rest I rose, and walk'd,
 And by the moonshine to the windows went,
 There thinking to exclude him from my thoughts ;
 I cast my eyes upon the neighbouring fields,
 And e'er I was aware, sigh'd to myself,
 There fought my Torrismond.

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

Would I had been a Man ;
 With honour then I might have fought his friend-
 ship :

Perhaps from long experience of my faith
 He might have lov'd me better than the rest :
 Amidst the dangers of the horrid war,
 Still I had been the nearest to his side ;
 In courts and triumphs still had shar'd his joys :
 Or when the sportful chace had call'd us forth,
 Together we had chear'd our foaming steeds,
 Together press'd the savage o'er the plain ;
 And when o'er labour'd with the pleasing toil,
 Stretch'd on the verdant soil had slept together.

Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.

What was my transport then when I first saw thee
 Trembling, and in confusion, pale and redd'ning
 By turns ? when all thy charms were in a hurry,
 And the retreating and returning blood

Surpriz'd me with vicissitude of beauty,
 How did my heart—But 'tis unutterable;
 No words of rapture can express my passion,
 Nor how I since have lov'd; and yet 'tis pleasant
 To think and recollect our past delights.

Trap's Abramule.

Can I forget him; drive him from my soul?
 Oh! he will still be present to my eyes;
 His words will ever echo in my ears;
 Still will he be the torture of my days,
 Bane of my life, and ruin of my glory.

His fatal form

Reigns in my heart, and dwells before my eyes:
 If to the Gods I pray, the very vows
 I make to heaven are by erring tongue
 Spoke to Hyppolitus: if I try to sleep,
 Straight in my drowsy eyes, my restless fancy
 Brings back his fatal form, and curses all my slum-
 bers.

Smith's Phædra and Hyppolitus.

'Tis love, almighty love!

Returning on me with a stranger tide.
 Come to my breast, thou rosy smiling god!
 Come unconfin'd! bring all thy joys along,
 All thy soft cares, and mix them copious here.
 Quick, let me fly to her; and there forget
 This tedious absence, war, ambition, noise,
 Friendship itself, the vanity of fame,
 And all but love, for love is more than all.

Thompson's Sophonisba.

How he look'd and mov'd when he approach'd
 me!

Dreadful as Mars, and as his Venus lovely;
 His kindling cheeks with purple beauties glow'd;
 His lovely sparkling eyes shot martial fires:
 O godlike form! O extasy of transports!

My

My breath grew short ; my beating heart sprung
upward ;

And leap'd and bounded in my heaving bosom :

Gods, how I shook ! what boiling heat inflam'd ;

My panting breast that night with love I sicken'd :

Oft I receiv'd his fatal charming visits ;

Then would he talk with such a heavenly grace,

Look with such dear compassion on my pains,

That I could wish to be so sick for ever :

My ears, my greedy eyes, my thirsty soul,

Drunk, gorging in, the dear delicious poison ;

Till I was lost, quite lost in impious love,

The god of love, ev'n the whole god possess'd me.

Smith's Phœdra and Hyppolitus.

Yet while inexpert of years

I heard of bloody spoils, the waste of war,

And dire conflicting man ; Gustavus' name

Superior rose, still dreadful in the tale :

Then first he seiz'd my infancy of soul,

As somewhat fabled of gigantic fierceness,

Too huge for any form ; he scar'd my sleep,

And fill'd my young idea. Not the boast

Of all his virtues, graces only known

To him, and heav'nly natures, could erase

The strong impression ; till that wondrous day

In which he met my eyes. But O, O heav'n,

O love, and all ye cordial pow'rs of passion !

What then was my amazement ! he was chain'd,

Was chain'd, my Mariana ! like the robes

Of coronation worn by youthful kings,

He drew his shackles. The Herculean nerve

Brac'd his young arm ; and soften'd in his cheek

Liv'd more than woman's sweetness ! then his eye

His mien ! his native dignity ! he look'd

As tho' he led captivity in chains,

And all were slaves around.

As I trembl'd, look'd and sigh'd,
 His eyes met mine; he fix'd their glories on me.
 Confusion thrill'd me then, and secret joy,
 Fast throbbing, stole its treasures from my heart,
 And mantling upward, turn'd my face to crimson.

Brooke's Gustavus Vasa.

But love, with malice, as an angry cur,
 Snarls while it feeds; so will I seize, and stanch
 The hunger of my love on this proud beauty,
 And leave the scraps for slaves. *Dryden's Oedipus.*

One fatal morn,
 As I was seated on my throne of judgment,
 In th' open forum, the attendant crowd
 Awaiting my decrees, my eyes were struck
 With a young damsel that pass'd slowly by me
 Attended only by one female slave.
 Oh Venus, what a Grace!—What heavenly sweet-
 ness!
 What looks!—On th' instant troubled and dis-
 order'd,
 Trembling all o'er I felt a pain unusual,
 Yet mix'd with strange delight, shoot nimbly thro'
 And thrill in every vein!—Quite fix'd and mo-
 tionless

Sometime I sat, nor heard the noisy orator
 Haranguing long and loud!—My senses all
 Seal'd up, except these eyes, which still pursu'd
 her:

When suddenly I rose from my tribunal,
 Dismiss'd the crowd, and gathering up my robe
 In haste, I follow'd her. - - - - -
 - - - - - Before I quite had reach'd her
 She enter'd, with her slave, the public schools
 By custom destin'd to our Roman maids;
 Here suddenly I stopp'd—here I stood rooted—
 My eyes devouring her!—

Thus

Thus I remain'd entranc'd; and at my eyes
 Drank in her beauties, and with them deep draughts
 Of poison, how delicious!—If she mov'd
 What grace!—Or if she mingled in the dance
 Among the blooming virgins, Dian's self
 Amidst her woodland nymphs she seem'd! — At
 length,

The exercises o'er, a lyre shetook,
 A deep-strung lyre, and to harmonious chords
 Pour'd out such melting strains, as would have
 staid

Th' uplifted arm of angry Jove, in act
 To deal his thunder on a guilty world!
 At last, the sports being ended,
 She issued forth—when straight the eyes of all
 Were turn'd on her alone—Surpriz'd, abash'd,
 Her lovely face o'erspread with rosy blushes,
 That witness'd some confusion, she let drop
 Her veil, and homeward mov'd with decent pace
 Timid and silent: ever since that day,
 That fatal day, my soul has known no rest!
 The venom'd shaft still rankles in my bosom.

Crisp's Virginia.

By Heaven, my Edith!

Thy mother fed on roses when she bred thee,
 The sweetness of the Arabian wind still blowing
 Upon the treasures of perfume and spices,
 In all their pride and pleasure call thee mistress.

Beaumont's Rollo.

Oh! she's the pride and glory of the world:
 Without her, all the rest is worthless dross;
 Life a base slavery; empire, but a mock;
 And love, the soul of all, a bitter curse.

Rochester's Valentinian.

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'Tis now that I begin to live again,
 Since I behold my Aurengzebe appear;
 His name alone afforded me relief;
 Repeated as a charm to ease my grief.
 I that lov'd name did as some god invoke,
 And printed kisses on it as I spoke.

Dryden's Aurengzebe.

Love mounts and rolls about my stormy mind,
 Like fire that's borne by a tempestuous wind;
 Oh! I could stifle you with eager haste,
 Devour your kisses, with my hungry taste;
 Rush on you, eat you, wander o'er each part,
 Raving with pleasure, snatch you to my heart;
 Then hold you off, and gaze, then with new
 rage

Invade you, till my conscious limbs presage
 Torrents of joy, which all their banks o'erflow;
 So lost, so bless'd, as I but then could know.

Dryden's Aurengzebe.

All constant lovers shall in future ages,
 Approve their truth by Troilus. When their
 verse,

Full of protest and oath, and big compare,
 Wants similes, as turtles to their mates,
 As true as flowing tides are to the moon,
 Earth to the center, iron to the adamant;
 At last, when truth is tir'd with repetition,
 As true as Troilus shall crown the verse,
 And sanctify the numbers.

Dryden's Troilus and Cressida.

Not the spring's mouth, nor breath of jessamin,
 Nor violets infant sweets, nor opening buds,
 Are half so sweet, as Alexander's breast!
 From every pore of him a perfume falls;
 He kisses softer than a southern wind,

Curls

Curls like a vine, and touches like a god !
 Then he will talk, good gods, how he will talk !
 Ev'n when the joy he sigh'd for is possess'd,
 Ev'n then he speaks such words, and looks such
 things,
 Vows with so much passion, swears with so much
 grace,

That 'tis a kind of heaven to be deluded by him !
 If I but mention him, the tears will fall :
 Sure there's not a letter in his name,
 But is a charm to melt a woman's eyes,

Lee's Alexander.

Hold off, and let me run into his arms !
 My dearest ! my all love ! my lord ! my king !
 Thou shalt not die, if that the soul and body
 Of thy Statira can restore thy life :
 Give me thy wonted kindness, bend me, break me
 With thy embraces.

Lee's Alexander.

But oh ! there wants, to crown my happiness,
 Life of my empire ! treasure of my soul !
 Guide of my days, and goddess of my nights !
 My dear Statira ! Oh ! that heavenly beam !
 Warmth of my brain, and fire of my heart !
 Had she but met to see me ! had she met me,
 By this time I had been among the gods !
 If any extasy can make a height,
 Or any rapture hurl us to the heavens.

Lee's Alexander.

Oh, the killing joy !
 O extasy ! my heart will burst my breast,
 To leap into thy bosom : but by heaven,
 This night I will revenge me of thy beauties,
 For the dear rack I have this day endur'd ;
 For all the sighs and tears that I have spent,
 I'll have so many thousand burning loves ;

So swell my lips, so fill me with thy sweetness;
Thou shalt not sleep, nor close thy wand'ring
eyes:

The smiling hours shall all be lov'd away,
We'll surfeit all the night, and languish all the day.
Lee's Alexander.

O Mithridates! mighty as thou art,
Before whose throne princes stand dumb as death,
With folded arms, and their eyes fix'd to earth;
Dishonour brand me, if I would not chuse
A private life with her whom my soul loves,
Rather than live like thee, with all thy titles,
The king of kings, without her.

Lee's Mithridates.

I swear upon this sword; and, Oh!
Be witness heaven, and all avenging powers,
Of the true love I give the prince Ziphares:
When I in thought forsake my plighted faith,
Much less in act, for empire change my love,
May this keen sword, by my own father's hand,
Be guided to my heart; rip veins and arteries,
And cut my faithless limbs from this hack'd body,
To feast the rav'nous birds and beasts of prey.

Lee's Mithridates.

That I do love you, O all you host of heav'n,
Be witness! that you are dear to me,
Dearer than day to one whom sight must leave,
Dearer than life to one who fears to die;
O thou bright power, be judge! whom we adore,
Be witness of my truth! be witness of my love!

Lee's Mithridates.

If I am false, or swerve from truth and love;
When time is old, and has forgot itself,

In

In all things else let it remember me;
 And after all comparisons of fallhood,
 To stab the heart of perjury in maids,
 Let it be said, as false as *Cressida*.

Dryden's Troilus and Cressida.

I say I lov'd you, and I love you still,
 More than my life, and equal to my glory:
 Methinks the warring spirit that inspires
 This frame, this very genius of old Rome,
 That makes me talk without the fear of death,
 And drives my daring soul to acts of honour,
 Flames in your eyes; our thoughts too are a-kin,
 Ambitions, fierce, and burn alike for glory.
 Now by the gods I lov'd you in your fury,
 In all the thunder that quite riv'd my hopes
 I lov'd you most, even when you did destroy me.

Lee's Theodosius.

Know then, Eudofia, ah! rather let me call thee
 By the lov'd name of Athenais still;
 That name that I so often have invok'd,
 And which was once auspicious to my vows,
 So oft at midnight sigh'd among the groves,
 The river's murmur, and the echo's burthen,
 Which every bird could sing, and wind did bear:
 By that dear name I make this protestation,
 By all that's good on earth, or blest in heaven,
 I swear I love thee more, far more than ever.

Lee's Theodosius.

Varanes. Let me kneel and swear,
 And on thy hand seal my religious vow.
 Straight let the breath of gods blow me from earth,
 Swift from the book of fame forgotten ever,
 If I prefer thee not, O Athenais!
 To all the Persian greatness.

Athen. I believe you,
 For I have heard you swear as much before.

Varanes. Oh why then did I swear again!
But that my love knew nothing worthier of thee,
And could no better way express my passion.

If there be more
In nature to convince thee of my love,
Whisper it, O some god, into my ear,
And on her breast thus to her list'ning soul
I'll breathe the inspiration.

She reigns more fully in my soul than ever:
She garbions my breast, and mans against me
Ev'n my own rebel-thoughts, with thousand
graces,
Ten thousand charms, and new discover'd beau-
ties.

Oh! hadst thou seen her when she lately blest me;
What tears, what looks, what languishings she
darted!

Love bath'd himself in the distilling balm;
And, oh! the subtle god has made his entrance
Quite thro' my heart! he shoots and triumphs there!
And all his cry is, death, or Bellamira!
Oh! expectation burns me! heart! how she in-
flames me!

Let's talk no more of war! my theme's all love!
The war, like winter, vanishes, 'tis gone;
And Bellamira with eternal spring,
Dress'd in blue heavens, and breathing vernal
sweets,

Drops like a cherubim, in spoils before me.
Thus to a glorious coast thro' tempests hurl'd,
We sail like him, who fought the Indian world.
'Tis more, 'tis paradise, I go to prove,
And Bellamira is the land of love;
I have her in my view, and hark, she talks:
Fair as the day, when first the world began,
And I am doom'd to be the happy man!

Lei's Caesar Borgia.
O my

O my Monimia! to my soul thou'rt dear
As honour to my name; dear as the light
To eyes but just restor'd, and heal'd of blindness.

Otway's Orphan.

O she is dearer to my soul than rest
To weary pilgrims, or to milers gold,
To great men power, or wealthy cities pride!
Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life:
Dear as those eyes that weep, in fondness, o'er thee.

Otway's Orphan.

Where am I? sure paradise is round me;
Sweets planted by the hand of heav'n grow here,
And ev'ry sense is full of thy perfection!
To hear thee speak might calm a madman's frenzy,
Till by attention he forgot his sorrows:
But, to behold thy eyes, th' amazing beauties,
Would make him rage again with love, as I do:
To touch thee's heav'n, but to enjoy thee, oh!
Thou nature's whole perfection in one piece!
Sure, framing thee, heav'n took unusual care,
As its own beauty, it design'd thee fair,
And form'd thee by the best-lov'd angel there.

Otway's Orphan.

If she can make me blest! she only can:
Empire and wealth, and all she brings besides,
Are but the trams and trappings of her love:
The sweetest, kindest, truest of her sex,
In whose possession years roll round on years;
And joys in circles meet new joys again:
Kisses, embraces, languishings, and deaths,
Still from each other to each other move,
To crown the various seasons of our love:
And doubt you, if such a love can make me happy?

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

Oh!

Oh! bid me leap
 From off the battlements of yonder tower,
 Or walk in theivish ways; or bid me lurk
 Where serpents are: chain me with roaring bears,
 Or hide me nightly in some charnel-house,
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls:
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
 Things that to hear but told have made me trem-
 ble;

And I'll go thro' it without fear or doubting,
 To keep my vows unspotted to my love.

Otway's Caius Marius.

O my Lavinia! if my heart e'er stray,
 Or any other beauty ever charm me;
 If I not live intirely only thine,
 In that curs'd moment when my soul forsakes thee,
 May I be hither brought a captive bound,
 T'adorn the triumph of my basest foe.

Otway's Caius Marius.

And if I live not faithful to the lord
 Of my first vows,
 May I be brought to poverty and scorn;
 Hooted by slaves forth from thy gates, O Rome!
 Till flying to the woods to avoid my shame,
 Sharp hunger, cold, or some worse fate destroy me,
 And not a tree vouchsafe a leaf to hide me.

Otway's Caius Marius.

Lavinia! oh, there's musick in the name,
 That softening me to infant tenderness,
 Makes my heart spring like the first leaps of life.

Otway's Caius Marius.

Who

Who should be lov'd but you?
 So lov'd, that ev'n my crown and self are vile,
 When you are by.
 Come to my arms, and be thy Harry's angel;
 Shine thro' my cares, and make my crown sit easy.
Lee's Duke of Guise.

O thou soft dear ! if ever I forsake thee,
 At my last hour may I despair of mercy:
 And may those saints, that knew the wrong I did
 thee,
 When at heaven's gate I beg for entrance, answer,
 Remember what thou did'st to Fausta swear :
 Be gone, for ever leave this happy sphere,
 For perjur'd lovers have no mansion here.
Lee's Constantine.

If love be treasure, we'll be wond'rous rich ;
 I have so much, my heart will surely break with it ;
 Vows can't express it. When I would declare
 How great's my joy, I'm dumb with the big thought ;
 I swell, and sigh, and labour with my longing.
 O lead me to some desert, wide and wild,
 Barren as our misfortunes ; where my soul
 May have its vent ; where I may tell aloud
 To the high heavens, and every list'ning planet,
 With what a boundless stock my bosom's fraught !
 Where I may throw my eager arms about thee,
 Give loose to love with kisses, kindling joy,
 And let off all the fire that's in my heart.

Otway's Venice Preserved.

Oh, I will love thee ! ev'n in madness love thee !
 Tho' my distracted senses should forsake me,
 I'd find some intervals when my poor heart
 Should swage itself, and be let loose to thine.
 Tho' the bare earth be all our resting-place,
 Its roots our food, some clift our habitation,

I'll

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I'll make this arm a pillow for thy head;
And as thou fighting liest, and swell'd with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest;
Then praise our God, and watch thee till the
morning. *Otway's Venice Preserved.*

My lord, my love, my refuge!
Happy my eyes when they behold thy face:
My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly joy.
Otway's Venice Preserved.

O Pierre! wert thou but she,
How I should pull thee down into my heart,
Gaze on thee till my eye-strings crack'd with love,
Till all my sinews with its fire extended,
Fix'd me upon the rack of ardent longing;
Then swelling, sighing, raging, to be bless'd,
Come like a panting turtle to thy breast.
Otway's Venice Preserved.

O! thou art my soul itself, wealth, friendship,
honour!
All present joys, and earnest of all future,
Are summ'd in thee: methinks, when in thy arms,
Thus leaning on thy breast, one minute's more
Than a long thousand years of vulgar hours.
Otway's Venice Preserved.

I swear to you by heaven, by all things sacred!
By all that's great and lovely upon earth!
By him! by Guise! by all the blessed moments
Of that dear life, which single I prefer
To millions of my own! I love him more
Than you, love, glory, vengeance, and ambition.
Lee's Massacre of Paris.
For,

For, oh ! I love beyond all former passion
Die for him ! that's too little : I could burn
Piece-meal away ; or bleed to death by drops :
Be slay'd alive ; then broke upon the wheel ;
Yet with a smile endure it all for Guise ;
And when let loose from torments, 'all one wound,
Run with my mangled arms, and crush him dead.

Lee's Massacre of Paris.

The god of love once more has shot his fires
Into my soul, and my whole heart receives him :
Almeyda now returns with all her charms :
I feel her, as she glides along my veins,
And dances in my blood ; so when Mahomet
Had long been hammering, in his lonely cell,
Some dull, insipid, tedious paradise,
A brisk Arabian girl came tripping by :
Passing, she cast at him a side-long glance,
And look'd behind, in hopes to be pursu'd :
He took the hint, embrac'd the flying fair ;
And having found his heav'n, he fix'd it there.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

I have a heart ! but if it could be false
To my first vows, ever to love again,
These honest hands should tear it from my breast,
And throw the traitor from me.

Southern's Oranoko.

Let me haste to tell thee
What, and how dear Monefes has been to me.
What has he not been ? all the names of love,
Brothers or fathers, husbands, all are poor,
Monefes is myself, in my fond heart,
Ev'n in my vital blood he lives and reigns :
The last dear object of my parting soul
Will be Monefes ; the last breath, that lingers
Within my panting breast, shall sigh Monefes.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

With

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With bursting Veins I'd climb 'gainst hills of
fire :
Were you the prize, 'twould gain me : for your
sake,
I'd plunge my shivering limbs in seas of snow,
And swim thro' all the freezing lakes of winter,
Were you a prisoner, to restore your freedom,
I would rush on, and throw my naked breast
Upon the spears of armies—to reach you,
I would tear lions throats, and combat dragons :
I would descend to hell, could he! retain you :
But hell would be no hell when you were there !
I would do more than fancy can impose,
Or woman wish, to gain you—But, by heavens !
The very moment you depos'd ycur honour,
I would dispise, forsake, and scorn to own you.

Hill's Fair Inconstant.

A Scene in the 2d Act of Romeo and Juliet.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound—
But soft ; what light thro' yonder window breaks ?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick, and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she.
She speaks, yet she says nothing ; what of that ?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it ;
I am too bold—Oh ! where these eyes in heav'n,
They'd through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were the morn :
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand :
Oh that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek !

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou,
Romeo ?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name :
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom.

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Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? *(Aside.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet,
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title: Romeo, quit thy name,
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, I will forswear my name,
And never more be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Mountague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and for what?

The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch
these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul.

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Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here:

By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love; that first did prompt me to enquire—

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes;

I am no pilot, yet wert thou as far

As that vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,

I would adventure for such merchandize.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak to night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny

What I have spoke—but farewell compliment:

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say, nay,

And I will take thy word.—Yet if thou swear'st,

Thou may'st prove false: At lovers' perjuries

They say Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully!

Or if you think I am too quickly won,

I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,

So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world:

In truth, fair Mountague, I am too fond;

And therefore thou may'st think my' haviour light;

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true

Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

I should have been more strange, I must confess,

But that thou overheard'st, ere I was' ware,

My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,

And not impute this yielding to light love,

Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blest moon I swear—

Jul. O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant

moon,

That monthly changes in her circling orb,

Lest that thy love prove likewise variable!

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul.

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love—

Jul. Well, do not swear—altho' I joy in thee;
I have no joy of this night's contract;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
E're one can say, it lightens.—Sweet! good night:
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night—as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.

Rom. O wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou hope from me?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow
for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what
purpose, lover?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu.
Anon, good nurse; sweet Mountague, be true;
Stay but a little, I will come again.

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid,
Being in night, all this is but a dream.
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good
night indeed:
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose, marriage, send me word to-morrow
By

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.

[*Within*—Madam.

I come, anon——but if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee——[*Within*—Madam.] By and
by I come——

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.

To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul.

Jul. A thousand times good night. [*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy
light.

Enter Juliet again.

Jul. Hift! Romeo, hift! O for a false-ner's
voice,

To lure this fassel gentle back again——

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud——

Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,

And make her angry tone more hoarse than mine

With repetition of my Romeo.

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name.

How silver-sweet sound lovers tongues by night,

Like softest musick to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow

Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail——'tis twenty years till then——

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget to have thee still stand there,
Remembring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll stay here to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone,

And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet
sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

[*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast;

Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

See how the skilful lover spreads his toils,
When eager in pursuit of beauty's spoils:
Behold him bending at his idol's feet,
Humble, not mean; disputing, and yet sweet;
In rivalry not fierce, nor yet unmov'd;
Without a rival studious to be lov'd;
For ever chearful, tho' not always witty;
And never giving cause for hate or pity.
These are his arts, such arts as must prevail,
When riches, birth, and beauty's self will fail;
And what he does to gain a vulgar end,
Shall we neglect, to make mankind our friend?

Stillingsfleet on Conversation.

LOVE'S GROTTTO.

Far in Cytheria stands a spacious grove,
Sacred to Venus, and the god of love;
Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head,

Like

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Like the tall oak the fragrant branches spread;
 Here nature all her sweets profusely pours,
 And paints th' enamel'd ground with various
 flow'rs;

Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,
 Wide thro' the craggy rock an arch extends,
 The ragged stone is cloath'd with mant'ling vines,
 And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines;
 Here busy cupids, with pernicious art,
 Form the stiff bow, and forge the fatal dart;
 All share the toil, while some the bellows ply,
 Others, with feathers, teach the shafts to fly;
 Some with joint force whirl round the stony
 wheel,

Where streams the sparkling fire from temper'd
 steel;

Some point their arrows with the nicest skill,
 And with the warlike store their quivers fill.

A diff'rent toil another forge employs;

Here the loud hammer fashions female toys.
 Hence is the fair with ornament supply'd;
 Hence sprung the glittering implements of pride;
 Each trinket, that adorns the modern dame,
 First to these little artists ow'd its frame.

Here an unfinish'd diamond crosset lay,
 To which soft lovers adoration pay;
 There was the polish'd crystal bottle seen,
 That with quick scents revives the modish spleen.

Here the yet rude unjointed snuff-box lies,
 Which serves the rally'd fop for smart replies;
 There piles of paper rose in gilded teams,
 The future records of the lover's flames.

Here clouded canes 'midst heaps of toys are found,
 And inlaid tweezer-cases strow the ground;
 There stands the toilet, nursery of charms,
 Compleatly furnish'd with bright beauty's arms;
 The patch, the powder-box, pulville perfumes,
 Pins, paint, a flatt'ring glass, and black-lead combs.

The toilsome hours in different labours slide;
 Some work the file, and some the graver guide;
 From the loud anvil the loud blow rebounds,
 And their rais'd arms descend in tuneful sounds,

Gay's Fan.

TEMPLE OF LOVE.

Behold a fabric rising from the ground,
 To the soft timbrel, and the cittern's sound,
 Corinthian pillars the vast building hold,
 Of polish'd silver, and Peruvian gold;
 In four broad arches spread the shining doors,
 The blazing roofs enlighten all the floors;
 Beneath a sparkling canopy that shone
 With Persian jewels, like a morning sun,
 Wrapp'd in a robe of purest Tyrian die,
 Cythera's image met the ravis'd eye;
 Whose glowing features would in paint beguile,
 So well the artist drew her mimic smile;
 Her smiling eyes confess'd a sprightly joy;
 Upon her knees reclin'd her wanton boy;
 On the bright walls around her and above,
 Were drawn the statutes and the arts of love;
 These taught the silent language of the eye,
 The broken whisper and amuling lye;
 The careless glance, peculiar to the fair,
 And vows of lovers, that dissolve in air;
 The graceful anger, and the rolling eyes,
 The practis'd blush, and counterfeit surprize;
 The language proper for pretending swains,
 And fine description for imagin'd pains;
 The friendly caution, and designing ease,
 And all the arts that ruin while they please.

Now enter'd, follow'd by a splendid train,
 A blooming damsel and a wealthy swain;
 The gaudy youth in shining robes array'd,
 Behind him follow'd the unthinking maid:

Youth

Youth in her cheek like op'ning roses sprung,
 Her careless tresses on her shoulders hung;
 Her smiles were chearful as enliv'ning May,
 Her dress was careless, and her eyes were gay,
 Then to soft voices, and melodious sound,
 The board was spread, the sparkling glasses
 crown'd;

The sprightly virgin in a moment shines
 In the gay product of the eastern mines;
 Then pride comes on, with patches for the fair,
 And spicy odours for her curling hair:
 Rude riot in a crimson vest array'd,
 With smooth-fac'd flatt'ry, like a chamber-maid;
 Soft pomp and pleasure at her elbow stand,
 And folly shakes the rattles in her hand;
 But now her feeble structure seem'd to shake,
 Its basis trembles, and its pillars quake;
 Then rush'd suspicion thro' the lofty gate,
 With heartfick loathing led by ghastly hate;
 And foaming rage, to close the horrid band,
 With a drawn poniard in her shaking hand.
 Now, like an earthquake, shook the reeling
 frame,

The lamps extinguish in a purple flame:
 One universal groan was heard, and then,
 The cries of women, and the voice of men:
 Some roar out vengeance, some for mercy call,
 And shrieks and tumults fill the dreadful hall.
 At length the spectres vanish'd from my sight,
 Again the lamps resum'd a feeble light;
 But chang'd the place: No splendor there was
 shown,

But gloomy walls, that mirth had never known;
 For the gay dome where pleasure us'd to dwell,
 Appear'd an abbey, and a doleful cell;
 And here the sad, the ruin'd nymph was found,
 Her robe disorder'd, and her locks unbound;
 While from her eyes the pearly drops of woe

Wash'd

Wash'd her pale cheek, where roses us'd to blow :
 Her blue and trembling lips prepar'd to breathe
 The sighs, that made her swelling bosom heave,
 Thus stupid, with her grief, she sat and press'd,
 Her lilly hand across her pensive breast.

A group of ghastly phantoms stood behind,
 Whose task it is to rack the guilty mind ;
 Wide mouth'd reproach, with visage rude and thin,
 And hissing scandal made a hideous din ;
 Remorse, that darted from her deadly wings,
 Invenom'd arrows, and a thousand stings ;
 Then, with pale cheeks, and with a ghastly stare,
 Peep'd o'er her shoulder hollow-ey'd despair ;
 Whose hand, extended, bore a bleeding heart,
 And death, behind her, shook his threat'ning dart.

Mrs. Leapor's poems.

LOYALTY.

Remember

We are but subjects, Maximus: obedience
 To what is done well, and grief for what is done ill,
 Is all we can call ours : the hearts of princes
 Are like the temples of the gods ; pure incense,
 Until unhallow'd hands defile the offerings,
 Burns ever there ; we must not put them out,
 Because the priests that touch those sweets are
 wicked. *Beaumont and Fletcher's Valent.*

Allegiance, tempted too far, is like
 A sword well temper'd on an anvil try'd ;
 That press'd too hardly may, in pieces fly,
 An over-burthen'd trust may treach'ry prove,
 And be too late repented. *Massinger.*

Love with bounty levied
 Is a sure guard ; obedience forc'd from fear,
 Paper fortification ; which, in danger
 Will yield to the impression of a reed,
 Or of itself fall off. *Massinger.*

Tho' loyalty, well held, to fools does make
 Our faith mere folly: Yet he that can endure
 To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
 Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
 And earns a place in the story.

Shakespear's Antony and Cleopatra.

The laws of friendship we ourselves create,
 And 'tis but simple villainy to break 'em;
 But faith to princes broke is sacrilege,
 An injury to the gods: and that lost wretch,
 Whose breast is poison'd with so vile a purpose,
 Tears thunder down from heav'n on his head,
 And leaves a curse to his posterity.

Rochester's Valentinian.

Let fools the name of loyalty divide,
 Wise men and gods are on the strongest side.

Sedley's Antony and Cleopatra.

I would serve my king,
 Serve him with all my fortune here at home,
 And serve him with my person in the wars;
 Watch for him, fight for him, bleed for him, die
 for him.

As every true-born subject ought. *Otway's Orphan.*

I have served him:
 In this old body yet the marks remain
 Of many wounds: I've with this tongue proclaim'd
 His right, ev'n in the face of rank rebellion:
 And when a foul-mouth'd traitor once profan'd
 His sacred name, with my good sabre drawn,
 Ev'n at the head of all his giddy rout,
 I rush'd and clove the rebel to the chine.

Otway's Orphan.

What

What gen'rous man can live with that constraint
 Upon his soul, to bear, much less to flatter,
 A court like this? can I sooth tyranny?
 Seem pleas'd to see my royal master murder'd,
 His crown usurp'd, a distaff on the throne?
 A council made of such as dare not speak;
 And could not, if they durst? whence honest men
 Banish themselves for shame of being there?
 A government, which knowing not true wisdom,
 Is scorn'd abroad, and lives on tricks at home.

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

One boon

Is all I crave.

Alfred. ——— Good shepherd, speak thy wish.

Corin. Permission in your wars, to serve your
 grace;

For tho' here lost in solitary shades,
 A simple swain, I learn an English heart;
 A heart that burns with rage to see those Danes,
 Those foreign ruffians, those inhuman pirates,
 Oft our inferiors prov'd, thus lord it o'er us.

Alfred. 'Tis such as thou,
 Who from affection serve, and free-born zeal,
 To guard whate'er is dear and sacred to them,
 That are a king's best honour and defence.

Mallet's Alfred.

L U S T.

As virtue never will be mov'd,
 Tho' lewdness court it in a shape of heav'n:
 So lust, tho' to a radiant angel join'd,
 Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
 And prey on garbage.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

It is not love, but strong libidinous will,
 That triumphs o'er me; and to satiate that,

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What difference 'twixt this Moor, and her fair
dame

Night makes their hues alike, their use is so :
Whose hand's so subtle he can colours name,
If he do wink and touch them ; lust being blind,
Never in woman did distinction find.

Beaumont's Knight of Malta.

Thy lust is more insatiate than the grave,
And like infectious air engenders plagues,
To murder all that's chaste or good in woman.

Beaumont's Queen of Corinth.

Lust is, of all the frailties of our nature,
What most we ought to fear ; the head-strong
beast

Rushes along, impatient of the course ;
Nor hears the rider's call ; nor feels the rein.

Rowe's Royal Convert.

When vile lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and lewd talk,
But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,
Oft seen in charnel-vaults and sepulchres,
Ling'ring and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,
And link'd itself in carnal sensuality
To a degen'rate and degraded state.

Milton's Comus.

Capricious, wanton, bold, and brutal lust,
Is mean and selfish ; when resisted, cruel ;
And, like the blast of pestilential winds,
Taints the sweet bloom of nature's fairest forms.

Milton's Comus.

Lust is a vice
Sooner condemn'd than banish'd : eas'ly spoke a-
gainst,

But yet 'twill fawn as smoothly on our flesh,
As Circe on the Græcian travellers,
When she detain'd them in the shape of beasts.

Mason's Muleasses.

Short is the course of ev'ry lawless pleasure ;
Grief, like a shade, on all its footsteps waits,
Scarce visible in joy's meridian height ;
But downward as its blaze declining speeds,
The dwarfish shadow to a giant spreads.

Milton's Comus.

May scorn pursue her wanton arts,
And all the painted charms that vice can wear ;
Yet oft o'er credulous youth such Syrens triumph,
And lead their captive sense in chains as strong
As links of Adamant.

Milton's Comus.

Are these the pleasures of unlawful love ?
Are these the promis'd joys, so ill exchang'd
For those that innocence alone can give ?
How strong is the delusion of our fancy ?
That with false colours dresses up a dream
Of empty joys and visionary bliss.

Frowde's Philotas.

Servile inclinations, and gross love,
The guilty bent of vicious appetite ;
At first a sin, a horror ev'n in bliss,
Deprave the senses, and lay waste the man :
Passions irregular, and next a loathing,
Quickly succeed to dash the wild desire.

Havard's Scanderbeg.

Am I then so vile,
 So lost to reason, honour, common sense,
 As without love, that all-compelling fury,
 Without debasing, thoughtless, blind, blind love,
 To bow me from the height of happy life
 To this low fearful state of coward shame?

Thompson's Agamemnon.

Go, Castor, range thro' all the wanton world;
 There are a thousand beauties to ensnare,
 Who will with equal warmth receive your flame;
 They take neglect as kindly as your love.
 There are of women, or report is false,
 Who like your sex prove passion in extreme;
 Whose raging raptures do, like flaming spirits,
 Exhaust themselves, and burn away to nothing.

Shirley's Parricide.

Look here upon this picture, and on this;
 The counterfeited presentment of two brothers:
 See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
 Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
 An eye, like Mars, to threaten and command;
 A station, like the herald Mercury,
 New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
 A combination, and a form indeed,
 Where ev'ry god did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man!
 This was your husband.—Look you now what
 follows;

Here is your husband,——like a mildew'd ear,
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
 Could you in this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this Moor? ah! have you eyes?
 You cannot call it love; for, at your age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
 Would step from this, to this; sense sure you have,

Else

Else could you not have motion ; but sure that
sense

Is apoplex'd : for madness would not err,
Nor sense to extasy was e'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
To serve in such a diff'rence.—What devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind ?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling fans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.—————

O shame ! where is thy blush ? rebellious hell,
If thou can'st mutiny in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge ;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will. *Shakespear's Hamlet.*

As with new wine intoxicated, both,
They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
Divinity within them breeding wings
Wherewith to scorn the earth : now he on Eve
Begun to cast lascivious eyes ; she him
As wantonly repaid ; in lust they burn.
Milton's Paradise Lost.

Adam nor glance, nor toy forbore,
Of amorous intent ; well understood
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire :
Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank,
Thick overhead, with verdant roof imbower'd,
He led her nothing loath ; flowers were the couch ;
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinth, earth's freshest softest lass ;
There they their fill of love, and love's disport,
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play.

L U X U R Y.

We will eat such at a meal :
 The heads of parrots, tongues of nightingales,
 The brains of peacocks and of estriches,
 Shall be our food ; and could we eat the phoenix,
 Though nature lost her kind, she were our dish.

Johnson's Volpone.

I will have all my beds blown up, not stuf ;
 Down is too hard : and then, my oval room
 Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took
 From Elephantis, and dull Aretine
 But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses,
 Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse
 And multiply the figures, as I walk
 Naked between my Succubæ ; my mists
 I'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room,
 To lose ourselves in ; and my baths, like pits
 To fall into ; from whence we will come forth,
 And rowl us dry in gossamore and roses :
 And my flatterers
 Shall be the purest, and gravest of divines,
 That I can get for money. My meet fools,
 Eloquent burgesses ; and then my poet
 The same that writ so subtilly of the fart :
 Who I will entertain still for that subject.
 The few that would give out themselves to be
 Court and town stallions, and each where bely
 Ladies, who are known most innocent ; for them,
 Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of :
 And they shall fan me with ten estrich tails
 A piece, made in a plume, to gather wind.
 My meat shall all come in in Indian shells,
 Dishes of agat set in gold, and studded
 With em'rals, saphirs, hyacinths, and rubies :
 With tongues of carps, dormice, and camels heels,
 Boil'd

Boil'd i'the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl;
 Apicius' diet 'gainst the epilepsy:
 And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,
 Headed with diamond, and carbuncle.
 My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,
 Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have
 The beards of barbels serv'd instead of sallads;
 Oil'd mushrooms; and the swelling unctuous paps
 Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
 Drest with an exquisite and poignant sauce;
 For which, I'll say unto my cook, there's gold;
 Go forth, and be a knight. My shirts
 I'll have of taffata sarsnet, soft and light
 As cob-webs; and for all my other raiment,
 It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,
 Were he to teach the world riot anew;
 My gloves of fishes, and bird-skins, perfum'd
 With gums of paradise, and eastern air.

Ben Johnson's Alchymist.

Alas! Antigona, thy country's manners
 Have well aveng'd the conquest of her realms;
 While now by luxury, thy softer climate
 Boast a more ample triumph o'er our souls:
 Thence the rough honesty of Greece is fled;
 And all those golden rules her sages taught,
 Men that approach'd divinity forgot.

Frowde's Philotas.

Gather all the flowers
 Tempe is painted with, and strew his way:
 Translate my bow'rs to Caria's rosy banks,
 There, with a chorus of sweet nightingales,
 Make it continual spring: if the sun's rays
 Offend his tender skin, and make it sweat,
 Fan him with silken wings of mildest air,
 Breath'd by Elefian winds: the briskest nectar
 Shall be his drink; and all th' ambrosial cates

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Art can devise for wanton appetite
Furnish his banquet : As his senses tire,
Vary the object : let delight be link'd
So in a circled chain, no end may see
Pleasure is only my eternity. *Nabb's Microcosmus.*

It is a shame, that man, that has the seeds
Of virtue in him, springing unto glory,
Should make his soul degenerate with sin,
And slave to luxury ; to drown his spirits
In lees of sloth ; to yield up the weak day
To wine, to lust, and banquets.
I would have you proceed, and seek for fame
In brave exploits ; like those, that snatch their
honour

Out of the talons of the Roman eagle,
And pull her golden feathers in the field :
Those are brave men ; not you, that stay at home
And dress yourself up, like a pageant,
With thousand antick and exotic shapes ;
That make an idol of a looking-glass,
Sprucing yourselves two hours by it, with such
Gestures and postures, that a waiting wench
Would be ashamed of you ; and then come forth
To adorn your mistress fan, or tell your dream ;
Ravish a kiss from her white glove, and then
Compare it with her hand ; to praise her gown,
Her tire, and discourse of the fashion ;
Make discovery which lady paints, which not ;
Which lord plays best at gleek, which best at
racket :

These are fine elements. *Shackerly's Marmion*

There, in her den, lay pompous luxury
Stretch'd out at length ; no vice cou'd boast such
high

And gen'ral victories as she had won :
Of which, proud trophies there at large were shewn.

Besides

Besides small states and kingdoms ruined,
Those mighty monarchies, that had o'erspread
The spacious earth, and stretch'd their conqu'ring
arms
From pole to pole, by her ensnaring charms
Were quite consum'd : there lay imperial Rome,
That vanquish'd all the world, by her o'ercome :
Fetter'd was th' old Assyrian lion there ;
The Græcian leopard, and the Persian bear ;
With others numberless, lamenting by :
Examples of the power of luxury.

May's Henry II.

LYING.

I know them ; yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple,
Scambling, outfacing, fashion-mongring boys,
That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go anticly, and shew an outward hideousness,
And speak of half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

Shakespear's Much Ado about Nothing.

Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment or trial? yes! no wonder
When rich ones scarce can tell true: to lapse in
fullness

Is forer than to lie for need : and falshood
Is worse in kings than beggars.

Shakespeare's Cymbeline.

1. In the city I'm honour'd like a god ;
None so well acquainted with your tradesmen :
Your lawyers, all the term time hire me of
My lady : your gallants, if they hear my

Name

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Name abus'd, they stab for my sake : your travellers

So dote upon me as they pass——O ! they have good

Reason ; for I have carry'd them to many

A good meal under the countenance of

My familiarity : nay, your statesmen have

Oftentimes closely conveyed me under

Their tongues, to make their policies more current :

As for old men, they challenge my company

By authority. When I am dispos'd, I can

Philosophy it in the university

With the subtilest of them all.

2. I cannot be persuaded that thou art Acquainted with scholars, ever since thou wert Press'd to death in a printing-house.

1. No ! I was the first founder of the three Sects of philosophy, except one of the Peripateticks, which acknowledges Aristotle I confess their great grandfather.

2. Thou boy ! how is this possible ? thou art But a child, and there were sects of Philosophy before thou wert born.

1. Appetitus, thou mistak'st me ; I tell thee Three thousand years ago was Mendacio Born in Greece, nurs'd in Crete, and ever since Honour'd every where : I'll be sworn I held Old Homer's pen, when he writ his Iliads, And his Odysses.

2. Thou hadst need, for I hear say he was blind.

1. I help'd Herodotus to pen some part of His muses ; lent Pliny ink to write his Hist'ry ; rounded Rabelais in the ear When he historify'd Pantagruel ; As for Lucian, I was his genius ; O those

Those

Those two books *De verâ historiâ*,
Howsoever they go under his name,
I'll be sworn I writ them ev'ry tittle!

2. Sure as I am hungry, thou'lt have it for
Lying. But hast thou rusted this latter
Time for want of exercise?

1. Nothing less; I must confess, I would fain
have

Jogg'd Stow and great Hollingshed on their
Elbows, when they were about their Chronicles;
And as I remember, Sir John Mandevil's
Travels, and a great many of the decads
Were of my doing: But for the mirrour
Of knighthood, Bevis of Southampton,
Palmerin of England, Amadis of Gaul, Huen
De Burdeaux, Sir Guy of Warwick, Martin
Marprellate, Robinhood, Garragantua,
Gerilion, and a thousand such exquisite
Monuments as these, no doubt but they bear
On my breath up and down.

2. Downwards I swear, for there are stinking lies
them.

1. But why should I light a candle to the
Bright sunshine of my glorious renown;
The whole world is full of Mendacio's fame.

Lingua.

M A D N E S S.

*A Scene in the Third Act of Shakespear's Henry VI.
Part second.*

———Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch th'
air

Blaspheming god, and cursing men on earth:
Sometimes he talks, as if duke Humphry's ghost
Were by his side; sometimes, he calls the king.
And

And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his o'er charg'd soul;

Enter King Henry to the cardinal, &c.

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort,
to thy sovereign:

Card. If thou be'st death I'll give thee England's
treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou will let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible

Warw. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to
thee.

Card. 'Bring me unto my tryal, when you will.

'Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?

'Can I make men live where they will or no?

'Oh, torture me no more, I will confess——

'Alive again? then shew me where he is:

'I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him——

'He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them;

'Comb down his hair, look; look; it stands up-
right

'Like lime twigs to catch my wing'd soul,

'Bring me some drink, and bid th' apothecary

'Bring the strong poison that I bought of him:

K. Hen. O thou eternal mover of the heavens!

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch,

Oh, beat away the busie-medling fiend,

That lays strong siege to this wretch's soul

And from his bosom purge this black despair.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him
grin?

Sal. Disturb him not let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good plea-
sure be!

Lord Cardinal if thou think'st on heaven's bliss

Hold

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no sign : O God, forgive him,

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life,

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners
all.

Shakespear's Henry VI.

— he was met ev'n now
' As mad as the vext sea ; singing aloud ;
' Crown'd with rank fumiterr and furrow-weeds,
' With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckow-flow-
ers,
' Darnel ; and all the idle weeds that grow
' In our sustaining corn.

Shakespear's King Lear.

A mad Scene in the IV. Act of Shakespear's King Lear.

Lear and Gloster.

Lear. What, art mad : a man may see how this
world

Goes with no eyes : look with thine ears : see,
How yond justice rails upon yond simple
Thief. Hark in thine ear : change places, and
Handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is
The thief ? thou hast seen a farmers dog bark at a
beggar.

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur ? there
thou

Mightst behold the great image of authority,
A dog's obey'd in office.

Thou rascal beadle hold thy bloody hand.

Why dost thou lash that whore ? strip thy own
back,

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind, for
which

Thou whip'st her, th' usurer hangs the cozener.

Thro'

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Thro tatt' red cloaths small vices do appear ;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all : plate sin with
gold

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks.
Arm'd in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend ; none, I say, none, I'll able em ;
Take that of me, my friend, who have the pow'r
To seal th' accuser's lips ; get thee glass eyes,
And like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.

Now, now, now, now, pull off my boots, harder,
Harder so.

Edg. O ! matter and impertinency mixt,
Reason in madness !

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my
eyes.

I know thee well enough : thy name is *Glos'ter* ;
Thou must be patient, we came crying hither :
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell th' air,
We wawle and cry, I will preach to thee, mark !

Glo. Alack, alack the day—

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are
come

To this great stage of fools.

Shakespear's K. Lear.

“ How pregnant (sometimes) his replies are ?

“ A happiness that madness oft hits on,

“ To which sanity and reason could not be

“ So prosp'rously deliver'd of.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

Part of a Scene in the III.^d Act of Shakespear's
Hamlet

Ham. Ha, ha ! are you honest ?

Oph. My Lord.—

Ham.

Ham. Are you fair ?

Oph. What means your lordship,

Ham. That if you be honest and fair you should admit

No discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce

Than with honesty ?

Ham. Ay, truly ; for the power of beauty will sooner

Transform honesty from what it is to a bawd,
Than the force of honesty can translate beauty
Into its likeness. This was some time a paradox,
But now the time gives it proof.—I did love you
once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so,

Ham. You should not have believed me, for
virtue cannot

So inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish it
I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery, why would'st thou
be a

Breeder of sinners ? I am myself indiff'rent
Honest ; but yet I could accuse me of such things,
That it were better my mother had not borne me :
I'm

Very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more
Offences at my back, than I have thought to put
Them in name, imagination to give them shape,
Or time to act them in. What should such fellows,
As I, do crawling between heav'n and earth ? we
Are arrant knaves, believes none of us—go thy
Ways to a nunnery—where's your father.

Oph. At home, my lord,

Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play
The fool no where but in's own house, fare well

Oph. Oh help him, you sweet heavens :

Ham.

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague to

Thy dowry. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not 'scape calumny,—get thee to A nunnery,—farewell—or if thou wilt marry, Marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, What monsters you make of them—to a nunnery, Go—and quickly too: farewell.

Oph. Heav'nly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your painting too, God has given you one face, and you make yourselves

Another. You jig, you amble, and you lisp, and Nick-name God's creatures; and make your Wantonness your ignorance: go to; I'll no more On't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no

More marriages, those that are married already, All but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they Are—to a nunnery, go.

Oph. 'Oh, what a noble mind is here o'er-thrown:

' The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,
' Sword;
' Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
' Th' glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
' Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite, down;
' Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
' Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh;
' That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
' Blasted with extasie.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

I have bethought myself,
To take the basest and the poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast; my face I'll grime with
filth,
Blanket my loins, put all my hair in knots,
And with presented nakedness out face

The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of Bedlam beggars, who with roaring voices,
 Strike unto their numb'd and mortified arms,
 Pins, wooden pegs, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
 And with this horrible object from low forms,
 Poor villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
 Sometimes with lunatick bans, sometimes with
 prayers,
 Enforce their charity.

Shakespear's K. Lear.

He raves, his words are loose
 As heaps of sand, and scattering wide from sense:
 So high he's mounted in his airy throne,
 That now the wind is got into his head,
 And turns his brains to frenzy.

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

There is a pleasure sure, in being mad,
 Which none but madmen know.

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

If on ship-board I should see my friend
 Grown frantic in a raging calenture,
 And he, imagining vain flow'ry meads,
 Would plunge himself into the deep,
 Should I not hold him from that mad attempt,
 'Till his sick Fancy were by reason cur'd.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

But now her grief has wore her into frenzy:
 The images her troubled fancy forms,
 Are incoherent, wild, her words disjointed:
 Sometimes she raves for musick. Light and air,
 Nor air, nor light, nor musick, calm her pains.
 Then with ecstatic pains she springs aloft,
 And moves, and bounds, with vigour not her own.

Then

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Then life is on the wing ; then most she sinks,
When most she seems reviv'd ; like boiling water,
That foams and hisses o'er the crackling wood,
And bubbles to the brim, ev'n then most wasting,
When most it swells.

Smith's Phædra and Hippolitus.

MAGICIAN.

I oft have heard but ne'er believ'd till now,
There are, who can by potent magic spells
Bend to their crooked purpose nature's laws,
Blot the fair moon from her resplended orb,
Bid whirling planets stop their destin'd course,
And thro' the yawning earth from Stygian gloom
Call up the meagre ghost to walks of light.

Milton's Comus.

'Tis their wond'rous magic standard
Wrought by the sisters of the Danish king,
At midnight's blackest hour ; when the sick moon
Wrapt in eclipse, by their enchanting song,
Down thro' the turbid clouds its influence sheds
Of baleful power. The sisters ever sung——
“ Shake, standard, shake destruction o'er our
foes.”

Mallet's Alfred.

MAIDEN.

Where may a maiden live securely free,
Keeping her honour safe ? not with the living ;
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
And make them truths ; they draw a nourishment
Out of defamings ; grow upon disgraces ;
And when they see a virtue fortified
Strongly above the battery of their tongues ;
Oh ! how they cast to sink it : and defeated
(Soul sick with poison) strike the monuments

Where

Where noble names lie sleeping, till they sweat,
And the cold marble melt.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Philaster.

MALECONTENT.

There's still

A dangerous wheel at work, a thoughtful villain,
One who has rais'd his fortune by the jars
And discords of his country; like a fly
O'er flesh, he buzzes about itching ears,
'Till he has vented his infections there,
To fester into rancour and sedition.

Otway's Caius Marius.

That talking knave

Consumes his time in speeches to the rabble,
And sows sedition up and down the city;
Picking up discontented fools, belying
The senators and government, destroying
Faith amongst honest men, and praising knaves.

Otway's Caius Marius.

Great discontents there are, and many murmurs :
The doors are all shut up : the wealthier sort
With arms across, and hats upon their eyes,
Walk to and fro before their silent shops ;
Whole droves of lender's croud the banker's doors
To call in money : those who have none, mark
Where money goes, for when they rise 'tis plunder.

Dryden's Spanish Fryar.

The state is out of tune, distracting fears,
And jealous doubts jar in our public counsels ;
Amidst the wealthy city murmurs rise,
Lewd railings and reproach on those that rule ;
With open scorn of government : hence credit
And public trust twixt man and man are broken,

The

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The golden streams of commerce are withheld,
Which fed the wants of needy hinds and artificers,
Who therefore curse the great, and threat rebellion.
Rowe's Jane Shore.

When shall the deadly hate of faction cease,
When shall our long divided land have rest,
If every peevish, moody malecontent
Shall set the senseless rabble in an uproar,
Fright them with dangers, and perplex their brains,
Each day with some fantastic giddy change?
Rowe's Jane Shore.

The resty knaves are over-run with ease,
As plenty ever is the nurse of faction.
Rowe's Jane Shore.

M A M M O N.

Mammon led them on,
Mammon the least erect'd spirit that fell,
From heav'n, for e'en in heav'n his looks and
thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than ought divine, or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific: by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransack'd the center; and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill, a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in hell, that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane.

Milton's Par. Lost.

M A N.

2. Aye! in the catalogue, ye go for men;

As

As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, Spaniels,
curs,

Shocks, water rugs, and demy wolves, are 'clep'd
All by the name of dogs; the valu'd file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house keeper, the hunter, ev'ry one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of Men:

Shakespear's Macbeth.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again!

Shakespear's Hamlet.

These our times are not the same, Aruntius
The men are not the same——'tis we are base,
Poor, and degen'rate, from th' exalted strain
Of our great fathers, where is now the soul
Of god-like Cato? he that durst be good,
When Cæsar durst be evil; and had pow'r
Scorning to live his slave, to die his master?
Or where's the constant Brutus, that being proof
Against all charm of benefits, did strike
So brave a blow into the monster's heart,
That sought unkindly to enslave his country?
O, they are fled the light! those mighty spirits
Lie rack'd up with their ashes in their urns,
And not a spark of their eternal fire
Glow in a present bosom. All's but blaze,
Flashes, and smoak, wherewith we labour so;
There's nothing Roman in us: nothing good,
Gallant, or great; 'tis true what Cordus says,
Brave Cassius was the last of all the race.

Johnson's Sejanus.

As there is by nature
 In ev'ry thing created contrariety;
 So likewise is there unity and league
 Between them in their kind: but man, th' abstract
 Of all perfection, which the workmanship
 Of heav'n hath modell'd; in himself contains
 Passions of several qualities: the musick
 Of man's fair composition best accords
 When 'tis in concert, not in single strains,
 My heart has been untun'd these many months,
 Wanting her presence, in whose equal love
 True harmony consist'd: living here,
 We are heaven's bounty all, but fortune's exercise

Ford's Lover's Melancholy.

How poor a thing is man, whom death itself
 Cannot protect from injuries? O ye gods!
 Is't not enough our wretched lives are toss'd
 On dang'rous seas, but we must stand in fear
 Of pirates in the haven too? heav'n made us
 So many butts of clay, at which the gods
 In cruel sport shoot miseries.

Randolph's Jealous Lovers.

Know then thyself. Presume not God to scan,
 The proper study of mankind is man.
 Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great;
 With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
 With too much greatness for the stoic's pride,
 He hangs between in doubt to act or rest;
 In doubt to deem himself a god or beast;
 In doubt his mind, or body to prefer,
 Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err,
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such
 Whether, he thinks too little, or too much:
 Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd
 Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;

Created

Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurld:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world

Pope's Essay on Man.

All other creatures keep in beaten ways,
Man only moves in an eternal maze:
He lives and dies, not tam'd by cultivation,
The wretch of reason and the dupe of passion:
Curious of knowing, yet too proud to learn;
More prone to doubt, than anxious to discern:
Tir'd with old doctrine, prejudic'd at new;
Mistaking still the pleasing for the true;
Foe to restraints approv'd by general voice,
Yet to each folly made a slave by choice,
Of rest impatient, yet in love with ease,
When most good natur'd, aiming how to blaze,
Disdaining by the vulgar to be aw'd,
Yet never pleas'd but when the fools applaud:
By turns severe, indulgent, humble, vain,
A trifle serves to lose him or to gain.

Stillfleet on Conversation.

Know, God and nature only are the same:
In man, the judgment shoots at flying game,
A bird of passage; gone as soon as found,
Now in the moon perhaps, now under ground.

Pope's Moral Essays.

Happy the mortal man, who now at last
Has through this doleful vale of mis'ry past:
Who to his destin'd stage has carry'd on
The tedious load, and laid his burden down;
Whom the cut brass or wounded marble shows
Victor o'er life, and all her train of woes.
He happier yet, who privileg'd by fate
To shorter labour, and a lighter weight,

Receiv'd but yesterday the gift of breath,
 Order'd to-morrow to return to death.
 But oh ! beyond description happiest he,
 Who ne'er must roll on life's tumultuous sea :
 Who, with bless'd freedom from the gen'ral doom }
 Exempt, must never force the teeming womb,
 Nor see the sun, nor sink into the tomb. }
 Who breaths, must suffer, and who thinks must
 mourn,
 And he alone is bless'd, who ne'er was born.

Prior's Solomon.

Great heav'n ! how frail thy creature man is made !
 How by himself insensibly betray'd !
 In our own strength unhappily secure,
 Too little cautious of the adverse pow'r ;
 And, by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,
 We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd.
 On pleasure's pleasing brink we idly stray,
 Masters as yet of our returning way ;
 Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind ;
 And give our conduct to the waves and wind :
 Then in the flow'ry mead, or verdant shade,
 To wanton dalliance wilfully betray'd
 We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl ;
 And smiling see the nearer waters roll ;
 Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise ;
 Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies ;
 And swift into the boundless ocean borne,
 Our foolish confidence too late we mourn :
 Round our devoted heads the billows beat,
 And from our troubled view the lessen'd lands re-
 treat.

Prior's Solomon.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how agust,
 How complicate, how wonderful is man ?
 How passing wonder he, who made him such ?

Who

Who center'd in one make such vast extremes,
 From different natures marvelously mix'd,
 Connection exquisite of distinct worlds!
 Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
 Midway from nothing to the deity!
 A beam ætherial, fully'd and absorpt!
 Tho' fully'd and dishonour'd, still divine!
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
 An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
 Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
 A worm! a god! I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surpriz'd, aghast,
 And wond'ring at her own; how reason reels!
 O what a miracle to man is man,
 Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread
 Alternately transported and alarm'd!
 What can preserve my life, or what destroy?
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave,
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

Young's Night Thoughts.

Mankind one day serene and free appear,
 The next they're cloudy, sullen, and severe;
 New passions, new opinions still excite,
 And what they like at noon, despise at night.
 They gain with labour what they quit with ease,
 And health for want of change becomes disease.
 Religion's bright authority they dare,
 And yet are slaves to superstitious fear.
 They counsel others, but themselves deceive,
 And, tho' they're cozen'd still, they still believe.

Garth's Dispensary.

His nature is too noble for the world,
 He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
 Or Jove for his power to thunder: his heart's
 his mouth,

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What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

Shakespeare's Coriolanus.

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world this was a man.

Shakespeare's Julius Caesar.

Is man no more than this? consider him well,
Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide,
The sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.
Thou art the thing itself;
Unaccommodated man is no more, but such a
poor

Barefork'd animal as thou art.

Shakespeare's King Lear.

I will sooner trust a crocodile,
When he sheds tears; for he kills suddenly,
And ends our cares at once; or any thing
That's evil to our nature, than a man;
I find there is no end of his deceivings,
Nor no avoiding them, if we give way.

Beaumont's Coxcombs.

Men are but children of a larger growth;
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain:
And yet the soul shut up in her dark room,
Viewing so clear abroad; at home sees nothing;
But like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
To the world's open view.

Dryden's All for Love.

O wretched man! whose too busy thoughts

Ride

Ride swifter than the galloping heav'n's round,
With an eternal hurry of the soul!
Nay, there's a time, when even the rolling year
Seems to stand still, dead calms are in the ocean,
When not a breath disturbs the drowly waves:
But man! the very monster of the world,
Is ne'er at rest, his soul for ever wakes.

Dryden's Oedipus.

Trust not a man, we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtil, cruel, and inconstant:
When a man talks of love, with caution hear him,
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive thee.

Orway's Orphan.

'Tis better be a dog, than be a man;
Instinct of nature is the only guide
Unerring, vain light of reason! ah! how frail!
Put out by every accidental breath,
That passion blows!
What fool would be a man, who had the choice
Of his own being! the best, most perfect,
Are so alloy'd, the good so mix'd with bad,
Like counterfeit'd coin of mingled metal,
The noble part's not current for the base.

Langdon's Heroic Love.

With what unequal tempers are we fram'd!
One day, the soul supine with ease and fulness,
Revels secure, and fondly tells herself,
The hour of evil can return no more:
The next, the spirits, pall'd and sick of riot,
Turn all to discord, and we hate our being;
Curse the past joy, and think it folly all,
And bitterness and anguish.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

So weak is man when destin'd to destruction,
The watchful slumber, and the crafty trust.

S. Johnson's Irene.

Now by two-headed Janus
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep thro' their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And others of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Tho' Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.

Behold of ev'ry age ! ripe manhood see,
Decrepid years, and helpless infancy :
Those who by ling'ring sickness lose their breath,
And those who, by despair, suborn their death :
See yon mad fools, who for some trivial right,
For love, or for mistaken honour, fight :
See those more mad who throw their lives away
In needless wars, the stakes which monarchs lay,
When for each others provinces they play.
Then as if earth too narrow were for fate,
On open seas their quarrels they debate ;
In hollow wood they floating armies bear ;
And force imprison'd winds to bring 'em near.

Dryden's Fall of Man.

MARRIAGE.

When to my arms thou brought'st thy virgin love,
Fair angels sung our bridal hymn above
Th' eternal nodding, shook the firmament,
And conscious nature gave her glad consent.
Roses unbud, and every fragrant flower
Flew from their stalks to strew the nuptial bow'r.
The furr'd and feather'd kind the triumph did
pursue

And

And fishes leap'd above the stream the passing
pomp to view. *Dryden's State of Innocence*^g

Marriage to maids is like a war to men ;
The battle causes fear, but the sweet hopes
Of winning at the last, still draws 'em in.
Lee's Mithridates.

When fix'd to one, love safe at anchor rides,
And dares the fury of the wind and tides ;
But losing once that hold, to the wide ocean borne,
It drives at will, to every wave or scorn.
Dryden's Tyrannic Love.

Curs'd be the memory, nay, be doubly curs'd
Of her that wedded age for int'rest first !
Tho' worn with years, with fruitless wishes full.
'Tis all day troublesome, and all night dull.
Who wed with fools, indeed, lead happy lives,
Fools are the fittest finest things for wives :
Yet old men profit bring, as fools bring ease,
And both make youth and wit much better please.
Otway's Soldier's Fortune.

Let reason teach what passion fain wou'd hide,
That hymens bands by prudence should be ty'd ;
Venus in vain the wedded pair wou'd crown,
If angry fortune on their union frown :
Soon will the flatt'ring dream of blifs be oe'r
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more
Then waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain,
And that fond love, which should afford relief,
Does but increase the anguish of their grief,
While both could easier their own sorrows bear
Than the sad knowledge of each others care.
L. Littleton.

If you would have the nuptial union last,
Let virtue be the bond that ties it fast.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Wedded love is founded on esteem,
Which the fair merits of the mind engage,
For those are charms that never can decay;
But time which gives new whiteness to the swan,
Improves their lustre.

Fenton's Mariamne.

Reverend and honourable matrimony!
Mother of lawful sweets, unsham'd mornings:
Dangerless pleasures; thou that mak'st the bed
Both pleasant and legitimately fruitful: without
thee

All the whole world were soiled bastardy.
Thou art the only, and the greatest form,
'T'hat put'st a difference 'tween our desires,
And the disorder'd appetites of beasts;

Middleton's Rhenish

— I scent the air
Of blessings, when I came but near the house;
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth;
The violet bed's not sweeter. Honest wedlock
Is like a banquetting house, built in a garden,
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight
To cast their modest odors; when base lust,
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,
Is but a fair house built in a morass

Middleton's Women Beware of Women.

What do you think of marriage?
I take't, as those that deny purgatory:
It locally contains or heav'n or hell;
There's no third place in it.

Webster's Duchess of Malfy.

Take

Take thus much of my council ; marry not
In haste ; for she that takes the best of husbands ;
Puts but on a golden fetter : for husbands
Are like to painted fruit, which promises much,
But still deceive us, when we come to touch.
If you match with a courtier, he'll have a
Dozen mistresses at least, and repent
His marriage within four and twenty hours
At most ; swearing a wife, is fit for none
But an old justice, or a country gentleman :
If you marry a citizen, though you
Live never so honest, yet he shall be venturing
Abroad, when he might deal a great deal more
Safe at home. And this take of me, that 'mongst
The best, there is none good, all bad ;
She's married best, that's wedded to her will.

Cupid's Whirligig.

The joys of marriage are the heav'n on earth,
Life's paradise, great princes, the soul's quiet,
Sinews of concord, earth by immortality,
Eternity of pleasures.

Ford's Broken Heart.

For marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship ;
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife ?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth happiness,
And is a pattern of celestial bliss.

Shakespeare's Hen. VI.

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know
That marriage rightly understood,

Gives

Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Cotton.

—O, why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men as angels, without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on earth thro' female snares,
And strait conjunction with the sex: for either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake,
Or when he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse; or if she love, with-held
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd, and wedlock bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

MASSACRE.

Slaughter bestrid the streets, and stretch'd himself
To seem more large; whilst to his stain'd thighs
The gore he drew flow'd up, and carry'd down
Whole heaps of limbs, and bodies thro' th' arch:
No age was spar'd, no sex, nay, no degree,
Not infants in the porch of life were free;
The sick, th' old, who could but hope a day
Longer by nature's bounty, not let stay;
Virgins, and widows, matrons, pregnant wives
All

All died; 'twas crime enough that they had lives.
To strike but only those who could do hurt,
Was dull and poor; some fell to make the number

As some the prey. The rugged Charon fainted,
And ask'd a navy rather than a fleet,
To ferry over the sad world that came.
The maws and dins could not receive
The bodies that their souls were frighted from,
And ev'n the graves were fill'd with men yet living,
Whose flight and fear had mix'd them with the
dead.

Johnson's Cataline.

Methinks I see

The glutton death gorg'd with devouring lives;
Nothing but images of horror round me:
Rome all in blood, the ravish'd vestals raving,
The sacred fire put out: robb'd mothers shrieks
Deafning the gods with clamours for their babes,
That sprawl'd aloft upon the soldiers spears:
The beard of age piuck'd up by barb'rous hands,
While from their piteous wounds and horrid gashes,
The lab'ring life flow'd faster than the blood.

Lee's Lucius Junius Brutus.

He amongst us

That spares his father, brother, or his friend,
Is damn'd: how rich and beauteous will the face
Of ruin look, when these wide streets run blood:
I, and the glorious partners of our purpose
Shouting and striding o'er the prostrate dead,
Still to new waste; whilst thou far off in safety,
Smiling shall see the wonders of our daring.

Orway's Venice Preserv'd.

'Twere needless to recount the midnight hour
In which the fatal last assault was made,
Or how the Greeks, whether by force or fraud,
Ent'red

Ent'red the gates. Not with more rage the torrent
 That foaming roars impetuous o'er its mounds
 Covers the fields, and marks it way with ruin.
 Then horror dress'd in its most grisly form
 Was seen, and havock reign'd in every quarter.
 There dying soldiers groan, while in their town,
 The victors with the vanquish'd bite the ground:
 There venerable matrons, screaming maids,
 With hands uplifted, begg'd in vain for pity.

Frowde's Philotas.

M A Y.

For thee, sweet month, the groves green liv'ries
 wear;

If not the first the fairest of the year;
 For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours
 And nature's ready pencil paints the flow'rs
 When thy short reign is past, the sev'rish sun
 The sultry Tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.

Dryden's Pal. & Arc.

The droufy elements arous'd by thee,
 Roll to harmonious pleasures, active all!
 Earth, water, air, and fire, with feeling glee
 Exult to celebrate thy festival.
 Fire glows intenser, softer blows the air,
 More smooth the waters flow, earth smiles more
 fair,
 Earth, water, air, and fire, thy glad'ning impulse
 share

At thy approach, the wild waves loud uproar,
 And foaming surges of the madning main,

Forget to heave their mountains to the shore;
 Diffus'd into the level of the plain.
 For thee the halcyon builds her summer nest;
 For thee th' ocean smooths her troubl'd breast;
 Gay from thy placid smiles, in thy own pur-
 ple dress,

From

From the wide altar of the foodful earth
The flow'rs, the herbs, the plants, their in-
cense roll,

The orchards swell, the ruby tinctur'd birch,
The virgil-gardens breath the spicy soul.
Grateful to may, the nectar-spirit flies,
The wafted clouds of lavish'd odours rise,
The zephyrs balmy burthen, worthy of the skies.

William Thomson.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves, are of thy dressing;
Hill, and dale, doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee and wish thee long.

Milton.

Led by the jocund train of vernal hours
And vernal airs, uprose the gentle May;
Blushing the rose, and blushing rose the flowers
That sprung spontaneous in her genial ray.
Her locks with heaven's ambrosial dew were bright,
And am'rous zephyrs flutter'd on her breast.
With every shifting gleam of morning light
The colours shifted of her rainbow vest.

Imperial ensigns graced her smiling form;
A golden key, and golden wand she bore:
This charms to peace each sullen eastern storm,
And that unlocks the summer's copious store.

Onward

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Onward in conscious majesty she came,
The grateful honours of mankind to taste,
To gather fairest wreaths of future fame,
And blend fresh triumphs with her glorious past
Levibond.

M E A D.

Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of nature, wide, and wild;
Where undisguis'd by mimic art, she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Thomson's Seasons.

M E D A L.

Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust:
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to
shore
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more:
Convinc'd, she now contracts the vast design,
And all her triumphs sink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps;
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps,
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.
Pope's Epist. to Addison.

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name.
In one short view subjected to our eye
Gods, emperors, heroes, sages, beauties lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore,
This the blue varnish, that the green endears

The

The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years !
 To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
 One grasps a Cecrops in extatic dreams,
 Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
 Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd :
 And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
 Sighs for an Otho and neglects his Bride.

Prior's Epist. to Addison.

Oh ! when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
 Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame ;
 In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
 And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold.

Prior's Epist. to Addison.

M E D I O C R I T Y.

Had I been born a servant, my low life
 Had steady stood from all these miseries,
 The waving reeds stand free from every gulf,
 When the tall oaks are rent up by the roots,
 I see that ev'n course that must be kept
 To shun two dangrous gulphs ; the middle tract
 'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis ; the small isthmus
 That suffers not the Egean tide to meet
 The violent rage of th' ionian wave,
 I am a bridge o'er an impetuous sea,
 Free and safe passage to the wary step ;
 But he, whose wantonness or folly dares
 Decline to either side, falls desperate
 Into a certain ruin. Dwell with me,
 Whose mansion is not plac'd so near the sun
 As to complain of's neighbourhood, and be scorchi'd
 With his directer beams ; nor so remote
 From his bright rays, as to be situate
 Under the icy pole of the cold Bear,
 But in a temp'rate zone : 'tis I am she,
 I am the golden mediocrity.

Randolph's Muse's Looking-Glass.

MEDITATION.

MEDITATION.

These are the haunts of meditation. These
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
Extatic, felt; and from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent: to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
In walking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warm the favour'd soul
For future trials fated to prepare;
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His muse to better themes; to sooth the pangs
Of dying worth, and form the patriot's breast,
Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engag'd to turn the death;
And numberless such offices of love,
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

Thomson,

MEETING.

But here she comes!
In the calm harbour of whose gentle breast,
My tempest-beaten soul may safely rest.
O! my heart's joy: what e'er my sorrows be
They cease and vanish in beholding thee:
Care shuns thy walk, as at the cheerful light
The groaning ghosts and birds obscure take flight:
By this one view all my past pains are paid,
And all I have to come more easy made,

Dryden's Aurengzebe.

Where is my friend? oh! where is my beloved?
My Theodosius? point him out, ye gods!
That I may press him dead betwixt my arms;
Devour him thus with over hasty joys

That

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That languish at my breast, quite out of breath,
And cannot utter more.

Lee's Theodosius.

Oh! let my arms thus press thee to my heart;
That labours with the longings of my love;
Struggles and heaves, and feign would out to meet
thee.

Southern's Disappointment.

O my sister: let me hold thee
Long in my arms: I've not beheld thy face
These many days: by night I've oft seen thee
In gentle dreams, and satisfy'd my soul
With fancy'd joys, till morning cares awak'd me.

Orway's Orphan.

Now by the transports in my thrilling veins,
My throbbing heart, that leaps with joy to meet
thee,

Most welcome to these arms: ah! my loved lord,
Could you conceive the fears your absence gave,
The kind suggestions of our female softness,
Whilst every stinging dart, each brandish'd spear
Imagination level'd at your breast;
You from that thought might guess my
Present rapture.

Proude's Philotas.

Oh! my Clytemnestra,

Now, in this dear embrace, I lose the toils
Of ten years war; absence, with all its pains,
Is by this charming moment wip'd away.
All bounteous gods! sure never was a heart
So full, so blest as mine.

Thomson's Agamemnon.

Look ever thus; with that bright glance of joy

Thus

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Thus always meet my transports ; let these arms
Thus ever fold me ; and this cheek, that blooms
With all health's op'ning roses, press my lips
Warm as at this blest moment.

Mason's Elfrida.

Talk not of fears and griefs,
Affliction is no more, now thou art found :
Why dost thou weep, and hold thee from my arms ?
My arms, which ache to hold thee fast, and grow
To thee with twining.

Congreve's Mourning Bride.

It is, it is Alphonso ! 'tis his face,
His voice ! I know him now : I know him all !
Oh ! take me to thy arms, and bear me hence
Back to the bottom of the boundless deep ;
To seas beneath, where thou so long hast dwelt :
Oh ! how hast thou return'd ; how hast thou charm'd
The wildness of the waves and rocks to this,
That thus relenting, they have giv'n thee back
To earth, to light and life, to love and me ?

Congreve's Mourning Bride.

Oh ! I'll not ask, nor answer how, or why,
We both have backward trod the paths of fate,
To meet again in life : to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any circumstance,
Or means by which I have thee ;
To fold thee thus, to press thy balmy lips,
And gaze upon thy eyes, is so much joy,
I have not leisure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle time in thinking.

Congreve's Mourning Bride.

I must be silent, for my soul is busy
About a noble work : she's new come home,

Like

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Like a long absent man, and wanders o'er
Each room, a stranger to her own, to see
If all be safe. *Dryden's All for Love.*

My griefs shall fly like clouds before Semandra :
For she's the sun that drives them : O my star !
Thou day, that gild'st my little world of comfort !
Lee's Mithridates.

I have not joy'd an hour since you departed,
For publick miseries and for private fears ;
But this bless'd meeting has o'erpaid them all.
Dryden's and Lee's Oedipus.

Thou mightiest pleasure,
And greatest blessing, that kind heav'n could send
me !

Oh ! when I look on thee, new starts of glory
Spring in my breast, and with a backward bound,
I run the race of lusty youth again.
Lee's Theodosius.

Oh ! were I proof against the darts of love !
And cold to beauty, as the marble lover,
That lies without a thought upon his tomb ;
Would not this glorious dawn of life run thro' me,
And waken death itself ? why am I slow then ?
What hinders now, but that in spite of rules,
I burst thro' all the bands of death that hold me,
And fly with such a haste to that appearance,
As bury'd saints shall make at the last summons ?
Lee's Theodosius.

MELANCHOLY.

Tell me, sweet lord, what is it that takes from
thee
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep ?
Why

Why dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth
And start so often when thou sit'st alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?

Shakespeare's First Part of King Hen. IV.

Oh melancholy,
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish carrack
Might earliest harbour in:

Shakespeare's Cymbeline.

I am as melancholy as a gelb cat
Or a lugg'd bear, or an old lion, or
A lover's lute, yea or the drone of a
Lincolnshire bagpipe.

Shakespeare's King Hen. IV.

I have neither the scholar's melancholy,
Which is emulation; nor the musician's,
Which is fantastical, nor the courtier's,
Which is pride; nor the soldier's, which is
Ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic;
Nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's,
Which is all these; but it is a melancholy
Of mine own, compounded of many simples
Extracted from many objects, and indeed,
The sundry contemplation of my travels;
In which my often rumination wraps me
In a most hum'rous sadness.

Shakespeare's As you like it.

I have set with him in his cabbin a day together,
Yet not a syllable exchang'd between us;
Sigh he did often; as if inward grief
And melancholy at that instant, would

Choke

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Choke up his vital spirits : and now and then
A tear or two, as in derision of
The roughness of his rugged temper, would
Fall on his hollow cheeks ; which but once felt,
A sudden flash of fury did dry up.

Massinger's Unnat. Combat.

It is not as you conceive, an indisposition
Of body, but the mind's disease : so ecstasy,
Fantastick dotage, madness, frenzy, rapture,
Of meer imagination differ partly
From melancholy ; which is briefly this :
A meer commotion of the mind, o'ercharg'd
With fear and sorrow ; first begat I'th' brain,
The seat of reason ; and from thence deriv'd
As suddenly into the heart, the seat
Of our affection.

Ford's Lover's Melancholy.

Sure some ill fate's upon me,
Distrust and heaviness sit round my heart,
And apprehension shakes my tim'rous soul.

Otway's Orphan.

My melancholy haunts me every where,
And not one kindly gleam pierces the gloom
Of my dark thoughts to give a glimpse of comfort.

Sout. Loyal Brothers.

A kind of weight hangs heavy on my heart,
My flagging soul flies under her own pitch,
Like fowl in air too damp, and lags along,
As if she were a body in a body,
And not a mounting substance made of fire ;
My senses too, are dull and stupify'd,
Their edge rebated ; sure some ill approaches,
And some kind spirit knocks softly at my breast,
To tell me fate's at hand.

Cleomenes.

He

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He droops, and hangs his discontented head,
Like merit scorn'd by insolent authority.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long founding isles, and intermingled graves,
Black melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r and darkens ev'ry green;
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breath's a browner horror on the woods.

Pope's Eloisa, and Abelard.

This melancholy flatters, but unmans you?
What is it first but penury of soul?
A lazy frost, a numbness of the mind,
That locks up all the vigour to attempt,
By barely crying, 'tis impossible.

Dryden's Cleomenes.

Can musick's voice, can beauty's eye,
Can paintings glowing hand supply:
A charm so suited to my mind,
As blows this hollow gust of wind,
As drops this little weeping rill,
Soft tinkling down the moss-grown hill,
Whilst thro' the west where sinks the crimson day,
Meek twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners
grey.

Mason.

Hence loathed melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In stygian cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights
unholy
Find out some uncouth cell
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous
wings,
And the night raven sings;

There

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There under ebon shades, and low brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cymmerian desert ever dwell,

Milton's Allegro.

Hence all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights,
Wherein you spend your folly;
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see it,
But only melancholy.

Oh sweetest melancholy!

Welcome with folded arms and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fast'ned to the ground,
A tongue chained up without a sound;
Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves;
Moon like walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls;
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

Milton's Il Penseroso.

O come then, melancholy, queen of thought,
O come with saintly look, and steadfast step,
From forth thy cave embower'd with mournful yew
Wherever to the curfeu's solemn sound
List'ning thou sittest, and with thy cypress bind
Thy votary's hair, and seal him for thy son;
But never let Euphrosyne beguile
With toys of wanton mirth my fixed mind;
Nor in my path her garland primrose cast,
Tho' mid her train the dimpled Hebe bear
Her rosy bosom to the enamour'd view;
Tho' Venus, mother of the smiles and loves,

And

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And Bacchus, ivy crowned, in citron bower
 With her on Nectar streaming fruitage feast:
 What tho' 'tis her's to calm the low'ring skies,
 And at her presence mild th' embattled clouds
 Disperse in air, and o'er the face of heaven
 New day diffusive gleams at her approach;
 Yet are these joys that melancholy gives
 Than all her witless revels happier far,
 These deep felt joys, by contemplation taught:

Thomas Wharton.

Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn;
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thy eyes;
 There held in holy passion still
 Forget thyself, to marble still
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Then fix them on the earth as fast:
 And join with thee calm peace and quiet,
 Spare fast, that oft with gods doth diet,

Milton's Il Penseroso.

MEMORY.

— Remember thee,
 Ay, thou poor ghost; while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe: remember thee:
 Yes, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past
 That youth and obversation copy'd there:

And

And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought :
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault ;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new.
Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget.

Pope's Eloisa and Abelard.

Tho' time has plough'd that face
With many furrows, since I saw it first ;
Yet I'm too well acquainted with the ground quite
to forget it.

Dryden and Lee's Oedipus.

A confus'd report pass'd thro' my ears,
But full of hurry, like a morning dream,
It vanish'd in the bus'ness of the day.

Dryden and Lee's Oedipus.

The joys I have possess'd are ever mine ;
Out of thy reach, behind eternity,
Hid in the sacred treasure of the past,
But blest remembrance brings them hourly back.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

Something like
That voice, methinks, I should have somewhere
heard,
But floods of woe have hurry'd it far off
Beyond my ken of soul.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

'Why dost thou search so deep, and urge my memory,

To conjure up my wrongs to life again.

To think on all times backward like a space,

Idle and void, where nothing e'er had being;

But thou hast peopled it again:

Oh! thou hast set my busy brain at work!

And now she musters up a train of images,

Which, to preserve my peace, I'd cast aside,

And sink in deep oblivion.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

M E R C H A N T.

Fearless the merchant now pursues his gain,

And roams securely o'er the boundless main;

Now o'er his head the Polar bear he spies,

And freezing spangles of the Lapland skies;

Now swells his canvas to the sultry line

With glittering spoils, where Indian grottoes shine;

Where fumes of incense glad the Southern seas,

And wafted citron scents the balmy breeze,

Here nearer suns prepare the rip'ning gem,

To grace great Anne's imperial diadem,

And here th' ore, whose melted mass shall yield,

On faithful coins, each memorable field;

Which, mix'd with medals of immortal Rome,

May clear disputes, and teach the times to come.

Tickle, on the Prospect of Peace.

The Merchant stranded, and his fortunes lost,

Fix'd on the floating mast each god implores:

With longing eyes the distant mountain views,

And vows he'll never trust the ocean more:

But when escap'd, all his resolves are vain:

Thus I relapsing re-assume my chain,

Forget the danger, and renew the pain:

Higgon's Generous Conqueror.

So when the merchant sees his vessel lost,
 Tho richly freighted from a foreign coast,
 Gladly for life the treasure he would give,
 And only wishes to escape, and live:
 Gold, and his gains no more employ his mind,
 But driving o'er the billows with the wind,
 Cleaves to one faithful plank, and leaves the rest
 behind.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

M E R C Y.

Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
 The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
 Become them with one half so good a grace
 As mercy does.

Alas! the souls of all men once were forfeit;
 And he that might th' advantage best have taken,
 Found out the remedy; how could you be,
 If he, who's the top of judgment, should
 But judge you as you are? oh think on that,
 And mercy then will breath within your lips,
 Like new-made man.

Shakespeare's Measure for Measure.

Heav'n has but
 Our sorrow for our sins, and then delights
 To pardon erring man; sweet mercy seems
 Its darling attribute, which limits justice,
 As if there were degrees in infinite,
 And infinite would rather want perfection,
 Than punish to extent.

Dryden's All for Love.

Of all the paths which lead to human bliss,
 The most secure and grateful to our steps,
 With mercy and humanity is mark'd;
 The sweet-tong'd rumour of a gracious deed

Can charm, from hostile hands, th' uplifted blade
The gall of anger into milk transform,
And dress the brows of enmity in smiles.

Glover's Boadicea

Mercy, not justice, is the throne of princes ;
For what is power, tho' boundless and almighty ?
A deity of awfulness and fear ;

But in the whirlwind of its wrath, when flies
The burning shaft, if mercy's saving hand
Arrests its flight, then we kneel and worship,
And mix our praise with gratitude and love,

Francis's Constantine

M E R M A I D.

I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcid and harmonious sounds,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;
And certain stars shot melody from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Shakespear's Midsummer Night Dream.

M E T E O R.

So seeks the swain by night his doubtful way,
Led by th' insidious meteor's fleeting ray ;
Still on, attracted by th' illusive beam,
He tempts the faithless marsh, or fatal stream :
Away with scorn, the laughing dæmon flies,
While shades eternal shade the wretch's eyes.

Blacklock.

With wonder he surveys th' upper air,
And the gay gilded meteors sporting there,
And lambent jellies, kindling in the night,
Shoot through the æther in a trail of light :
How rising streams in th' azure fluid blendy

Or

Or fleet in clouds, or in soft showers descend.

Or if the stubborn rage of cold prevail

In flakes they fly, or fall in moulded hail.

How honey dews embalm the fragrant morn,

And the fair oak with luscious sweets adorn :

How heat and moisture mingle in a mass,

Or belch in thunder, or in lightning blaze.

Why nimble coruscations strike the eye,

Or bold tornadoes bluster in the sky ?

Why a prolific aura upwards tends,

Ferments, and in a living show'r descends ?

How vapours hanging on the tow'ring hills

In breezes sigh, or weep in warbling rills ?

Whence infant winds their tender pinions try,

And river gods their thirsty urns supply.

Garth's Dispensary.

M E T E M S Y C O S I S.

If, as the Samian taught, the soul revives,

And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives ;

Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,

Doom'd in a hackney horse the town to range ;

Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw,

Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.

Gay's Trivia.

M I L K - M A I D.

Soon as the grey-ey'd morning streaks the skies,

And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,

Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears,

And singing to the distant field repairs ;

And when the plains with ev'ning dews are spread,

The milky burthen smokes upon her head.

Gay's Trivia.

M I N D.

Know, Sir, that the wings

On which my soul is mounted, have long since

G 3

Borne

Borne her too high to stoop to any prey
That soars not upwards : sordid and dunghill
Minds, compos'd of earth, in that gross element
Fix all their happiness ; but purer spirits,
Purg'd and refin'd, shake of that clog of
Human frailty. *Beaumont and Fletcher*

Hail horrors ! hail
Infernal world ! and thou profoundest hell
Receive thy new possessor ; one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time ;
The mind is its own place ; and in itself
Can make a heav'n of hell, a hell of heav'n.
Milton's Paradise Lost

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich :
And as the sun breaks thro' the darkest clouds,
So honour 'peareth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful ?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye ?
Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew

M I R T H.

From the crown of his head to the sole of
His foot, he's all mirth ; he hath twice or
Thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little
Hangman dare not shoot at him : he hath a
Heart as found as a bell, and his tongue is
The clapper, for what his heart thinks, his tongue
speaks.

Shakespeare's Much ado about Nothing.

Our mirth shall be the quintessence of pleasure ;
And our delight flow with that harmony,
Th' ambitious spheres shall to the center shrink,
To hear our musick : such ravishing accents,
As are from poets in their fury hurl'd,
When their outrageous raptures fill the world.

Marmyon's Antiquary.

A merrier man

Within the limit of becoming mirth,
 I never spent an hour's talk withal;
 His eye begets occasion for his wit;
 For ev'ry object that the one doth catch,
 The other turns to a mirth moving jest;
 Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
 Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
 That aged ears play truant at his tales,
 And younger hearings are quite ravish'd;
 So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Shakespeare's Love's Labour lost.

Whether (as some sager song)
 The frolic wind that breaths the spring,
 Zephyr with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a Maying,
 There on beds of violets blue,
 And fresh blown roses wash'd in dew,
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blith, and debonair;
 Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest, and youthful jolity,
 Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple fleck;
 Sport that wrinkled care derides,
 And laughter holding both his sides.
 Come and trip it as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe,
 And in thy right hand lead with thee,
 The mountain nymph, sweet liberty;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth admit me of thy crew;
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved pleasures free.

Milton.

M I S E R.

Good morning to the day ; and next, my gold ;
 Open the shrine that I may see my saint :
 Hail the world's soul and mine ! more glad than is
 The teeming earth to see the long'd-for sun
 Peep thro' the horns of the celestial ram,
 Am I, to view thy splendor, dark'ning his ;
 That lying here amongst my other hoards,
 Shew'ft like a flame by night ; or like the day,
 Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled
 Unto the center. O thou sun of sol !
 But brighter than thy father, let me kiss
 With adoration thee, and every relict
 Of sacred treasure in this bless'd room.
 Well did wise poets by thy glorious name,
 Title that age, which they would have the best,
 That being the best of things, and far transcend-
 ing

All still of joy in children, parents, friends,
 Or any other waking dream on earth,
 Thy looks, when they to Venus did ascribe,
 They should have given twenty thousand cupids ;
 Such are thy beauties, and our love's, dear saint,
 Riches, the dumb god, that givest all men tongues,
 That canst do nought, yet mak'ft men do all
 things :

The price of soul's ! ev'n hell, with thee to boot,
 Is made worth heav'n ! thou art virtue, fame,
 Honour, and all things else ; who can get thee,
 He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise.

Johnson's Volpone.

The miser true,
 Starves 'midst his plenty, from the slavish fear
 Of wasting what he heaps.

Havard's Scanderberg.

MISERY.

M I S E R Y.

I'll give thee misery; for here she dwells;
This is her house, where the sun never dawns:
The bird of night sits screaming o'er the roof;
Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom;
And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

Heavy of heart she seems and sore afflicted:
See with what sad and sober cheer she comes:
Sure, or I read her visage much amiss,
Or grief besets her hard.

But thus it is when rude calamity
Lays its strong gripes upon these mincing

Minions;

The dainty gewgaw forms dissolve at once,
And shiver at his shock.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

M I S F O R T U N E.

Who has not known ill fortune, never knew
Himself, or his own virtue.

Mallet's Alfred.

The brave unfortunate are our best acquaintance;
They shew us virtue may be much distress'd,
And give us their example how to suffer.

Francis's Eugenia.

Misfortune stands with her bow even bent
Over the world; and he who wounds another,
Directs the goddess by that part he wounds,
Where to strike deep th' arrows in himself.

Young's Brother.

Where is your antient courage; you were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;

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That when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating. Fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gently warded,
craves
A noble cunning.

Shakespear's Coriolanus.

— Nothing is a misery
Unless our weakness apprehend it so :
We cannot be more faithful to ourselves
In any thing that's manly, than to make
Ill fortune as contemptible to us
As it makes us to others.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

I pray, Sir, deal with men in misery,
Like one that may himself be miserable :
Insult not too much upon men distress'd ;
Play not too much upon my wretchedness ;
The noble minds still will not, when they can.

Heywood's Royal King.

M I S T E S S.

Here's a health to them that best deserves

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Whose active clambrings carry her desires
To th' utmost height of nobleness and honour.

Nabb's Covent-Garden.

I am a garment worn, a vessel crack'd,
A load unty'd, a lilly trod upon;
A fragrant flower crop'd by another hand,
My colour sully'd, and my odour chang'd.

Beaumont's Knight of Malta.

You bear the specious title of a wife,
To gild your cause, and draw the pitying world
To favour it, the world contemns poor me:
For I have lost my honour, lost my fame,
And stain'd the glory of my royal house;
And all to bear the branded name of mistress.

Dryden's All for Love.

Beware the dangerous beauty of the wanton;
Shun their enducements; ruin, like a vulture,
Waits on their conquests; falshood too is their
Business.

They put false beauty off to all the world
Use false endearments to the fools that love 'em;
And when they marry to their, silly husbands

M I S E R.

Good morning to the day ; and next, my gold ;
 Open the shrine that I may see my saint :
 Hail the world's soul and mine ! more glad than is
 'The teeming earth to see the long'd-for sun
 Peep thro' the horns of the celestial ram,
 Am I, to view thy splendor, dark'ning his ;
 'That lying here amongst my other hoards,
 Shew'st like a flame by night ; or like the day,
 Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled
 Unto the center. O thou sun of sol !
 But brighter than thy father, let me kiss
 With adoration thee, and every relict
 Of sacred treasure in this blest'd room.
 Well did wise poets by thy glorious name,
 Title that age, which they would have the best,
 That being the best of things, and far transcend-
 ing

All still of joy in children, parents, friends,
 Or any other waking dream on earth,
 Thy looks, when they to Venus did ascribe,
 They should have given twenty thousand cupids ;
 Such are thy beauties, and our love's, dear saint,
 Riches, the dumb god, that givest all men tongues,
 That canst do nought, yet mak'st men do all
 things :

The price of soul's ! ev'n hell, with thee to boot,
 Is made worth heav'n ! thou art virtue, fame,
 Honour, and all things else ; who can get thee,
 He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise.

Johnson's Volpone.

The miser true,
 Starves 'midst his plenty, from the slavish fear
 Of wasting what he heaps.

Havard's Scanderberg.

MISERY.

M I S E R Y.

I'll give thee misery ; for here she dwells ;
 This is her house, where the sun never dawns :
 The bird of night sits screaming o'er the roof ;
 Grim spectres sweep along the horrid gloom ;
 And nought is heard but wailings and lamentings.
Rowe's Jane Shore.

Heavy of heart she seems and sore afflicted :
 See with what sad and sober cheer she comes :
 Sure, or I read her visage much amiss,
 Or grief besets her hard.
 But thus it is when rude calamity
 Lays its strong gripes upon these mincing
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Like one that may himself be miserable :
Insult not too much upon men distressed ;
Play not too much upon my wretchedness ;
The noble minds still will not, when they can.

Heywood's Royal King.

MISTRESS.

Here's a health to them that best deserves
The attribute of the fair ; whose white and red
Prove what's life mixture ; from whose form exact-
ness,

Rules of proportion might be better drawn
Than from art's principles ; to her, whose youth
Warms winter's icy bosom with her spring ;
As it goes round, each give his mistress some
Commending character.

Why then a health to her, whose beauties are
Not a gross earth with painted superficies ;
But a more sprightly element with purer fire :
Within whose sphere, a glorious mind doth move
All th' orbs of virtue with celestial flame :

Whose

Whose active clambrings carry her desires
To th' utmost height of nobleness and honour.

Nabb's Covent-Garden.

I am a garment worn, a vessel crack'd,
A load unty'd, a lilly trod upon;
A fragrant flower crop'd by another hand,
My colour fully'd, and my odour chang'd.

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Business.

They put false beauty off to all the world
Use false endearments to the fools that love 'em ;
And when they marry to their, silly husbands
They bring false virtue, broken fame and fortune.

Otway's Orphan.

Oh ! I fain would hide me
From the base world, from malice, and from shame,
For 'tis the solemn counsel of my soul,
Never to live with public loss of honour :
'Tis fix'd to die, rather than to bear the insolence
Of each affected she, that tells my story,
And blesses her good stars, that she's virtuous.
To be a tale for fools ! scorn'd by the women !
And pity'd by the men !

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

How

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How didst thou dare to think that I would live
A slave to base desires, and brutal pleasures :
To be a wretched woman for thy leisure,
To toy and waste an hour of idle time with.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Have I not set at nought my noble birth,
A spotless fame, and an unblemish'd race,
The peace of innocence and pride of virtue,
My prodigality has giv'n thee all,
And now I've nothing left me to bestow,
You hate the wretched bankrupt you've made.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

M O B.

And since the Rabble now is ours
Keep the tools hot, preach dangers in their ears ;
Spread false reports o'er th' senate ; working up
Their madness to a fury quick and desperate ;
'Till they run headlong into evil discords,
And do our business with their own destruction.

Otway's Caius Marius.

Some popular chief,
More noisy than the rest, but cries halloo,
And in a trice the bellowing herd came out ;
The gates are barr'd, the ways are barricado'd,
And one and all is the word : true cocks of th'
game.

They never ask for what, or whom they fight ;
But turn 'em out, and shew 'em but a foe ;
Cry liberty, and that's a cause of quarrel.

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

The captain of the rabble issu'd out
With a black Shirtless train ; each was an host ;
A million strong of vermin, every villain :
No part of government, but lords of Anarchy ;

Chaos

Chaos of Pow'r, and privileg'd destruction;
Out laws of nature ! yet the great must use 'em
Sometimes as necessary tools of tumult.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

But curs'd be they,
Who trust revenge with such mad instruments,
Whose blindfold madness is but to destroy ;
And like the tire commission'd by the winds,
Begins on sheets, but rolling in a round,
On palaces returns.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

What would you have, ye curs,
That like nor peace, nor war, the one affrights
you,

The other makes you proud, he that trusts to you
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares :
Where foxes, geese : you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him.
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves great-
ness,

Deserves your hate ; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that,
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes, hang ye trust ye
With ev'ry minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate ;
Him vile that was your garland.

Shakespear's Coriolanus.

MODESTY.

So spake our fire, and by his count'nance seem'd
Entring on studious thoughts abstruse, which Eve
Perceiving

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Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight,
 With lowliness majestic from her seat,
 And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
 Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
 Her nursery ; they at her coming sprung,
 And touch'd by her fair tendence gladlier grew.
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
 Delighted, or capable her ear
 Of what was high : such pleasure she reserv'd,
 Adam relating, she sole auditress ;
 Her husband the relater she preferr'd
 Before the angel, and of him to ask
 Chose rather, he, she knew would intermix
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
 With conjugal caresses ; from his lip
 Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
 Such pairs, in love and mutual honour join'd ?
 With goddess-like demeanour forth she went,
 Not unattended, for on her as queen
 A pomp of winning graces waited still,
 And from about her shot darts of desire
 Into all eyes to wish her still in sight.

Milton's Par. Lost.

1. Of all flowers methinks a rose is best.

2. Why, gentle madam ?

1. It is the emblem of a maid :

For when the wests winds courts her gently,
 How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
 With her chaste blushes ? when the north comes
 near her

Rude and impatient, then like chastity
 She locks her beauties in her bud again,
 And leave him to base briars.

Rowley's two Noble Kinsmen.

Then we are fair, and fit for men's embraces,

When,

When, like towns they lie before us ages,
Yet not carry'd, hold out their strongest batt'ries ;
Then compound too with loss of honour ;
And march off with our fair wedding colours flying
Beaumont and Fletcher's Wit without Money.

That modest grace subdu'd my soul,
That chastity of look which seems to hang
A veil of purest light o'er all her beauties,
And by forbidding most enflames desires.
Young's Busiris.

Female.

Modern Female Modesty.

In ancient times some hundred winters past,
When British dames, for conscience sake were
chaste ;

If some frail nymph, by youthful passion sway'd
From virtues paths unhappily had strayed
When banish'd reason reassumed her place,
The conscious wretch bemoan'd her foul disgrace ;
Fled from the world, and pass'd, her joyless years
In decent solitude and pious tears,
Veil'd in some convent, made her peace with hea-
ven

And almost hop'd—by prudes to be forgiven.

Not so of modern wh—res th' illustrious train
Renown'd Constantia, P—ton and V—ne,
Grown old in sin, and dead to am'rous joy,
No acts of penance their great souls employ,
Without a blush behold each nymph advance
The luscious heroine of her own romance.
Each harlot triumphs in her loss of fame,
And boldly prints and publishes her shame.

Greaves.

M O L U C K.

Say, muse, their names then known, who first, who
last,

Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery couch,
At their great emperor's call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof.
The chief were these who from the pit of hell,
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their seats, long after next the seat of God,
Their altars by his altar, Gods ador'd
Among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thund'ring out of Sion, thron'd
Between the cherubim; yea often plac'd
Within his sanctuary itself, their shrines,
Abominations; and with curs'd things
His holy rites and solemn feasts profan'd,
And with their darkness durst affront his light,
First Meloch horrid king, besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents tears.
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their childrens cries unheard, that pass'd thro'
fire

To his grim idol, him the Ammonite
Worship'd in Rabba, and her watry plain,
In Argob, and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon, nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleasant vally of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehema called, the type of hell.

Milton's Par. Lost.

M O N A S T I C K *Life.*

I will devote the sad remains of life

To

To the blest company of holy men !
 Learn contemplation, and the dregs of life
 Purg'd off, taste clearer and more sprightly joys ;
 Partake their transports in the brightest visions :
 See op'ning heavens and the descending gods :
 Then as I view the dazzling track of angels,
 Sigh to my heart, and cry, see there, and there,
 In full perfection thousand Bellamiras.

Lee's Cesar Borgia.

M O N E Y.

I could wish, that every thing I touch'd might
 Turn to gold : this is the sinews of war,
 And the sweetness of peace. Is it not gold
 That makes the chastest yield to lust ? the
 Honestest to lewdness ? the wisest to
 Folly ? the faithfullest to deceit ? and
 The most holy in heart, to be most hollow of
 heart ?

In this word gold, are all the powers of
 The gods ; the desires of men ; the wonders
 Of the world ; the miracles of nature ;
 The looseness of fortune ; and triumphs of
 Time. By gold may you shake off the courts of
 Other princes, and have your own settled :
 One spade of gold undermines faster than
 An hundred mattocks of steel. —

Religious balance are golden bags —

— The first stair of virtue is money,

Doth any thirst after gentry, and wish
 To be esteem'd beautiful ?
 King-coin hath a mint to stamp gentlemen
 And art to make aimiableness.

Lilly's Midas.

O thou sweet king killer, and dear divorce
 'Twixt nat'ral son and sire : thou bright defiler
 Of

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Of hymen's purest bed ! thou valiant Mars !
 Thou ever young, fresh lov'd, and delicate wooer,
 Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow,
 That lies on Dian's lap : thou visible god
 That fould'rest close impossibilities,
 And mak'st them kifs ! then speak'st with every
 tongue,

To every purpose, oh, thou touch of hearts !
 Think thy slave man rebels ; and by thy virtue
 Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
 May have the world in empire.

Shakeſpear's Timon.

—————What is here ?
 Gold ? yellow, glittering, precious, gold ?
 ———Thus much of this will make
 Black, white ; foul, fair ; wrong, right ;
 Baſe, noble ; old, young ; coward, valiant.
 You gods : why this ? what this ? you gods ? why
 this

Will lug your prieſts and ſervants from your ſides :
 Pluck ſtout mens pillow's from below their heads.
 This yellow ſlave
 Will knit and break religions : bleſs the accurs'd,
 make the hoar leproſy ador'd, place thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,
 With ſenators on the bench.

Shakeſpear's Timon.

That I might live alone once with my gold :
 O 'tis a ſweet companion ! kind and true :
 A man may truſt it, when his father cheats him,
 Brother or friend, or wife. O wondrous ſelf,
 That which makes all men falſe, is true itſelf.

Johnſon's Caſe is Alter'd.

1. Pray, ſir, what turn'd you Turk ?
2. That for which many their religion,

Moſt

Most men their faith, all change their honesty,
Profit; that gilded god, commodity.

Dauborne's Christian turned Turk.

See what money can do: that can change
Men's manners; alter their conditions!
How tempestuous the slaves are without it.
O, thou powerful metal! what authority
Is in thee! thou art the key of all men's
Mouths: with thee a man may lock up the jaws
Of an informer, and without thee, he
Cannot the lips of a lawyer.

Broome's Wedding of Covent-Garden,

M O O N.

The moon charms the watry world below,
Wakes the still seas, and makes them ebb and flow.

Lee's Mithridates.

So when the sun's broad beams has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light;
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

Pope's Moral Essays.

The moon affords us her alternate ray,
And with kind beams distributes fainter day,
Yet keeps the stages of her monthly race;
Various her beams, and changeable her face.

Prior's Solomon.

By thy command the moon, as day-light fades,
Lifts her broad circle in the deepning shades;
Array'd in glory, and inthron'd in light,
She breaks the solemn terrors of the night;
Sweetly inconstant in her varying flame,
She changes still, another, yet the same;
Now in decrease, by slow degrees she shrouds
Her fading lustres in a vale of clouds;
Now at increase, her gath'ring beams display
A blaze of light and give a paler day;

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Ten thousand stars adorn her glittering train,
Fall when she falls, and rise with her again;
And o'er the desarts of the sky unfold
Their burning spangles of sidereal gold;
Thro' the wide heav'ns she moves serenely bright,
Queen of the gay attendants of the night;
Orb above orb in sweet confusion lies,
And with a bright disorder paints the skies.

Broome.

He smooth'd the rough cast moon's imperfect mould
And com'd her beamy locks with sacred gold.
Be then, said he, queen of the mournful night,
And, as he spoke, she rose, clad o'er in light,
With thousand stars attending on her train;
With they rise, with her they set again.

Cowley.

— — — — Mean while the moon
Full orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds
Shews her broad visage in the crimson east.
Turn'd to the sun directs her spott'd disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descende
And caverns deep, as oblique tubes descry
A smaller earth, gives all his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure corulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quiring gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance trembling round the world.

Thomson's Season's

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night

Become

Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit Jessica ; look how the floor of heav'n
 Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold ;
 There's not the small'st orb which thou behold'st
 But in his motion, like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young ey'd cherubims ;
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.

Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.

Those argent fields more likely habitants,
 Translated saints, or middle spirits hold
 Betwixt th' angelical and human kind.

Milton's Par. Lost.

— — — — — Now glow'd the firmament
 With living saphirs ; Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon
 Riding in clouded majesty, at length,
 Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

Milton Par. Lost.

Lo, where the moon enthron'd on high,
 Sits steady empress of the sky,
 Enticing nations to revere,
 And proudly vain of Pagan fear ;
 Or where thro' clouds she travels fast,
 And seems on journey bent in haste,
 While thousand handmaid stars await,
 Attendant on their queen of state,
 'Tis now that in her high controul
 Ambitious of a foreign rule,
 She stirs the ocean to rebel
 And factious waters fond to swell.
 Guides to battle in her carr
 Against her sister earth to war.

Coventry's Penshurst.

MORNING.

Aurora now, not as she wont to rise
 In gay attire ting'd with a thousand dyes,
 But sober sad in solemn state appears,
 Clad in a dusky veil bedew'd with tears.
 Thick mantling clouds beneath her chariot spread,
 A faded wreath hangs drooping from her head;
 The sick'ning sun emits a feeble ray;
 Half drown'd in fogs, and struggling into day.

Liste.

The meek eyed morn appears, mother of dews
 At first faint gleaming in the dappled east;
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow,
 And from before the lustre of her face
 While break the clouds away, with quicken'd
 step
 Brown night retires : young day pours in a pace,
 And opens all a lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn;
 Blue thro' the dusk the smoking currents shine;
 And from the claded field the fearful hare
 Limp, awkward : while along the forest glade,
 The wild deer trip, and often twining gaze
 At early passengers. Music awakes
 The native voice of undissembled joy;
 And thick aloud the woodland hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the cock, the soon clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells,
 And from the crouded fold, in order, drives
 His flock, to take the verdure of the morn.

Thomson's Season's.

Now from his orient throne the golden sun
 Had pour'd his morning beam, and shed a light.

To beautify the world's reviving scenes.
 Soft was the dewy air, the breathing gale
 Refreshing natures face, rich beauteous, gay,
 Scarce yet awake the poring eye of care
 Unseals its lid, while riot's giddy head
 Was just reclin'd upon its couch of down.
 Still and serene creation's ample round,
 While each fair object, opening with the morn,
 Joins to beget tranquility of mind,
 The heart-felt joy and serious thought inspires.
 Shall man be lost stretch'd on his bed of down
 Waste all his solemn hours in thoughtless ease,
 While mounted on his golden car the sun
 Travels from world to world, in haste to bear
 His maker's dread commands, and all the choir
 Of feather'd minstrels join their grateful songs
 To celebrate their great creator's praise.
 Oh! heighten the sweet harmony, proud man,
 Of these melodious tribes, and add the strains
 Of warm devotion, to their tuneful lays;
 Improve the gifts of heaven, and, ah, refine
 Its balmy odours with a breath of praise.

Newcomb's Flower Garden.

Thus night oft see me in thy pale career
 'Till civil suited morn appear,
 Not trickt and frounc'd as she was wont,
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kercheft in a comely cloud
 While rocking winds are piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gulf hath blown its fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves,

Milton's Ill Penserosa.

Yet not ungrateful is the morns approach,
 When drooping wet she comes, and clad in clouds
 While

While thro' the damp air scowls the lowring south
 Blackening the landscapes face, that grove and hill
 In formless vapours undistinguish'd swim
 Th' afflicted songsters of the saddened groves
 Hail not the sullen gloom, the waving elms
 That hoar thro' time and rang'd in thick array,
 Enclose with stately row the rural hall
 Are mute, nor echo with the clamors hoarse
 Of rooks rejoicing on their hairy boughs
 While to the shed the dripping poultry croud
 A mournful train : secure the village hind
 Hangs o'er the crackling blaze, nor tempts the
 storm ;

Fixt in th' unfinish'd furrow rests the plough
 Rings not the highwood with enlivening shouts
 Of early hunter : all is silence drear ;
 And deepest sadness wraps the face of things.

Thomas Warton.

See the day begins to break
 And the light shoots like a streak
 Of subtle fire, the wind blows cold,
 While the morning doth unfold :
 Now the birds begin to rouse,
 And the squirrel from the boughs,
 Leaps to get in nuts and fruit ;
 The early lark, that erst was mute,
 Carols to the rising day ;
 Many a note and many a lay.

Faithful Shepherds.

Part of a Scene in the third Act of Romeo and Juliet.

Enter Romeo and Juliet above at a window ; a ladder of ropes set.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near day :
 It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

That

That peirc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear ;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree :
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east :
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops ;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well ;
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua :
Then stay awhile, thou shalt not go so soon.

Rom. Let me be ta'en ; let me be put to death,
I am content, if thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow,
I'll say 'tis not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heav'ns so high above our heads ;
Come death and welcome : Juliet wills it so.
What says my love ? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence away, be gone ;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and displeasing sharps.
Oh now be gone, more light and light it grows.

Shakespear.

But look the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Hamlet.

The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.

Hamlet.

— Yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Shakespear's Julius Caesar.

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How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill ! the day looks pale
At his distemperature ;

The southern wind

Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest, and a blust'ring day.

Shakespeare's Hen. IV.

See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun !
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a yonker prancing to his lover

Shakespeare's Hen. VI.

It is, methinks, a morning full of fate ;
It riseth slowly as her sullen car
Had all the weights of sleep and death hung at it :
She is not rosy finger'd, but swoln black :
Her face is like a water turn'd to blood ;
And her sick head is bound about with clouds,
As if she threatned night ere noon of day :
It does not look as if it would have a hail
Or health wish'd in't, as on other morns.

Johnson's Cataline.

Is not yon gleam the shudd'ring morn, that flakes
With silver tincture the east verge of heav'n ?

Marston's Antonia and Melida.

See! the dapple grey coursers of the morn,
Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs,
And chase it thro' the sky.

Marston's Antonia and Melida.

See! Aurora puts on her crimson blush,
And with resplendent rays gilds o'er the height

Of

Of yon aspiring hill! the pearly dew
Hangs on the rose bud's top; and knowing it
Must be a non-exhal'd, for sorrow shrinks
Itself into a tear.

Lewis Sharp Noble Stranger.

The morning rises black, the low'ring sun
Drives heavily his fable chariot on :
The face of day now blushes scarlet deep.

Lee's Alexander.

The morning dawns with an unwonted crimson ;
The flow'rs more od'rous seem ; the garden birds
Sing louder, and the laughing sun ascends
The gawdy earth with an unusual brightness :
All nature smiles, and the whole world is pleas'd

Lee's Cæsar Borgia.

Wish'd morning's come, and now upon the plains
And distant mountains, where they feed their
flocks,

The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day :
The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite, he eats,
To follow in the field his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe, that yields him fruits,
The beasts, that under the warm hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up;
And looking towards the neighbouring pastures,
raise

Their voice, and bid their fellow brutes good
morrow :

The chearful birds too, on the tops of trees
Assemble all in choirs; and with their notes
Salute, and welcome up the rising sun.

Otway's Orphan.

Now from night's womb the glorious day breaks
forth,

And seems to kindle from the setting stars.

Lee's L. J. Brutus,

Sullen, methinks, and slow the morning breaks,
As if the sun were listless to appear,
And dark designs hung heavy on the day.

Dryden's D. of Guise.

From amber shrouds I see the morning rise,
Her rosy hands begin to paint the skies :
And now the city emmits leave the hive,
And rousing hinds to chearful labour drive.
High cliffs and rocks are pleasing objects now,
And nature smiles upon the mountain brow ;
The joyful birds salute the sun's approach :
The sun too laughs, and mounts his gaudy coach ;
While from his car, the dropping gems distil,
And all the earth, and all the heavens do smile.

Lee's Massacre of Paris.

But the morn
Rises upon my thoughts, her silver hand,
With her fair pencil, strikes the darkness out,
And paints the glorious face of day.

Havard's Scanderbeg.

Hail to thy living light
Ambrozial Morn ! all hail thy roseat ray :
That bids gay nature all her charms display
In varied beauty bright ;
That bids each dewy spangled flowret rise,
And dart around its vermeil dyes ;
Bids silver lustre grace yon sparkling tide,
That winding warbles down the mountains side.

Away, ye goblins all
Wont the bewilder'd traveller to daunt ;
Whose vagrant feet have trac'd your secret haunt
Beside

Beside some lonely wall,
Or shatter'd ruin of a moss-grown tow'r,
Where at pale midnight's stillest hour,
Thro' each rough chink the solemn orb of night
Pours momentary gleams of trembling light.

Away ye elves, away:
Shrink at ambrosial morning's living ray;
That living ray, whose pow'r benign
Unfolds the scene of glory to our eye,
Where thron'd in artless majesty
The cherub beauty sits on nature's rustic shrine.

An Ode of Elfrida.

TO MORROW.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to study death. Out, out, brief candle;
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale,
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing;

Shakespeare's Macbeth.

To-morrow's action! can that hoary wisdom
Borne down with years, still doat upon to-morrow?
That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,
The coward, and the fool, condemn'd to lose
An useless life in waiting for to-morrow,
Till interposing death destroys the prospect:
Strange! that this genial fraud from day to day
Should fill the world with wretches undetected.
The soldier lab'ring thro' a winter's march
Still sees to-morrow dress'd in robes of triumph;
Still to the lover's long expecting arms

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To-morrow brings the visionary bride.
But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
Learn, that the present hour alone is man's.

Johnson's Irene.

M O T H E R (her grief.)

Father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heav'n;
If that be, I shall see my boy again.
For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born;
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek;
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heav'n,
I shall not know him; therefore, never, never,
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more,

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.—

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child;
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words;
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garment with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief?

Shakespeare's King John.

M O U N T A I N.

His proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle cloaths; his curling brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows;

While

While winds and streams his lofty forehead beat,
The common fate of all that's high and great.
Nigh the dull shore a shapeless mountain stood,
That with a dreadful frown survey'd the flood.
Its fearful brow no lively green put on;
No frisky goats bound o'er the ridgy stone.

Garth's Dispensary.

M O U R N I N G.

————— We must all die,
All leave our selves, it matters not where, when,
Nor how, so we die well; and can that man that
does so

Need lamentation for him? Children weep
Because they have offended, or for fear;
Women for want of will and anger: is there
In noble man, that truly feels both poises
Of life and death, so much of this wet weekness,
To drown a glorious death in child and woman?
I'm aham'd to see ye, yet ye move me——
And were't not my manhood would accuse me
For covetous to live, I should weep with ye.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian.

M U L C I B E R,

————— The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd; and the work some praise,
And some the architect: his hand was known
In heav'n by many a towered structure high,
Where scepter'd angels held their residence,
And sat as princes, whom the supreme king
Exalt'd to such pow'r, and gave to rule,
Each in his monarchy, the orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard, or unador'd,
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber: and how he fell
From heav'n, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from morn

To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
 A summer's day; and with the setting sun
 Dropt from the zenith like a falling star
 On Lemnos th'Igean isle! Thus they relate,
 Erring; for he with his rebellious rout
 Fell long before; nor ought avail'd him now
 T' have built in heav'n high tow'rs, nor did he 'scape
 By all his engines, but was headlong sent,
 With his industrious crew, to build in hell!

Milt. Parad. Lost.

MURDER.

She must die; else she'll betray more men.
 Put out the light, and then, put out the light;
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
 I can again thy former light restore,
 Should I repent; but once put out the light,
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
 I know not where is that Promethean heat
 That can thy light relumine ———
 When I have pluck'd thy rose,
 I cannot give it growth again;
 It needs must wither. I'll smell thee on the tree.
 Oh balmy breath, that doth almost persuade
 Justice to break her sword! one more; one more;
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after — One more, that's the last;
 So sweet, was ne'er so fatal: I must weep,
 But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heav'nly:
 It strikes, where it doth love:

Shak. Othello.

O horror! O horror! horror!
 Nor tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name
 thee.

What's the matter?
 Confusion now hath made his master-piece;
 Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope

The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building. *Shak. Macbeth.*

Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an ax,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Altho' the kite soar with unbloody'd beak?
Ev'n so suspicious is this tragedy. *Macbeth.*

Think, timely think, on the last dreadful day,
How you will tremble there, to stand expos'd
The foremost in the rank of guilty ghosts,
That must be doom'd for murder! think on murder!

That troop is plac'd apart from common crimes;
The damn'd themselves start wide, and shun that
band,

As far more black, and more forlorn than they.

'Tis terrible, it shakes, it staggers me;
I know this truth, but I repell'd the thought.
Sure there is none but fears a future state;
And when the most obdurate swear they do not,
Their trembling hearts belye their boasting tongues.

Dryd. Spanish Friar:

Our course will seem too bloody —
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of man there is no blood:
Oh! that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! but, alas!
Cæsar must bleed for it; and, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

Let

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him like a carcase fit for hounds.

Shakesp. Ju. Cæsar.

— — — — Foul deeds will rise
Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes;
And murder, tho' it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. *Hamlet.*

You should have drawn your swords,
And barr'd my rage with their advancing points;
Made reason glitter in my dazzled eyes:
This had been noble, this had shew'd a friend!
But you have let me stain my rising virtue,
Which else had ended brighter than the sun:
Death, hell, and furies! you have sunk my glories:
Oh! I am all a blot! which seas of tears,
And my heart's blood, can never waste away.

Lee's Alexander.

My plot grows full of death;
Murder is playing her great master-piece;
And the sad sisters sweat, so fast I urge 'em.
Oh! how I hug myself for this revenge:
My fancy's great in mischief for methinks
'The night grows darker, and the lab'ring ghosts,
For fear lest I should find new torments out,
Run o'er the old with most prodigious swiftness:
I see the fatal fruit betwixt the teeth,
'The sieve brim-full, and the swift stone stand still.

Lee's Alex.

I see my death is written in thy eyes;
Therefore wreak all thy lust of vengeance on me;
Wash in my blood, and steep thee in my gore;
Feed like a vulture, tear my bleeding heart.

Lee's Alex.

—There:

— There he lies ! the blood
Yet bubbling from his wounds. O more than
savage:

Had they or hearts, or eyes, that did this deed?
Could eyes endure to guide such cruel hands?

Are not my eyes guilty alike with theirs,
That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to stone?

Cong. Mourning Bride.

Oh! where shall I strike?

Is there a smallest grain of that lov'd body

That is not dearer to me than my eyes?

My bosom'd heart, and all my life-blood there;

Bid me cut off these limbs, hew off these hands,

Dig out these eyes; tho' I should keep them last

To gaze upon thee: but to murder thee!

The joy and charm of ev'ry ravish'd sense,

My wife! forbid it, nature!

Southern's Oroonoko.

O death! thou gentle end of human sorrows,

Still must my weary eye-lids vainly wake,

In tedious expectation of thy peace:

Why stand thy thousand, thousand doors still open

To take the wretch'd in, if stern religion

Guards ev'ry passage, and forbids my entrance?

Lucrece could bleed, and Portia swallow fire,

When urg'd with grief beyond a mortal suff'rance:

But here it must not be: think, think, Arpasia,

And dare to be unhappy. *Rowe's Tamerlane.*

Behold, ev'n now the great unhappy youth

Falls by the sordid hands of butchering villains:

Now, now, he bleeds, he dies.

See his rich blood in purple-torrents flows;

And nature fallies in unbidden groans:

No mortal pangs distort his lovely form:

H1s

His rosy beauties fade; his starry eyes
 Now darkling swim, and fix their closing beams;
 Now in short gasps his lab'ring spirit heaves,
 And weakly flutters on his fault'ring tongue,
 And struggles into sound.

Smith's Phædra and Hippolitus.

Murder but intentional, not wrought
 To horrid act, before the eternal throne
 Stands forth the first of crimes. Who dares assume,
 Unwarranted, heav'n's high prerogative
 O'er life and death, with double force shall find
 Turn'd on themselves the mischiefs they design'd.

Whitehead's Crensa.

SELF-MURDER.

Let's reason with the worst that may befall,
 If we do lose this battle, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together.
 What are you then determin'd to do?

2. Ev'n by the rule of that philosophy,
 By which I did blame Cato for the death
 Which he did give himself, I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of life; arming myself with patience
 To stay the providence of some higher pow'rs,
 That govern us below.

Shak. Jul. Cæsar.

What more speaks
 Greatness of man, than valiant patience,
 That shrinks not under his fate's strongest strokes?
 These human deaths, as falling on a sword,
 Op'ning of veins, with poison quenching thirst,
 (Which we erroneously do stile the deeds
 Of the heroic and magnanimous man)
 Was dead-ey'd cowardice, and white-cheek'd fear,
 Who, doubling tyranny, and fainting under

For-

Fortune's false lottery, desp'rately run
To death, for dread of death: that soul's most stout,
That bearing all mischance, dares last it out.

Beaum. and Fletch. Honest Man's Fortune,

This Roman resolution of self-murder
Will not hold water at the high tribunal,
When it comes to be argu'd. My good genius
Prompts me to this consideration. He
That kills himself t'avoid mis'ry, fears it;
And at the best shews a bastard valour:
This life's a fort committed to my trust,
Which I must not yield up, 'till it be forc'd;
Nor will I: he's not valiant that dares die;
But he that boldly bears calamity.

Mass. Maid of Honour,

— — — — — how shall
We think that man is truly valiant,
And fit to be engag'd in things of fright
And danger, that wants courage to sustain
An injury? it shews a fear of others
To be reveng'd upon ourselves; and he
Is not so much a coward that flies death,
As he that suffers, and doth fear to live:
Besides, this will enlarge your enemy's triumph;
And in the world's opinion, be granted
A tame concession to his worth; nay, men,
And with much face of reason, may affirm,
Ulysses did not only win th' arms,
But conquer'd Ajax.

Shirley's Contention of Ajax and Ulysses.

Self-murder, that infernal crime,
Which all the gods level their thunder at!
Why, 'tis an act the gods admire, and envy,
Because they cannot do't, and where's the wrong?
May

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May I not mow my grass, reap my own corn,
Cut my own woods, lay down this load of life,
Without injustice or to gods or men?
Self-preservation, nature's highest law,
Is best obey'd, when our sublimer part,
Tir'd out with troubles, and chain'd up with griefs,
Strives to shake off her fleshly manacles,
And fly to nobler dwellings.
Fine quirk to save the conscience, and to let others
kill me!

Well, 'tis all one, as if I kill'd myself:
And that's no harm, since I'm no more myself:
The magistrate in me destroys the malefactor;
And this form pleases best, a comelier shape of
death. *Tane's Sacrifice.*

Not stony towers, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of fate,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
For life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks pow'r to dismiss itself:
In that, ye gods, ye make the weak most strong!
In that, ye gods, ye tyrants do defeat!
In that, each bond-man in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity!
But I do think it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life; arming myself with patience,
To wait the providence of some high powers
That govern us below. *Shak. Jul. Cæsar.*

What torments are allotted those sad spirits,
Who, groaning with the burden of despair,
No longer will endure the cares of life,
But boldly set themselves at liberty,
Thro' the dark caves of death to wander on,
Like wilder'd travellers without a guide;
Eternal rovers in the gloomy maze,
Where scarce the twilight of an infant morn,

By

By a faint glimmer check'ring thro' the trees,
Reflects to dismal view the walking ghosts,
That never hope to reach the blessed fields.

Lee's Theodosius.

Death may be called in vain, and cannot come;
Tyrants may tie him up from your relief,
Nor has a Christian privilege to die.
Brutus and Cato might discharge their souls,
And give them furloes for another world;
But we, like centries, are oblig'd to stand
In starless nights, and wait th' appointed hour.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

Fear, guilt, despair, and moon-struck frenzy rush
On voluntary death: the wise, the brave,
When the fierce storms of fortune round'em roar,
Combat the billows with redoubl'd force:
Then, if they perish ere the port is gain'd,
They sink with decent pride; and from the deep,
Honour retrieves 'em bright as rising stars.

Fenton's Mariamne.

Think what a sea of deep perdition whelms
The wretch's trembling soul, who launches forth,
Unlicenc'd, to eternity. Think, think,
And let the thoughts restrain thy impious hand.
The race of man is one vast marshall'd army,
Summon'd to pass the spacious realms of time,
Their leader the Almighty. In that march,
Ah! who may quit his post? when high in air
The chosen archangel rides, whose right-hand wields
Th' imperial standard of heav'n's providence,
Which, dreadful sweeping thro' the vaulted sky,
Over shadows all creation.

Mason's Elfrida.

If in hereafter I could meet with ease,
Were it not well to cast off loathsome life?

If it were good, the change is easy wrought.
 Would being end with our expiring breath,
 How soon misfortune could be puff'd away?
 A trifling shock can shiver us to dust.
 But th'existence of th' immortal soul
 Futurity's dark road perplexes still.
 Tho' in fair liberty's and virtue's cause
 'Tis honour's chiefest, fairest deed to die,
 To me it would furnish everlasting pain.
 If the frail body feels disorder'd pangs,
 Then drugs medicinal can give us ease;
 The soul, no Æsculapian medicine can cure,
 And 'tis the soul that ever must survive;
 Therefore who dies, to ease a guilty soul,
 Flies like the moth into a deadly flame.
 Where is the refuge then for wretched man,
 Loaded with guilt, and circled round with crimes?
 Reflective thought administ'ring fresh pain!
 Plung'd in the gulph of misery so far,
 That struggling serves but to immerge him more.

I am so tangled in the mist of fate,
 I cannot fortify my breast, nor guard
 Against the horrors of besieging crimes,
 They will rush in, in spite of all my cares,
 Crowding they tear, and harrass my rack'd soul.
 Oh! that oblivion could with crowns be bought,
 Then, and then only can I hope for ease.
 But I must bear me up to public view,
 Or all will be inevitably lost.

Gentleman's Sejanus.

M U S E.

Muse

The wise and great of every clime,
 Through all the spacious walks of time,
 Where the muse her power display'd,
 With joy have listen'd and obey'd,

For,

For, taught of heav'n, the sacred nine
Persuasive numbers, forms divine

To mortal sense impart.

They best the soul with glory fire,
They noblest counsels, boldest deeds inspire,
And high o'er fortune's rage inthroned the fixed heart.

Nor less prevailing is their charm,

The 'vengeful bosom to disarm:

To melt the proud with human woe,

And prompt unwilling tears to flow.

Can wealth a pow'r like this afford?

Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's sword,

An equal empire claim?

Akenside.

The muse, by fate's eternal plan, design'd

To light, exalt, and humanize the mind;

To bid kind pity melt, just anger glow;

To kindle joy, or prompt the sighs of woe;

To shake with horror, rack with tender smart,

And touch the finest strings that rend the heart.

Blacklock.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:

To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.

The mossy fountains, and the Sylvan shades,

The dreams of Pindus, and the Aonian maids,

Delight no more — O thou my voice inspire,

Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Pope's Messiah.

Descend from heav'n, Urania, by that name

If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine

Following, above th' Olympian hills I soar;

Above the flight of Pegasean wing:

The meaning, not the name, I call, for thou,

Nor of the muses nine, nor on the top

Of

Of old Olympus dwell'st; but heav'nly-born,
 Before the hills appear'd, or fountains flow'd,
 Thou with eternal wisdom didst converse;
 Wisdom, thy sister, and with her didst play
 In presence of the Almighty Father, pleas'd
 With thy celestial song: upheld by thee,
 Into the heav'n of heav'ns I have presum'd,
 An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
 Thy temp'ring: with like safety guided down,
 Return me to my native element:
 Left from the flying steed unrein'd (as once
 Bellerophon, tho' from a lower clime)
 Dismounted on the Aleian field, I fall;
 Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.
 Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
 Within the visible diurnal sphere;
 Standing on earth, not wrap'd above the pole,
 More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
 To hoarse or mute, tho' fallen on evil days,
 Or evil days tho' fallen, and evil tongues;
 In darkness and with danger encompass'd round,
 And solitude. Yet not alone, while thou
 Visits my slumbers nightly, or when morn
 Purples the east; still govern thou my song,
 Urania, and fit audience find, tho' few;
 But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
 Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
 Of that wild rout, that tore the Thracian bard
 In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
 To rapture, till the savage clamour drown'd
 Both harp and voice, nor could the muse defend
 Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores:
 For thou art heav'nly, she an empty name.

Milton's Parad. Lost.

MUSIC.

Hear how Timotheus' various lays surprize,
 And bid alternate passion fall and rise;

While,

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While, at each change, the son of Lybian Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love.
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound.

Pope.

DRYDEN's *fine* ODE.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia, won
By Philip's warlike son;
Aloft in awful state,
The godlike hero sat,
On his imperial throne.
His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;
(So should desert in arms be crown'd.)
The lovely Thais by his side
Sat like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride;
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave, none but the brave,
None but the brave, deserves the fair.
Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre;
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joy inspire,
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above
(Such is the power of mighty love:)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god,
Sublime irradiant spires he rode,
While he to fair Olympia press'd,
And while he sought her snowy breast;
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the
world;

The

The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A present deity they shout around
 A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
 With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the God,
 Affects the nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.
 The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
 The jolly god in triumph comes;
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
 Flush'd with a purple grace,
 He shews his honest face.
 Now gives the hautboys breath, he comes! he comes!
 Bacchus ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain:
 Bacchus's blessings are his treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure,
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.
 Sooth'd with the sound the king grew vain,
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he
 slew the slain.
 The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride:
 He chose a mournful muse
 Soft pity to infuse:
 He sung Darius, great and good,
 By too severe a fate
 Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
 Fall'n from his high estate,
 And welt'ring in his blood;
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed:

On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With down-cast looks the joyless victor sat,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul,
 The various turns of chance below:
 And now and then a sigh he stole
 And tears began to flow.
 The mighty master smil'd to see
 That love was in the next degree;
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity moves the soul to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures;
 War he sung, its toil and trouble,
 Honour but an empty bubble;
 Never ending, still beginning;
 Fighting still, and still destroying;
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying:
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause:
 So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
 The Prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.
 At length, with wine and love at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor slunk upon her breast.
 Now strikes the golden lyre again
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain;
 Break his bonds of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him like a ratt'ling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head;
 As awak'd from the dead
 And amaz'd he stares round.

Revenge,

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Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,

See the furies arise:

See the snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their hair,

And the sparkles that flash in the eyes.

Behold a ghastly band,

Each a torch in his hand!

There are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain;

And unbury'd remain,

Inglorious, on the plain;

Give the vengeance due

To the valiant crew:

Behold how they toss their torches on high,

How they point to the Persian abodes,

And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods;

The princes applaud with a furious joy,

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy,

Thais led the way,

To light him to his prey;

And, like another Hellen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,

Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,

While organs yet were mute,

Timotheus to his breathing flute,

And sounding lyre,

Cou'd swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

Dryden.

I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,

I hear soft music die along the grove:

Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,

By god-like poets venerable made.

Pope's Windsor Forest.

The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,

And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;

The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring;

These touch the vocal stop, and those the trembling string.

Not

Not thus Amphion tun'd the warb'ling lire,
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire;
Nor fierce Theodanus, whose sprightly strain
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial
train.

Pope's Jan. and May.

For Orpheus' lute could soften steel and stone,
Make tygers tame, and huge leviathans
Forake unfounded deeps, and dance on sands.

Shak. Two Gent. of Verona.

N A T U R E.

Wherefore did nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand;
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd
filk,

To deck her sons; and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
She hatch'd th' all-worshipp'd ore, and precious
gems,

To store her children with. If all the world
Should, in a pet of temp'rance, feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but
freez,

The All-giver would be unthank'd, would be un-
prais'd,

Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd;
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like nature's bastards, not her sons;
Who would be quite furcharg'd with her own
weight,

And strangled with her vast fertility.

Impostor

Impostor, do not charge most innocent nature,
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance, she, good caterers,
 Means her provision only to the good,
 That live according to her sober laws,
 And holy dictate of spare temperance.
 If every just man, that now pines with want,
 Had but a moderate and befitting share
 Of that which lewdly-pamper'd luxury
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 And she no whit encumber'd with her store;
 And then the Giver would be better thank'd,
 His praise due paid. *Milton's Comus.*

Oh, Nature! wherefore, Nature, are we found
 One contradiction? the continual sport
 Of fighting powers? Oh! wherefore hast thou
 sown

Such war within us, such enequal conflict,
 Between stern reason, and impetuous passion?

Thompson's Agamemnon.

The liberal hand of nature
 Has not created us, nor any nation,
 Beneath the blessed canopy of heav'n,
 Of such malignant clay, but each may boast
 Their native virtues, and their Maker's bounty.

Thompson's Edward and Leonora.

Goddess nature,
 Whose subtle pow'r pervades the heavy mass
 Of earth and water, and with instinct pure
 Inspires the light inhabitants of air,
 With genial care to hover o'er the young,
 Say, are not these thy passions, these thy tears?

Do.

Do not they flow fast from thy sacred fountain
Of universal love? *Francis's Eugenia.*

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terras, or to sink the grot,
In all, let nature never be forgot.
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds,
Surprizes, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Pope's Moral Essays.

Unerring nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.
Art, from that fund, each just supply presides,
Works without show, and without pomp besides:
In some fair body, thus the secret soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole:
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains,
Itself unseen, but in effect remains.
Know, nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.

Pope's Essay on Man.

But who can paint
Like Nature? can imagination boast
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In e'ery bud that blows?

Thompson's Seasons.

Nor hyacinths of purest virgin white;
Low bent, and blushing inwards: nor jonquils

Of potent fragrance, nor narcissus fair,
As o'er the fable fountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks;
Nor shower'd from every bush, the damask rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues, expression cannot paint,
The breath of nature, and her endless bloom.

Thompson's Seasons.

I

As nature and Garrick were talking one day,
It chanc'd they had words and fell out;
Dame reason would fain have prevented a fray,
But could not; they both were so stout.

2

Says Garick, I honour you, madam, 'tis true,
And with pride to your laws I submit;
But Shakespear paints stronger and better than you,
All critics of taste will admit.

3

How! Shakespear paint better and stronger than me,
Cries nature (quite touch'd to the soul);
Not a word in his volumes I ever could see
But what from my records he stole.

4

And thou, wicked thief, nay the story I'll tell,
Whenever I paint or I draw,
My pencils you filch, and my colours you steal,
For which thou shalt suffer the law.

5

And when on the stage in full lustre you shine,
To me all the praise shall be given:
The toil shall be yours, and the honour be mine,
So nature and Garrick are even.

Davies.

NECRO-

NECROMANCER.

Him have I seen (on Iſther's bank he ſtood,
 Where laſt we winter'd) bind the headlong flood
 In ſudden ice, and where moſt ſwift it flows,
 In cryſtal nets the wand'ring fiſhes cloſe;
 Then with a moment's thaw the ſtream enlarge,
 And from the meſh the twinkling gueſts diſcharge:
 In a deep vale, or near ſome ruin'd wall,
 He would the ghosſts of ſlaughter'd ſoldiers call;
 Who flow to wounded bodies did repair,
 And, loath to enter, ſhiver'd in the air:
 Theſe his dread wand did to ſhort life compel,
 And forc'd the fates of battles to foretel:
 In a lone tent, all hung with black, I ſaw
 Where, in a ſquare, he did a circle draw;
 Four angles, made by that circumference,
 Bore holy words inſcrib'd, of myſtic ſenſe;
 When firſt a hollow wind began to blow,
 The ſky grew black, and belly'd down more low;
 Around the field did nimble lightning play,
 Which offer'd us by fits, and match'd the day:
 'Midſt this was heard the ſhrill and tender cry
 Of well-pleas'd ghosſts, which in the ſtorm did fly;
 Danc'd to and fro, and ſkimm'd along the ground,
 Till to the magic circle they were bound.

Dryden's Tyrannic Love.

N E W S.

Old men and beldams, in the ſtreets,
 Do prophecy upon it dangerously:
 Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths,
 And when they talk of him they ſhake their heads,
 And whisper one another in the ear,
 And he that ſpeaks doth gripe the hearer's wiſt,
 Whiſt he that hears makes fearful action,

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With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus
He, whilst the iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a taylor's news,
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thousand warlike French
That were embattled, and rank'd at Kent.
Another lean unwashed artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

Shakespear's K. John.

I saw a sweating weaver in his shirt,
Ran puffing, with his shuttle in his hand,
To ask a neighbour butcher of the news,
Who, with his knife in's mouth, abruptly tells
Orfino's death, yes, and his daughter's too.
Then comes a taylor, with his hair tuck'd back
Behind his ears, on tiptoes, in his slippers,
And cries in haste, the duke of Grandia's murder'd;
Then spits upon his iron, casts up his eyes,
Threads thro' the company, as it were a needle,
And vanishes.

Lee's Drama, or Cæsar Borgia.

N I G H T.

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf beholds the moon;
Whilst the heavy plowman snoars,
All with weary'd task 'fore done.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a throwd.

Now

Now it is the time of night

That the graves, all gaping wide,
Ev'ry one lets forth his spright,

In the church-way paths to glide :
And we fairies that do run

By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,

Following darkness like a dream.

Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's dream.

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day

Is crept into the bosom of the sea,

And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades,

That drag the tragic, melancholic night ;

And with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,

Cleap dead men's graves, and from their misty
jaws,

Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

Shakespeare's Henry VI.

The bat has flown

His cloister'd flight, and to pale Hecate's summons

The shar'd born beetle, with his drowsy hums,

Has rung night's yawning peal.

Shakespeare's Macbeth.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,

When church-yards yawn, and hell itself

Breathes out contagions to the world.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

All things are hush'd, as nature's self was dead ;

The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head :

The little birds, in dreams, their songs repeat ;

And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night dew sweat :

Ev'n lust and envy sleep.

Dryden's Indian Emperor.

'Tis night, dead night, and weary nature lies
 So fast, as if she never meant to rise:
 No breath of wind now whispers thro' the trees,
 No voice at land, nor murmurs in the seas:
 Lean wolves forget to howl at night's pale moon,
 No wakeful dogs bark at the silent moon,
 Nor bay the ghosts, that glide with horror by,
 To view the caverns where their bodies lie:
 The ravens perch, and no presages give,
 Nor to the windows of the dying cleave:
 The owls forget to scream; no midnight sound,
 Calls drowsy eccho from the hollow ground:
 In vaults the waking fires extinguish'd lie,
 The stars, heav'n's centry, wink, and seem to die.

Lee's Theodosius.

Now all is hush'd, as nature were retir'd,
 And the perpetual motion standing still;
 So much she from her work appears to cease,
 And ev'ry warring element at peace;
 All the wild herds are in their coverts couch'd,
 The fishes to their banks or ooze repair'd,
 And to the murmurs of the waters sleep;
 The feeling air's at rest, and feels no noise,
 Except of some short breath upon the trees,
 Rocking the harmless birds that rest upon them.

Orway's Orphan.

The hard-travell'd sun
 Now wantons in the bosom of the sea,
 Whilst am'rous clouds steal nearer to the earth,
 And melt themselves away upon the flow'rs:
 The beasts in companies to coverts run,
 And all the feather'd kind upon the wing,
 Pass to the groves, and dream the night away.

Southern's Disappointment.

The drowsy night grows on the world, and now
The busy craftsmen, and o'er-labour'd hind,
Forget the travail of the day in sleep;
Care only wakes, and moping pensiveness,
With meagre, discontented looks they fit,
And watch the wasting of the midnight taper.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

The night was dark and still, a heavier gloom
Ne'er cover'd earth. In low'ring clouds the stars
Were muffled deep, and not one ray below.

Thomson's Agamemnon.

Behold the black, the guilt-concealing night
Fast closes round; wide thro' this ample palace
The lamps begin to shine, the tempest falls;
The weary winds sink, breathless; but who knows
What fiercer tempest yet may shake this night?
Soul-chearing Phœbus, with thy sacred beams,
O quickly come, and chase these sullen shadows.

Thomson's Agamemnon.

The night looks black, and boding darkness fell
Precipitate and heavy o'er the world,
At once extinguishing the sun.

Mallet's Mustapha.

'Twas when bright Cynthia, with her silver car,
Soft stealing from Endymion's bed,
Had call'd forth ev'ry glitt'ring star,
And up th' ascent her brilliant host had led:
Night, with all her negro train,
Took possession of the plain;
In an hearse she rode, reclin'd,
Drawn by screech-owls, slow and blind,
Close to her, with printless feet,
Crept stillness, in a winding sheet,

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Next to her deaf silence was seen,
Treading on tiptoes o'er the green;
Softly, lightly, gently she trips,
Still holding her fingers seal'd to her lips.

Smart.

Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light,
And drew behind the cloudy veil of night.

Pope.

The star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream,
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Tracing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the East.

Milton's Comus.

Hail, sacred night, thou too, shalt share my song;
Sister of ebon-iceptered Hecat, hail!
Whether in congregated clouds thou wrap'st
Thy viewless chariot, or with silver crown
Thy beaming head encirclest, ever hail!
What tho' beneath thy gloom the forceress train,
Far in obscured haunt of Lapland moors,
With rhymes uncouth the bloody cauldron blest,
Tho' murder wan beneath thy shrouding shade
Summons her slow-ey'd vot'ries to devise
Of secret slaughter, while, by one blue lamp,
In hideous conf'rence sits the list'ning band,
And start at each low wind, or wakeful sound:
What tho' thy stay the pilgrim curseth oft,
As all benighted in Arabian wastes,
He hears the wilderness around him howl
With roaming monsters, while on his hoar' head
The black descending tempest ceaseless beats;

Yet

Yet more delightful to my pensive mind
Is thy return, than bloomy morn's approach,
Ev'n then in youthful pride of op'ning May,
When from the portals of the saffron east
She sheds fresh roses, and ambrosial dew.

Thomas Warton.

Night's drowsy veil
The soul to thoughtless indolence inclines;
Concealing every object, which might keep
The sense awake, which now is hush'd to rest,
While silence o'er the wide creation reigns.
How gently treads each animal! how still
The darkness! Motion's self almost at rest!
While man retires to his soft couch,
To taste the sweets of needful rest. Just such the
care

Of the fond mother, hushing every noise,
When folded in her arms, she gently lulls
The child, fond object of her love, to rest.

Newcomb's Night.

Nor undelightful is the solemn noon
Of night, when haply wakeful, from my couch
I start. Lo, all is motionless around!
Roars not the rushing wind; the sons of men,
And every beast, in mute oblivion lie:
All nature's hush'd in silence and in sleep.
O then how fearful is it to reflect,
That thro' the still globe's awful solitude
No being wakes but me! till stealing sleep
My drooping spirits bathes in opiate dew.
Nor then let dreams, of wanton folly born,
My senses lead thro' flowery paths of joy;
But let the sacred genius of the night
Such mystic visions send, as Spenser saw,
When thro' bewild'ring fancy's magic maze
To the fell house of Busanine he led
Th' unshaken Britomart; or Milton knew,

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When in abstracted thought he first conceiv'd
All heav'n in tumult, and the seraphim
Come towering, arm'd in adamant and gold.

Tho. Warton.

Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend:
The conscious moon, thro' every distant age,
Has held a lamp to wisdom, and let fall
On contemplation's eye her purging ray.

Young's Night Thoughts.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden scepter o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps, 'tis as the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause,
An awful pause, prophetic of her end.

Young's Night Thoughts.

Now dark, and deep, the night begins to fall,
A shade immense, sunk in the quenching gloom:
Magnificent and vast are heav'n and earth,
Order confounded lies, all beauty void;
Distinction lost, and gay variety
One universal blot; such the fair pow'r
Of light to kindle and create the whole.

Thomson's Seasons.

NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy,
Thee, chauntress, oft' the woods among,
I woo to hear thy evening song,
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry, smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon,

Like

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Like one that hath been led astray,
Thro' the heav'n's wide, pathless way,
And oft', as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping thro' a fleecy cloud. *Milton.*

Thus in some poplar shade the nightingale,
With piercing moans does her lost young bewail;
Which the rough hind observing, as they lay
Warm in their downy nest, had stol'n away:
But she in mournful sounds does still complain,
Sings all the night, tho' all her songs are vain,
And still renews her miserable strain. }

Lee's Theodosius.

So when the spring renews the flow'ry field,
And warns the pregnant nightingale to build;
She seeks the safest shelter of the wood,
Where she may trust her little tuneful brood:
Where no rude swains her shady cell may know,
No serpents climb, nor blasting winds may blow;
Fond of the chosen place, she views it o'er,
Sits there, and wanders thro' the grove no more;
Warbling she charms it each returning night,
And loves it with a mother's dear delight.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

NIGHT-MARE.

He from the toils
And troubles of the day, to heavier toil
Retires, whom trembling from the tow'r that
rocks
Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
The busy demons hurl, or in the main
O'erwhelm, or bury struggling under ground.
Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,
Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits
Of wild Orestes; whose delirious brain,

Stung

Stung by the furies, works with poison'd thought,
 While pale and monstrous paintings shock the soul
 And mangled consciousness bemoans itself,
 For ever torn, and chaos floating round.
 What dreams presage, what dangers therefore those
 Portend to sanity, thro' prudent seers
 Reveal'd of old, and men of deathless fame,
 We would not to the superstitious mind,
 Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear.

Armstrong's Preservation of Health.

N O B I L I T Y.

Were honour to be scann'd by long descent
 From ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt
 A lineage of the greatest, and recount
 Among my fathers, names of antient story,
 Heroes, and godlike patriots, who subdued
 The world by arms and virtue;
 But that be their own praise:
 Nor will I borrow merit from the dead,
 Myself an undeserver. *Rowe's Tamerlane,*

N O V E L T Y.

Of all the passions that possess mankind,
 The love of novelty rules most the mind;
 In search of this, from realm to realm we roam,
 Our fleets come fraught with ev'ry folly home.
 From Lybia's deserts hostile brutes advance,
 And dancing dogs in droves skip here from France.
 From Latian lands gigantic forms appear,
 Striking our British breasts with awe and fear,
 As once the Lilliputians — Gulliver. }
 Not only objects that affect the sight,
 In foreign arts and artists we delight:
 Near to that spot where Charles bestrides a horse,
 In humble prose the name is Charing Cross;

Close

Close by the margin of a kennel's side,
 A dirty dismal entry opens wide,
 There with hoarse voice, check'd shirt, and callous
 hand,
 Duff's Indian English trader takes his stand,
 Surveys each passenger with curious eyes,
 And rustic Roger falls an easy prize,
 Here's China porcelane, that Chelsea yields,
 And India handkerchiefs, from Spittalfields,
 With Turkey carpets, that from Wilton came,
 And Spanish tucks and blades from Birmingham.
 Factors are forc'd to favour this deceit,
 And English goods are smuggled thro' the street.

Footc.

N O O N.

Now flaming up the heav'ns the potent sun
 Melts into limpid air the high-rai'd clouds,
 And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
 In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd,
 The face of nature shines, from where earth seems
 Far-stretch'd around to meet the bending sphere.
 Half in a bush of clustering roses lost,
 Dew-dropping coolness to the shade retires;
 There, on the verdant turf, or flow'ry bed,
 By gelid founts, and careless rills to muse,
 While tyrant heat, disspreading thro' the sky
 With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
 On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Thompson's Seasons.

Now when the height of heav'n bright Phoebus
 gains,
 And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,
 When heifers seek the shade, and cooling lake,
 And in the middle path-way basks the snake,

O lead

O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,
 Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers,
 Where the tall oak his spreading arm entwines,
 And with the beech a mutual shade combines,
 Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting
 dreams,

Where bord'ring hazles over-hang the streams,
 Whose rolling current, winding round and round,
 With frequent falls makes all the wood resound;
 Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
 And ev'n at noon the sweets of ev'ning taste.

Gay's Rural Sports.

'Tis raging noon; and vertical the sun
 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
 O'er heav'n and earth, far as the ranging eye
 Can sweep, a daz'ling deluge reigns; and all
 From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.
 In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
 Stoops for relief; but thence descending streams
 And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
 Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
 And slippery lawn, an arid hue disclose,
 Blast fancy's blooms, and wither ev'n the soul.
 Eccho no more returns the cheerful sound
 Of sharp'ning scythe, the mower sinking heaps
 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd,
 And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
 Thro' the dumb mead, distressful nature pants,
 The very streams look languid from afar;
 Or thro' th' unshelter'd glade impatient seem
 To hurl into the covert of the grove.

Thomson's Seasons.

N O V E M B E R.

Behold November's glooms arise,
 Pale suns with fainter glory shine,

Dark

Dark gath'ring tempests blacken in the skies,
 And shiv'ring woods their sickly leaves resign,
 Is this a time on Cambrian hills to roam,
 To court disease in winter's baleful reign,
 To listen to th' Atlantic foam;
 While rocks repel the roaring main,
 While horror fills the region vast,
 Rheumatic tortures Eurys brings;
 Pregnant with agues flies the northern blast,
 And clouds drop quartanes from their flagging
 wings!
 Dost thou explore Sabina's fountful source
 Where huge Plinlimmon's hoary height ascends,
 Then downward mark her vagrant course,
 Till mix'd with clouds the landscape ends?
 Dost thou revere the hallow'd soil
 Where druids old sepulchres lie,
 Or up cold Snowden's craggy summits toil,
 And muse on savage liberty?
 Ill suit such walks with bleak autumnal air;
 Say, can November yield the joys of May?
 When Jove deforms the blasted year,
 Can Wallia boast a chearful day?
 The town expects thee. ————— *Coventry.*

N U M B E R S.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
 Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent
 roar:

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow;

Not

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Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the
main.

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

N U N N E R Y.

Some solitary cloister will I chuse,
And there with holy virgins live immur'd:
Coarse my attire, and short shall be my sleep,
Broke by the melancholy midnight bell:
There hoard up every moment of my life,
To lengthen out the payment of my tears.
Fasting and tears, and penitence and prayer,
Shall do dead Sancho justice ev'ry hour,
Till even fierce Raymond at the last shall say,
Now let her die, for she has griev'd enough.

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

Oh! shut me in a cloister; there, well pleas'd,
Religious hardships I will learn to bear:
To fast and freeze at midnight hours of pray'r,
Nor think it hard within a lonely cell,
With melancholy, speechless saints to dwell;
But bless the day I to that refuge ran,
Free from the marriage-chain, and from that ty-
rant man!

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yield not to your father's choice)
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in a shady cloyster mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chaunting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon,
Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,

Than

Than that which with'ring on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

Shakespear's Midnight Dreams.

O A T H.

Yes, he was sworn! be witness heav'n and earth!
Be witness sun and moon, and ev'ry star:
Be witness all ye gods, that he was sworn?
Is there an hour, either of day or night,
Free from some oath of everlasting love?

Lansdown's Heroic Love.

This idle vow hangs on her woman's fears:
I'll have a priest shall preach her from her faith,
And make it sin not to renounce that vow,
Which I'd have broken.

Congreve's Mourning Bride.

What are oaths but fancy'd bonds, the mind
Gives to ensure the body; and put off
Vain words for deeds, and promise for performance?
It is not oaths which only bind whom nature
Had bound before; nor to warm pray'rs and vows,
Which the false man can feign, I'd trust my heart.

Themistocles.

If we want oaths to join us,
Swift let us part, from pole to pole asunder,
A cause like ours is its own sacrament;
Truth, justice, reason, love, and liberty,
The eternal links that clasp the world are in it,
And he who breaks their sanction, breaks all law,
And infinite connection.

Brooke's Gustavus Vasa.

If

If oaths be disregarded—come confusion;
 Come wild disorder, leading by the hand
 The harlot vice, disfeatur'd humanity,
 And every social grace.—Hot violation,
 With harpy-talon'd rapine, close the scene,
 Razing all virtue from the human heart.—

Havard's Regulus.

Oaths would debase the dignity of virtue,
 Else I could swear by him, the pow'r who cloath'd
 The sun with light, and gave yon starry host,
 The chaste, unfully'd lustre; by the fire
 Which burns unceasing on the sacred altar,
 Where first—O memory!—our loves were plighted.

Fran. Constantine.

It is great sin to swear unto a sin;
 But greater sin to keep a sinful oath:
 Who can be bound by any solemn vow,
 To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,
 To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
 To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
 To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
 And have no other reason for his wrong,
 But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Shak. 2d part of K. Hen. VI.

O B E D I E N C E.

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd,
 My author and disposer, what thou bid'st
 Unargu'd I obey; so God ordains;
 God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more
 Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.

Milton's Paradise lost.

OLD AGE.

Kind keepers of my weak, decaying age,
 Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
 Ev'n like a man new haled from the rack,
 So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
 And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
 Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
 Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer,
 These eyes, like lamps, whose wasting oil is spent,
 Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent,
 Weak shoulders, over-born with burthening grief,
 And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine,
 That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
 Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
 Unable to support this lump of clay,
 Swift-winged with desire to get a grave;
 As witting I no comfort have.

Shakespear's 1st part Hen. VI.

I'm reading, Sir, of a short treatise here
 That's call'd the vanity of lust; has your grace seen
 it?

He says here, that an old man's loose desire
 Is like the glow-worm's light, th' Apasos won-
 der'd at,

Which, when they gather'd sticks and laid upon't,
 And blew, and blew, turn'd tail, and went out
 presently;

And in another place, he calls their loves
 Faint smells of dying flowers, carry no comforts;
 They're dotting, stinking fogs, so thick and muddy,
 Reason, with all his beams, can't beat thro' them!

Beaumont and Fletcher's Ham. Lieutenant.

In age to wish for youth is full as vain
 As for a youth to turn a child again.

Denham.

You

You are old ;

Nature in you stands in the very verge
Of her confine.

Shakesp. K. Lear.

So many cares, so many maladies,
So many fears attending on old age,
Yet death so often call'd on, as no wish
Can be more frequent with them, their limbs faint,
Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing going
All dead before them, yea, their very teeth,
Their instruments of eating, failing them ;
Yet this is reckon'd life.

Johnson's Volpone.

Here is one, that wishes to live longer,
Feels not his gout, nor palsy, feigns himself
Younger by scores of years, flatters his age
With confident belying, with hopes he may
With charms, like Eson, have his youth restor'd :
And with those thoughts so batters, as if fate
Would be as easily cheated on as he,

Johnson's Volpone.

An old man must expect

These little shocks of nature, they are hints
To warn us of our end.

Whitehead's Roman Father.

Old men love novelties ; the last arriv'd
Still pleases best, the youngest steals their smiles.

Young's Brothers.

When men once reach their autumn, sickly joys
Fall off apace, as yellow leaves from trees,
At every little breath misfortune blows ;
'Till left quite naked of their happiness,
In the chill blasts of winter they expire.
This is the common lot.

Young's Brothers.

These war-wearied limbs

Wish for repose, to lay their feeble strength
Beneath the peaceful shade, which this day's triumph
Spreads

Spreads over th' earth; there, in an old man's warfare,

To talk of freezing nights, and burning days,
The toils of glory, sieges, marches, battles,
And animate our youth to deeds of honour,
Be now my sole ambition.

Fran. Constantine.

Old age is talkative, and I may learn
Somewhat of moment from him.

Whitehead Creusa.

How happy is the evening-tide of life,
When phlegm has quench'd our passions, trifling out
The feeble remnant of our silly days
In follies, such as dotage best is pleas'd with,
Free from the wounding and tormenting cares,
That toss the thoughtful, active, busy mind.

Otway's Caius Marius.

Shake not his hour-glass, when his hasty sand
Is ebbing to the last:
A little longer, yet a little longer,
And nature drops him down without your sin,
Like mellow fruit without a winter storm.

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

These are the effects of doating age,
Vain doubts, and idle cares, and over-caution;
The second nonage of a soul more wise,
But now decay'd, and sunk into the socket,
Peeping by fits, and giving simple light.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

O M B R E.

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,

At

At ombre singly to decide their doom,
 And swells her breast with conquest yet to come.
 Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
 Each band the number of the sacred nine.
 Soon as she spreads her hand, the aerial guard
 Descend, and sit on each important card:
 First Ariel, perch'd upon a matadore,
 Then each according to the rank they bore;
 For Sylphs, yet mindful of their antient race,
 Are, as when women, wond'rous fond of place.
 Behold four kings, in majesty rever'd,
 With hoary whiskers, and a forky beard;
 And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flow'r,
 Th' expressive emblem of a softer pow'r:
 Four knaves, in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
 Caps on their heads, and halberds in their hand;
 And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
 Draw forth to combat in the velvet plain.
 The skilful nymph reviews her force with care;
 Let spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they
 were.

Now move to war her sable mattedores,
 In show like leaders of the swarthy moors;
 Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
 As many more Manillo forc'd to yield,
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
 Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard,
 Gain'd but one trump, and one plebeian card.
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
 The hoary majesty of spades appears,
 Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd;
 The rest his many-colour'd robe conceal'd,
 The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
 Ev'n mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'er-
 threw,
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu;

Sad chance of war, now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the baron fate inclines the field.
His warlik amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of spades.
The clubs black tyrant first her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mein and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs in state unweildy spread;
That long behind he trails the pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
The baron now his diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd king, who shews but half his face,
And his refulgent queen, with pow'rs combin'd
Of broken troops, an easy conquest find.
Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.
Thus, when dispers'd, a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion, different nations fly,
Of various habits, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps: one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (O shameful chance!) the queen of
hearts.

At this the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spread o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at the approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin and codille.
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate,
An ace of hearts steps forth, the king unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen:
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.

The

The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky ;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Pope's Rape of the Lock.

O M E N.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sight !
The night crow cry'd, foreboding luckless time ;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down
trees ;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney top,
And chatt'ring pies in dismal discord sung.

Shakespear's Henry VI.

A common slave.

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me ; and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transform'd with fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets :
And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Ev'n at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking.

Shakespear's Julius Cæsar.

Coming from Sardis, on our foremost ensign,
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers hands.
This morning they are fled away and gone,
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us
As we were sickly prey : their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give the ghost.

Shakespear's Julius Cæsar.

The sacred oil, which for a hundred years,
Supply'd the sun behind the golden veil,
Went out, and all the mystic lights were quench'd!
Strange doleful voices shrilly eccho'd thro'
The darken'd fane; the monuments did open,
And all the marble tombs, like sponges squeez'd,
Spouted big sweat: the curtain was consum'd
With wond'rous flame; and every shining altar
Dissolv'd to yellow puddle, which anon,
A flash of thirsty light'ning quite lick'd up.

Lee's Mithridates.

Ill omens may the guilty tremble at,
Make every accident a prodigy,
And monsters frame, where nature never err'd:
May the scar'd conscience start at falling meteors,
And call the scream of every hooting owl,
Or croaking raven, fate's most dreadful voice:
For me, I laugh at them. Should now the hea-
vens

Flame with a thousand fires, ne'er seen before,
And thunder beat the winds from ev'ry corner;
Not for the calm of all the universe,
Would I put off my joys a moment longer.

Lee's Mithridates.

What now? Thou bleed'st,
Three, and no more! What then? And why
what then?

But just three drops! and why not just three drops,
As well as four or five, or five and twenty?
Must I stumble too?
Away, ye dreams: What if it thunder'd now?
Or if a raven cross'd me in my way?
Or, now it comes, because last night I dream'd,
The council hall was hung with crimson round,
And all the ceiling plaister'd o'er with black?

No more blue fires, and ye dull rolling lakes,
 Fathomless caves, ye dungeons of the night,
 Phantoms be gone; if I must die, I'll fall
 True politician, and defy you all.

Dryden and Lee's Duke of Guise.

OPPORTUNITY.

How strangely am I tempted
 With opportunity, which, like a sudden gust,
 Has swell'd my calmer thoughts into a tempest:
 Accurs'd opportunity!—

The midwife and the bawd to all our vices:
 That work'th our thoughts into desires; desires
 To resolutions: and these being ripe and quicken'd,
 Thou giv'st them birth, and bring'st them forth to
 action:

Thou, when my dire and bloody resolutions,
 Like sick and froward children,
 Were rock'd asleep by reason, or religion,
 Thou, like a violent noise, com'st rushing in,
 And mak'st them start, and wake to new unquiet-
 nefs.

Denham's Sophy.

Thou strong seducer, opportunity!
 Of woman-kind half are undone by thee.

Dryden's Conquest of Granada.

Take heed, and mark your opportunity;
 For if the woman lays it in your way,
 And you o'ersee it, she is lost for ever.

Lee's Theodosius.

I believe her honest yet;
 Her body not acquainted with the sin;
 But if her thoughts run foul, her mind's a whore,
 And

And the next opportunity completes
My black dishonour.

Southern's Disappointment.

O R C H A R D.

Blow soft ye western gales ; in pity guard
The tender offspring from the killing storm
Pour'd from the angry north ; Oh, teach the pear
To nurse its juicy progeny, till time
Has mellow'd its rich pulp to the pleas'd taste,
How grateful, when dissolving as we eat :
Let the plum hang unruffled on its bough,
And nourish her delicious fruit a while,
'Till ripen'd by the genial sun, her skin
Is finely clouded o'er with glossy blue.
O let no rugged shocks, no furious blast,
Disturb or rock our orchards, richly hung
With yellow treasures ; no injurious wind
Precipitate their burden to the ground,
Before the autumn's kindly warmth has giv'n
Her juices a rich flavour, and the sun
Ting'd o'er their blushing sides with streaks of gold.

Newcomb's Flower Garden.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
In chearful error let us tread the maze
Of autumn unconfin'd ; and taste, reviv'd,
The breath of orchard, big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep loaded bough a mellow show'r
Incessant melts away ; the juicy pear
Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race,
By nature's all-refining hand prepar'd ;
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air :
In ever changing composition mix'd.
Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller night,

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The fragrant stores, the wide projected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores; and active points
The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue.

Thomson's Seasons,

ORNAMENT.

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament:
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
And cover'd with fair specious subtilties,
Obscures the show of reason? In religion,
What damn'd error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text?
There is no vice so artless, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament.
How many cowards, with livers white as milk,
Have backs of brawn, and wear upon their chins
The beard of Hercules, and of frowning Mars?
Look even on beauty: What are those crisped
locks,

That make such wanton gambols with the wind?
What but the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre?
Thus ornament is a beauteous scarf,
Veiling deformity.

Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.

OSTRICH.

Who in the cruel ostrich has subdu'd
A parent's care, and fond inquietude?
While far she flies, her scatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner, on the sandy ground;

Cast

Cast out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent sky;
Adopted by the sun in blaze of day,
They ripen under his prolific ray.
Unmindful she, that some unhappy tread
May crush her young in their neglected bed.
What time she skims along the field with speed,
She scorns the rider, and pursuing steed.

Young's Paraphrase on Job.

O T T E R.

Would you preserve a num'rous finny race,
Let your fierce dog the rav'nous otter chace:
Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
Darts through the waves, and ev'ry haunt ex-
plores.
Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
And save from hostile jaws the scaly-prey. *Gay.*

P A I N.

There was never yet philosopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach paitiently;
However they have writ in th' stile of gods,
And made a pish at chance and sufferance.
Shakespear's Much ado about Nothing.

Who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
Oh! no, th' apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never wrangle more
Than when it bites, but launceth not the sore.
Shakespear's Richard II.

Long pains, with use of bearing, are half eas'd.

Dryden's State of Innocence.

P A I N T I N G.

From hence the rudiments of art began ;
A coal or chalk first imitated man :
Perhaps, the shadow, taken on a wall,
Gave outlines to the rude original ;
E'er canvass yet was stain'd, before the grace
Of blended colours found their use and place,
Or cypress tablets first receiv'd a face. }

By slow degrees the godlike art advanc'd ;
As man grew polish'd, picture was inhanc'd :
Greece added posture, shade, and perspective,
And then the mimic piece began to live.
Yet perspective was lame, no distance true,
But all came forward in one common view :
No point of light was known, no bounds of art ;
When light was there, it knew not to depart,
But glaring on remoter objects play'd ;
Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.

Rome rais'd not art, but barely kept alive,
And with old Greece unequally did strive :
'Till Goths, and Vandals, a rude northern race,
Did all the matchless monuments deface.

Then all the muses in one ruin lie,
And rhyme began t' enervate poetry.

Thus, in a stupid military state,
The pen and pencil find an equal fate.

Flat faces, such as would disgrace a skreen,
Such as in Bantam's embassy were seen,
Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight
Of brutal nations, only born to fight.

Long time the sister arts in iron sleep,

A heavy Sabbath did supinely keep :

At length, in Raphael's age, at once they rise,
Stretch out their limbs, and open all their eyes.

Thence

Thence rose the Roman, and the Lombard line,
One colour'd best, and one did best design.
Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.

Dryden to Kneller.

Good heav'n! that fots and knaves should be so
vain,
To wish their vile remembrance may remain!
And stand recorded, at their own request,
To future days, a libel or a jest!

Dryden to Kneller.

PROMETHEUS *badly painted.*

How wretched doth Prometheus state appear,
While he his second misery suffers here.
Draw him no more, lest as he tortur'd stands,
He blame great Jove's less than the painter's hands.
It would the vulture's cruelty outgo,
If once again his liver thus should grow.
Pity him, Jove, and his bold theft allow,
The flames he once stole from thee, grant him now.

Cowley.

Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee strait
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Citherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move, and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Shakespear's Taming of the Shrew.

But chiefly pleas'd the curious eye,
With nice discernment loves to try,
The labour'd wonders, passing thought,
Which warm Italian pencils wrought,
Fables of love, and stories bold,
By Greek or Latian poets told,

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How Jove committed many a rape;
 How young Acteon lost his shape;
 Or what celestial penmen writ;
 Or what the painter's genuine wit
 From fancy's store-house could devise;
 Where Raphael claims the highest prize.
 Madonas here decline the head,
 With fond maternal pleasure fed;
 Or lift their lucid eyes above,
 Where more is seen than holy love:
 There temples stand display'd within,
 And pillars in long order seen;
 And roofs rush forward to the sight,
 And lamps affect a living light;
 Or landscapes tire the trav'ling eye,
 The clouds in azure volumes fly;
 The distant trees distinguish'd rise,
 And hills look little in the skies.

Coventry's Penchant.

Yet still how faint by precept is express
 The living image in the painter's breast?
 Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
 Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
 Thence beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
 An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Pope's Epistles.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
 And shew th' immortal labours in my verse;
 Where, from the mingled strength of shade and
 light,
 A new creation rises to my sight;
 Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
 So warm with life his blended colours glow.

Addison's Letter to Lord Halifax.

As when by Raphael's or by Kneller's hands,
 A warlike courser on the canvas stands;

Such as on Landon bleeding Ormond bore,
Or set young Ammon on the Granic shore;
If chance a gen'rous steed the work behold,
He snorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy gold.
Tickel's Poems.

PALL-MALL, (a Street in London.)

O bear me to the paths of fair Pell-Mell,
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell;
At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks incroach;
No lets would bar thy ways, were chairs deny'd,
The soft supports of laziness and pride;
Shops breath perfumes, thro' sashes ribbons glow,
The mutual arms of ladies, and the beau.
Yet still ev'n here, when rains the passage chide,
Oft the loose stone spurts up a muddy tide
Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high
Where ma'ons mount the ladder, fragments fly;
Mortar and crumbled lime in show'rs descend,
And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend.

Gay's Trivia.

PANDEMONIUM.

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
Of dulcet symphonies, and voices sweet;
Built like a temple, where pilasters round
Were set, and Doric pillars, overlaid
With golden architrave: nor did there want
Cornice or freeze, with bossy sculptures graven;
The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine
Belus, or Serapis, their gods; or seat
Their kings, when Ægypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
Stood fixt her stately height: and frait the doors,
Op'ning their brazen folds, discover wide

Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
 And level pavement: from the arched roof,
 Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
 Of starry lamps, and blazing cressets, fed
 With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light
 As from a sky. *Milton's Paradise lost.*

P A R A S I T E.

—— O! your parasite
 Is a most precious thing, dropped from above;
 Not bred 'mongst clods, and clod-polls here on
 earth.
 I muse the mystery was not made a science,
 It is so lib'rally profest: almost
 All the wise world is little else in nature
 But parasites, or sub-parasites, and yet,
 I mean not those that have your bare town art,
 To know who's fit to feed them; have no house,
 No family, no care, and therefore mould
 Tales for men's ears, to bait that sense, or get
 Kitchen invention, and some stale receipts
 To please the belly and the groin: nor those
 With their court dog tricks, that can fawn and
 flatter,
 Make their revenue out of legs and faces;
 Eccho my lord, and lick away a moth:
 But your fine elegant rascal, that can rise,
 And stoop almost together; like an arrow,
 Shoot thro' the air as nimbly as a star:
 Turn short, as doth a swallow, and be here
 And there, and here, and yonder all at once;
 Present to any humour, all occasion;
 And change a vizor, swifter than a thought:
 This is the creature had the art born with him;
 Toils not to learn it, but doth practise it
 Out of most excellent nature; and such sparks
 Are the true parasites, others but their zanies.

Johnson's Volpone.

A taffell that hangs at my purse-strings ; he dogs
Me, and I give him scraps, and pay for his
Ordinary, feed him ; he liquors himself
In the juice of my bounty ; and when he
Hath suck'd up strength of spirit, he squeeseeth
It in my own face : when I have refin'd
And sharpen'd his wits with good food, he cuts
My fingers, and breaks jests upon me ;
I bear them, and beat him.

Marston's What you will.

P A R D O N.

Shall I, who to my kneeling slave could say,
Rise up, and be a king ? shall I fall down,
And cry, forgive me, Cæsar ? shall I set,
A man my equal, in the place of Jove,
As he could give me being ? no : that word,
Forgive, would choak me up, and die upon my
tongue.

Dryden's All for Love.

Can you forgive the fallies of my passion !
For I have been to blame ; oh ! much to blame ;
Have said such words, nay, done such actions
too,
Base as I am, that my aw'd conscious soul
Sinks in my breast ; nor dare I lift an eye,
On him I have offended.

Dryden's Troilus and Cressida.

Thus to the angry gods, offending mortals,
Made sensible by some severe affliction,
How all their crimes are register'd in heaven ;
In that nice court, how no rash word escapes,
But ev'n extravagant thoughts are all set down.
Thus the poor penitents with fear approach
The reverend shrines, and thus for mercy bow,
Thus melting too, they wash the hallow'd earth,
And groan to be forgiven.

Lee's Theodosius.

Not

Not worth a word, a look, nor one regard !
 Is then the nature of my fault so heinous,
 That when I come to take my eternal leave,
 You'll not vouchsafe to view me ? this is scorn
 Which the fair soul of gentle Athenais,
 Would ne'er have harbour'd ! —

Oh ! for the sake of him whom you e'er long,
 Shall hold as fast as now your wishes form him,
 Give me a patient hearing ; for however
 I talk of death, and seem to loath my life,
 I would deliberate with my fate a while,
 With snatching glances eye thee to the last ;
 Pause o'er a loss like that of Athenais,
 And parley with my ruin. *Lee's Theodosius.*

O kill me here, or tell me my offence ;
 I'll never quit you else, but on these knees
 Thus follow you all day, till they are worn bare ;
 And hang upon you like a drowning creature.
Otway's Orphan.

Is't then then so hard, Monimia, to forgive
 A fault, where humble love, like mine, implores
 thee ?

For I must love thee, tho' it prove my ruin.
 Which way must I court thee ?
 What shall I do to be enough thy slave,
 And satisfy the lovely pride that's in thee ?
 Yet prithee, tyrant, break not quite my heart ;
 But when my task of penitence is o'er,
 Heal it again, and comfort me with love.

Otway's Orphan.

Forgive the barb'rous trespass of my tongue,
 'Twas a hard violence ; I could have died
 With love of thee, ev'n when I us'd thee worst ;
 Nay, at each word that my distraction utter'd,
 My heart recoil'd, and 'twas ev'n death to speak
 them.

Otway's Orphan.

Thou

Thou shalt not force me from thee,
 Use me reproachfully, and like a slave,
 Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
 On my poor head ; I'll bear it all with patience,
 Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty ;
 Lie at thy feet, and kiss them, tho' they spurn me ;
 'Till, wounded by my sufferings, thou relent,
 And raise me to thy arms with dear forgiveness.

Otway's Venice preserved.

I beg for pity and forgiveness ;
 By the kind tender names of child and father,
 Heal my complaints, and take me to your love ;
 Remember I'm your daughter, by a mother
 Virtuous and noble, faithful to your honour,
 Obedient to your will, kind to your wishes,
 Dear to your arms ; by all the joys she gave you
 When in her blooming years, she was your trea-
 sure,
 Look kindly on me ; in my face behold
 The lineaments of her you have kissed so often,
 Pleading the cause of your poor cast-off child,

Otway's Venice Preserv'd.

Oh ! do not call to memory
 My disobedience, but let pity enter
 Into your heart, and quite deface th' impression ;
 For, could you think how mine's perplex'd, what
 sadness,
 Fears, and despairs distract the peace within me,
 Oh ! you would take me in your dear, dear arms,
 Hover with strong compassion o'er your young one,
 To shelter me with a protecting wing
 From the black gather'd storm that's just a break-
 ing.

Otway's Venice Preserv'd.

Think then you saw what pass'd at our last part-
 ing :

Think you beheld him, like a raging lion,
 Pawing the earth, and tearing up his steps;
 Fate in his eyes, and roaring with the pain
 Of burning fury; think you saw his one hand
 Fix'd on my throat, while the extended other,
 Grasp'd a keen, threat'ning dagger: Oh! 'twas
 thus

We last embraced, when tremb'ling with revenge
 He dragg'd me to the ground, and at my bosom
 Presented horrid death; cry'd out, my friends!
 Where are my friends? swore, wept, raged,
 threaten'd, lov'd;

For yet he lov'd; and that dear love preserv'd me
 To this last trial of a father's pity:
 If ever then I was your care, now hear me,
 Fly to the senate, save the promis'd lives
 Of his dear friends, e'er mine be made the sacrifice.

Otway's Venice Preserv'd.

By all the pow'r that's giv'n thee o'er my soul;
 By thy resistless tears, and conquering smiles;
 By the victorious love that still waits on thee;
 Fly to thy cruel father, save my friends,
 Or all our future quiet's lost for ever.
 Fall at his feet, cling round his rev'rend knees;
 Speak to him with thy eyes, and with thy tears,
 Melt his cold heart, and wake dead nature in him:
 Crush him in thy arms; torture him with thy soft-
 ness:

Nor till thy pray'rs are granted, set him free,
 But conquer him, as thou hast conquer'd me.

Otway's Venice Preserv'd.

I must be heard, I must have leave to speak:
 Oh! look upon me with an eye of mercy;
 With pity and with charity behold me.
 Shut not thy heart against a friend's repentance;

Fut

But as there dwells a godlike nature in thee,
 Listen with mildness to my supplications.
 For ah! I've lost what never can be counted,
 My friend, O Belvidera, that dear friend,
 Who, next to thee, was all my heart rejoic'd in,
 Has us'd me like a slave, shamefully us'd me,
 'Twould break thy pitying heart to hear the story!
 What shall I do? Resentment, indignation,
 Love, pity, fear, and mem'ry how I've wrong'd
 him,

Distract my quiet with the very thoughts on't,
 And tear my heart to pieces in my bosom.
Otway's Venice Preserv'd.

I've wrong'd thee much; and heav'n has well a-
 veng'd;

I have not since we parted been at peace,
 Nor known one joy sincere; our broken friendship
 Pursu'd me to the last retreat of love,
 Stood like a glaring ghost, and made me cold with
 horror.
Row's Fair Penitent.

P A R E N T S.

Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
 And tho' man's face be fearful to their eyes,
 Yet in protection of their tender ones,
 Who hath not seen them, ev'n with those wings,
 Which sometimes they have us'd with fearful
 flight,

Make war with them that climb'd unto their nest,
 Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
Shakespear's Henry VI.

Fathers that deny their daughters lawful
 Pleasures, when ripe for them, in some kind edge
 Their appetites to taste of the fruit that is forbidden.
B. and Fletcher's Elder Brother.

By

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By my strong grief my heart even melts within me:
I could curse nature, and that tyrant honour,
For making me thy father, and thy judge;
Thou art my daughter still.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

See'st thou this dagger, and this trembling hand:
Thrice justice urg'd, and thrice the slack'ning si-
news

Forgot their office, and confess'd the father:
The stern, the rigid judge, has been obey'd;
Now nature and the father claim their turns:
I have held the ballance with an even hand,
And put off ev'ry tender, human thought,
To doom my child to death, but spare my eyes,
The most unnat'ral sight, lest their strings crack,
My old brain split, and I grow mad with horror.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Behold the fatal work of my dark hand,
That by rude force the passions would command,
That ruthless sought to root them from the breast;
They may be rul'd, but will not be oppress'd.
Taught hence, ye parents, who from nature stray,
And the great ties of social life betray;
Ne'er with your children act a tyrant's part;
'Tis yours to guide, not violate the heart.
Ye vainly wise, who o'er mankind preside,
Behold my righteous woes, and drop your pride;
Keep virtue's simple path before your eyes,
Nor think from evil good can ever rise.

Tho. Tancréd and Sigisf.

P A R T I N G.

His eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he puts his hand behind him,
And with affection, wond'rous sensible,
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Shakespear's Merchant of Venice.

Even

Ev'n thus two friends condemned,
Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred time to part than die.

Shakespeare's Henry VI.

If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in the lap?
To die with thee but were to die in jest;
From thee to die were torture more than death.

Shakespeare's Henry VI.

When I but think this sight may be our last,
If Jove could set me in the place of Atlas,
And lay the weight of heav'n and gods upon me,
He could not press me more.
Oh! let me go, that I may know my grief!
Grief is but guess'd while thou art standing by!
But I too soon shall know what absence is:
Why? 'tis to be no more; another name for death!
'Tis the sun parting from the frozen north!
And I, methinks, stand on some icy cliff,
To watch the last low circles that he makes;
'Till he sink down from heav'n. O only Cressida!
If thou depart from me I cannot live,
I have not soul enough to last for grief;
But thou shalt hear what grief has done for me.
If I could live to hear it, I were false;
But as a fearful traveller, who fearing
Assaults, leaves his wealth behind,
I trust my heart with thee, and carry with me
Only an empty casket.
Then I will live, that I may keep that treasure,
And arm'd with this assurance let me go,
Loose, yet secure, as is the gentle hawk,
When wisted off, she mounts into the wind:
Our loves, like mountains hid above the clouds,
Tho' winds and tempest beat their aged feet,
Their peaceful heads nor storms nor thunder know,
But scorn the threatening rack that rolls below.

Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida.

'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone,
 And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
 That lets it hop a little from his hand,
 Like a poor prisoner in its twisted gyves,
 And with a filken thread plucks it in again,
 So loving, jealous of his liberty.

Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet.

Whether we shall meet again I know not,
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take;
 For ever and for ever farewell Cassius,
 If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
 If not, why then this parting was well made.

Shakespear's Julius Caesar.

By Jove 'tis ominous, our parting is!
 Her face look'd pale too, as she turn'd away:
 And when I wrung her by the rosy fingers,
 Methought the strings of my great heart did crack.

Lee's Alexander.

I go, but must turn back for one last look:
 Remember, O remember, dear Semandra:
 That on thy virtue all my fortune hangs!
 Semandra is the business of the war:
 Semandra makes the fight, draws ev'ry sword;
 Semandra sounds the trumpet, gives the word;
 So the moon charms her wat'ry world below,
 Rocks the still seas, and make them ebb and flow.

Lee's Mithridates.

Farewell; thus kneeling at thy feet I pour
 These parting tears; allow this dying kiss,
 Which my cold lips print on thy faithless hand:
 Oh! all my vows, for ever here I leave you;
 And since we never, never must behold
 Each other more, I'll breath them once again;
 Farewell, Semandra! oh! thou'lt never find,

In

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In all thy search of love, a heart like mine :
Once more farewell for ever, false Semandra :
What? yet again thy name? Will my charm'd
tongue

Sound nothing but Samandra! O Semandra!

Lee's Mithridates.

I could put out an eye, and bid it go,
And t'other should not weep: But, oh!
How many deaths are in that word, depart!
Like one who wanders thro' long barren wilds,
And yet foreknows no hospitable inn
Is near to succour hunger, eats his fill
Before his painful march;
So would I feed a while my famish'd eyes
Before we part.

Dryden's All for Love.

Since it is doom'd
That we must part, let's part as lovers should,
As those that have loved long, and loved well.
Farewell most lovely, and most loved of men!
Why comes this dying paleness o'er thy face?
Why wander thus thy eyes, why dost thou bend,
As if the fatal weight of death were on thee?
Once more farewell, and take the last embraces.
Oh! I could crush him to this heart, farewell;
And as a dying pledge of my last love
Take this, which all thy prayers could never charm.
Farewell: angels protect and guard thee.

Lee's Theodosius.

Where am I? sure I wander 'midst enchantment,
And never more shall find the way to rest.
But, O Monimia! art thou indeed resolv'd
To punish me with everlasting absence?
Why turn'st thou from me? I'm alone already!
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,
Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining;
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,

Whe

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Where all the treasure of my soul's embark'd!
Wilt thou not turn! oh! could those eyes but
speak!

I should know all, for love is pregnant in them!
They swell, they press their beams upon me still!
Wilt thou not speak? if we must part for ever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please myself with, while my heart is break-
ing. *Otway's Orphan.*

Methinks, already in some bardarous wild,
Like a benighted traveller, I walk,
Viewing, with wat'ry eyes, the sinking sun,
And night displaying her sad ensigns round;
No friendly visage near me, all before
A horrid maze of death; without a guide
To cheer my heavy steps; despair, darkness,
Death, and everlasting horror round me:
Oh! wilt thou ne'er return to glad my soul!
Southern's loyal Brother.

I've sworn I ne'er will see you more:
I go: a last embrace I must bequeath you:
Farewell, for ever: ah! Guise, tho' now we part,
In the bright orbs prepar'd us by our fates
Our souls shall meet; farewell and Io's sing above,
Where no ambition, no state crime the happier
spirits prove,
But all are blest, and all enjoy an everlasting love.
Dryden and Lee's Duke of Guise.

Heav'n knows how loath I am to part from thee:
So from the seal is soften'd wax disjoin'd;
So from the mother plant the under rind.
Dryden's Love Triumphant.

'Tis better thus that we together
Feed on each others heart, devour our woes
With mutual appetite, and mingling in
One cup, the common stream of both our eyes;
Drink

Drink bitter draughts, with never-flaking thirst,
Thus better than for any cause to part.

Congreve's Mourning Bride.

My joy, my comfort :

All that was left of life fleets after thee ;
My aching sight hangs on thy parting beauties :
Thy lovely eyes, all drown'd in floods of sorrow,
So sets the sinking sun beneath the waves,
And leaves the traveller in pathless woods
Benighted and forlorn : Thus, with sad eyes,
Westward he turns to mark the light's decay,
'Till having lost the fading glimpse of day,
Chearless in darkness he pursues his way.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

I part with thee

As wretches that are doubtful of hereafter
Part with their lives ; unwilling, loath, and fearful,
And trembling at futurity.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

While thou art by, my sad heart seems lighter,
I gaze, and gather comfort from thy beauty ;
Thy gentle eyes send forth a quick'ning spirit,
And feed the dying lamp of life within me.
But oh ! when thou art gone, and my fond eyes
Shall seek thee all around, but seek in vain,
What power, what angel shall supply thy place !
Shall help me to support my sorrows then,
And save my soul from death.

Rowe's Royal Convert.

Now, my best Martia, take thy last embrace ;—
Nay, this untimely tenderness unmans me—
Be more yourself—and hear me say farewell :
I leave thee with this truth—I have not words
To speak thy worth, nor to describe my love ;
Th' extremity of grief I feel at parting,
Is the best parallel to reach them both :—
Farewell—for ever—now adieu the world.

Hayward's Regulus.

With

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With his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes :
For out of doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

———— 1. So long,

As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and starts of's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

2. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less ; ere left
To after eye him.

1. Madam, so I did.

2. I would have broken mine eye-strings, crack'd
'em, but

To look upon him ; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle ;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted, from
The smallness of a gnat, to air ; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.

Shakespear's Cymbeline.

I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say. Ere I could tell him
How I would freely think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such ; or I could make him swear,
The shees of Italy should not betray
Mine interest or his honour ; or have charg'd him
At the sixth hour of the morn, at noon, at midnight,
T'encounter me with orisons ; for then
I am in heav'n for him ; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
'Twixt two charming words, comes in my father ;
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Shakespear's Cymbeline.

Did'st

Did'st thou say part?—O where is resolution?
Where now the stedfast purpose of my soul,
Which, at thy lov'd command, had arm'd my
heart?

Sunk into tremblings, into sighs and tears;
I cannot bear the trial.—O my husband!

Havard's Regulus.

O my fair, I cannot bid thee go;
Receive her, and protect her, gracious heav'n!
Yet let me watch her dear departing steps;
If fate pursues me, let it find me here:
Reproach not Greece, a lover's fond delays,
Nor think thy cause neglected, while I gaze;
New force, new courage, from each glance I
gain,

And find our passions not infus'd in vain.

Johnson's Irene.

To die and part
Is a less evil: but to part and live;
There, there's the torment:

Lansdown's Heroic Love.

P A R T Y.

'Tis you, my lord, to whom the many thousands,
That by the barbarous sword of civil war
Had fall'n inglorious, owe their lives; to you
The sons of this fair isle, from her first peers
Down to the swain who tills her golden plains,
Owe their safe homes, their soft domestic hours,
And thro' late time posterity shall bless you,
You who advis'd this Will—I blush to think
I have so long oppos'd the best good man
In Sicily—With what impartial care
Ought we to watch our prejudice and passion,
Nor trust too much the jaundic'd eye of party?
Henceforth its vain delusions I renounce,
Its hot determinations, that confine

All

All merit and all virtue to itself.
 To yours I join my hand; with you will own
 No interest and no party but my country.

Thompson's Tancred and Sigismunda.

Where a monarch rules
 There will be parties; and there must be kings:
 And he who best can curb was form'd to reign.

Hill's Merope.

PASSING-BELL.

What meant that tongue of death, that solemn
 knell,

At midnight thus! which cleaves the silent air!
 With mournful accents laden how it wounds!
 Bursting the door that opens to our heart,
 It surely has a voice which wisdom hears,
 A message to the living from the dead
 Its errand this to man—In time prepare!
 The dread destroyer of your race is near.
 Your last great foe to life has long begun
 The chase: each fleeting hour is gaining ground:
 Behold the victor's spoils—the paths he treads
 Are strew'd and cover'd o'er with hills of slain!
 The skull, the spade, the horse, the crawling worm,
 The sable coffin, and the wrapping shroud,
 The dreadful arms that on his ensigns blaze;
 A scythe his weapon, and his harvest man!
 This moment has his flying javelin laid,
 Some victim in the dust, whose point shall soon
 Be level'd to transfix each mortal's heart.

Hervey's Night.

PASSIONS.

Now by heaven
 My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
 And

And passion having my best judgment choler'd,
Assays to lead the way.

Shakespeare's Othello.

Passions, without power,
Like seas against a rock, but lose their fury.

Denham's Sophy.

Passions, like raging storms, grow loud and high,
When they're most oppos'd.

Howard's Vestal Virgin.

Passions, like seas, will have their ebbs and flows.

Lee's Alexander.

Clear me, ye gods, and fix my understanding
To this one view, lest I mistake all measure,
And run to madness!

Lee's Mithridates.

O man me, reason, with thy utmost force,
Or passion, with the dreadful starts it makes,
Will soon divorce my soul from this weak body!

Lee's Mithridates.

I'm all on fire! My passion eats me up!
It grows incorporate with my flesh and blood!
My pangs redouble! now they cleave my heart!

Lee's Theodosius.

My heart rebell'd

Against itself; my thoughts were up in arms!
All in a roar, like seamen in a storm!
My reason and my faculties were wreck'd!
The mast, the rudder, and the tackling gone,
My body like the hull of some lost vessel,
Beaten and tumbled with my rolling fears!

Lee's Lucius Junius Brutus.

Love, justice, pity, nature, and revenge,
Have kindled up a wild-fire in my breast!

And I'm all a civil-war within:

And, like a vessel struggling in a storm,

Require more hands than one to steer me upright,

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

Oh! she has passions which outstrip the wind,

And tear her virtues up; as tempests root the sea.

Congreve's Mourning Bride.

Pardon a weak distemper'd soul, that swells

With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms:

The sport of passions.

Addison's Cato.

He's generous, grateful, affable, and brave,

But then he knows no limit to his passion;

The tempest-beaten bark is not so toss'd,

As is his reason when those winds arise.

Young's Busiris.

What dreadful havock in the human breast

The passions make, when unconfin'd and mad,

They burst unguided by the mental eye,

The light of reason, which, in various ways,

Points them to good, or turns them back from ill!

O save me from the tumult of the soul!

From the wild beasts within; for circling sands

When the swift whirlwind whelms them o'er the
lands,

The roaring deeps that to the clouds arise,

While thro' the storm the darting lightning flies;

The monster brood, to which this land gives birth,

The blazing city, and the gaping earth,

All deaths, all tortures, in one pang combin'd,

Are gentle to the tempest in my mind.

Thomson's Sophonisba.

Why

Why should we pretend
To conquer nations, and to rule mankind,
Pre-eminent in glory, place, and pow'r,
While slaves at heart? while by fantastic turns
Our frantic passions reign? this very thought
Should turn our pomp to shame, disgrace our tri-
umphs,

And, when the shouts of millions rend our ears,
Whisper reproach. — O ye celestial pow'rs!
What is it, in a torrent of success
To overflow the world, if by the stream
Our own enfeebled minds are born away
From reason, and from virtue.

Thomson's Sophonisba.

The waves, enrag'd by a tempestuous wind,
Play for a while, ev'n when the storm's at rest;
Then by degrees they sink into a calm.

Martyn's Timoleon.

What is human nature
When th' intemp'rate heat of passion blinds
The eye of reason, and commits her guidance
To headlong rashness; he directs her steps,
Wide of success, to error's pathless way,
And disappointments wild.

Havard's King Charles the First.

Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To th' fire i'th blood: be more abstemious,
Or else good night your vow.

Shakespeare's Tempest.

Passion's fierce elapse
Rouses the mind's whole fabric with supplies
Of daily impulse, keeps th' elastic pow'rs

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Intensely pois'd, and polishes anew,
By that collision, all the fine machine :
Else rust would rise, and foulness by degrees
Incumb'ring choak at last what heav'n design'd
For ceaseless motion, and a round of toil.

Akin. Plea. of the Ima.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death ;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his
strength :

So cast, and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came.

Pope's Essay on Man.

Search then the ruling passion ; there alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known ;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere ;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clue, once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confess.

Pope's Moral Essays.

In men we various ruling passions find,
In women two almost divide the kind :
Those only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

Pope's Moral Essays.

They sat them down to weep, nor only tears
Rain'd at their eyes, but high winds worse within
Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,
Mistrust, suspicion, discord ; and shook sore
Their inward state of mind ; calm region once,
And full of peace, now tost and turbulent ;
For understanding rul'd not, and the will

Heard

Heard not her lore, both in subjection now
To sensual appetite, who from beneath,
Usurping over sov'raign reason, claim'd
Superior sway. *Milton's Par. Lost.*

P A T I E N C E.

Cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears, as profitless
As water in a sieve; give not me counsel,
Nor let no comfort else delight mine ears,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience:
Measure his woe, the length and breadth of mine;
And let it answer ev'ry strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroak his beard,
And hallo, wag, cry hem! when he would groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk,
With candle wasters: bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience;
But there is no such man: for, brother, men
Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief,
Which they themselves don't feel; but tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm aches with air, and agony with words;
No, no: 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself; therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Shakespeare's Much Ado about Nothing.

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Patience and sorrow strove
Which should express her goodliest; you have seen
Sun-shine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like a better day, those happiest smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know,
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence
As pearls from diamonds dropt in brief.
Sorrow would be a rarity most belov'd,
If all could so become it. *Shakespear's K. Lear.*

How poor are they that have not patience;
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Shakespear's Othello.

Patience in cowards, is tame hopeless fear:
But, in brave minds, a scorn of what they bear.
Dryden's Indian Queen.

O heav'n-born patience, source of peace and rest,
Descend; infuse thy spirit thro' my breast,
That I may calmly meet the hour of fate,
My foes forgive, and triumph o'er their hate,
This body let their engines tear and grind:
But let not all their racks subdue my mind.
Mallet's Mustapha.

Patience sat by him, in an angel's garb,
And held out a full bowl of rich content,
Of which he largely quaffed.
Havard's Charles the First.

I will bear it)
With all the tender suff'rance of a friend,
As calmly as the wounded patient bears
The artist's hand that ministers his cure.
Otway's Orphan.

I see thou hast pass'd sentence on my heart;
 And I'll no longer weep, or plead against it;
 But with the humblest, most obedient patience
 Meet thy dear hands, and kiss them, when they
 wound me. *Otway's Venice Preserv'd*

When did I complain,
 Or murmur at my fate?
 I bore my load of infamy with patience,
 As holy men do punishments from heav'n;
 Nor thought it hard, because it came from thee.
Rowe's Fair Penitent

Yet, yet endure, nor murmur, O my soul!
 For are not thy transgressions great and numberless?
 Do they not cover thee, like rising floods,
 And press thee, like a weight of waters, down?
 Does not the hand of righteousness afflict thee?
 And who shall plead against it? Who shall say
 To power almighty, thou hast done enough?
 Or bid his dreadful hand of vengeance stay?
 Wait then with patience till the circling hours
 Shall bring the time of thy appointed rest,
 And lay thee down in death. The hireling thus
 With labour drudges out the painful day,
 And often looks with long expecting eyes,
 To see the shadows rise, and be dismiss'd.
Rowe's Jane Shore

Preach patience to the ocean when it roars!
 When cities burn, climb to the tops of towers,
 And thence preach patience to the wind-born flames!
 Bid hostile armies, rushing on to blood,
 Stand still, and listen to the whine of patience!
 But to name patience to a love like mine,
 Is to give tasteless drops to men in fevers!
 I'm on fire within me, and the streams

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Of gushing rivers might run thro' me now,
And fail to quench my burning.

Hill's Fair Inconstant.

It was thy patience, Masinissa, patience,
A champion clad in steel, that in the waste
Attended still thy step, and sav'd my friend
For better days. What cannot patience do!
A great design is seldom snatch'd at once;
'Tis patience heaves it on. From savage nature,
'Tis patience that has built up human life,
The nurse of arts! and Rome exalts her head
An everlasting monument of patience.

Thomson's Sophonisba.

Patience! do you think
The mangl'd wretch, fixt to the torturing rack,
Amidst convulsive throes and agonies,
Can think of patience? —
A mind at ease, like yours, may talk of patience,
Displaying the philosopher and hero.

Martyn's Timoleon.

P A T R I O T.

Thrice happy patriot, whom no courts debase
No titles lessen, and no stars disgrace!
Still nod the plumage o'er the brainless head;
Still o'er the faithless heart the ribband spread.
Such toys may serve to signalize the tool,
To gild the knave, or garnish out the fool;
While you, with Roman virtue arm'd, disdain
The tinsel trappings and the glittering chain:
Fond of your freedom, spurn the venal fee
And prove he's only great,—who dares be free.

Paul Whitehead.

Grave precepts fleeting notions may impart,
But bright example best instructs the heart;

Then

Then look on Fabius, let his conduct show,
 From active life what various blessings flow.
 In him a just ambition stands confess'd,
 It warms, but not inflames, his equal breast.
 See him in senates act the patriot's part,
 Truth on his lips, the public at his heart;
 There neither fears can awe, nor hopes controul,
 The honest purpose of his steady soul.
 No mean attachments e'er seduc'd his tongue
 To gild the cause his heart suspected wrong;
 But deaf to envy, faction, spleen, his voice
 Joins here or there, as reason guides his choice.
 To one great point his faithful labours tend,
 And all his toils, in Britain's interest end;

Melmoth.

What is it that you would impart to me?
 If it be aught towards the general good,
 Set honour in one eye, and death i' th' other,
 And I will look on both indifferently;
 For let the gods so speed me as I love
 The name of honor, more than I fear death.

Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.

His only blot was this; that, much provok'd,
 He rais'd his vengeful arm against his country.
 And lo! the righteous gods have now chastis'd him,
 Ev'n by the hands of those for whom he fought.
 Whatever private views and passions plead,
 No cause can justify so black a deed;
 These, when the angry tempest clouds the soul,
 May darken reason, and her course controul;
 But when the prospect clears, her startled eye
 Must from the treacherous gulph with horror fly,
 On whose wild wave by stormy passion tols'd,
 So many hapless wretches have been lost.
 Then be this truth the star by which we steer,
 Above ourselves our contry should be dear.

Thomson's Coriolanus.

Learn hence, you Romans, on how sure a base,
 The patriot builds his happiness; no stroke,
 No keenest, deadliest, shaft of adverse fate,
 Can make this generous bosom quite despair,
 But that alone by which his country falls.
 Grief may to grief in endless round succeed,
 And nature suffer when our children bleed:
 Yet still superior must that hero prove,
 Whose first best passion is his country's love.

Whitehead's Roman Father.

Who would not bleed with transports for his coun-
 try,

Tear every tender passion from his heart,
 And greatly die to make a people happy;
 Ought not to taste of happiness himself,
 And is low-soul'd indeed.

Thomson's Sophonisba.

My country claims me all, claims ev'ry passion:
 Her liberty hence forth be all my thought!
 Tho' with a brother's life yet cheaply bought;
 For her my own I'd willingly resign,
 And say, with transport, that the gain were mine.

Martyn's Timoleon.

'Tis not indulging private inclination,
 The selfish passions, that sustains the world,
 And lends its rulers grace; no, it is not then
 That glory springs, and high immortal deeds:
 The publick good, the good of others, still
 Must bear fond nature down, in him who dares
 Aspire to worthy rule; imperious honour
 Still o'er the most distinguish'd lords it most.

Thompson's Agamemnon.

Dear

Dear as thou art, whene'er our country calls,
Friends, sons, and fires should yield their treasure
up,

Nor own a sense beyond the public safety.

Brooke's Gustavus Vasa.

O I will
Of private passions all my soul divest,
And take my dearer country to my breast.
To public good transfer each fond desire,
And clasp my Sweden with a lover's fire.
Well pleas'd the weight of all her burdens bear;
Dispense all pleasure, but ingross all care.
Still quick to find, to feel my people's woes,
And wake, that millions may enjoy repose.

Brooke's Gustavus Vasa.

To me, I know, 'tis ruin;
But safety to the public, to the king.
I will not reason more, I will not listen
Even to the voice of honour. — No — 'tis fix'd!
I here devote me for my prince and country;
Let them be safe, and let me nobly perish!

Thomson's Tancred and Sigismund.

P A T R O N.

Patrons of arts must live till arts decay,
Sacred to verse in every poet's lay.
Thus grateful France does Richlieu's worth pro-
claim,

Thus grateful Britian doats on Somer's name,
And spite of party rage, and human flaws,
And British liberty, and British laws,
Times yet to come shall sing of Anna's reign,
And bards, who blame the measures, love the men,

Will. Whitehead's Poem.

P A T R O -

PATRONAGE MISTAKEN.

'Tis hard for great men rightly to bestow;
 From hence so few are skill'd in either case,
 To ask with dignity or give with grace
 Sometimes the great, seduc'd by love of parts,
 Consult our genius, but consult not hearts,
 Pleas'd with the glittering sparks that genius flings,
 They list us towering on the eagles wings,
 Mark out the flights by which themselves begun,
 And teach our dazzled eyes to bear the sun,
 Till we forget the hand that made us great,
 And grow to envy, not to emulate.

Dodington.

P E A C E.

Fair peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
 By whose wide tie, the kindred sons of men
 Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
 And unsuspecting faith; while honest toil
 Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,
 Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.
 Beneath thy calm inspiring influence,
 Science his views enlarges, art refines,
 And swelling commerce opens all her ports.
 Blest be the man divine who gives us thee!
 Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,
 Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
 Who shades the murd'rous blade; the deadly gun
 Into the well-pil'd armory returns;
 And every vigour from the work of death
 To grateful industry converting, makes
 The country flourish, and the city smile,
 Unviolated, him the virgin sings;
 And him the smiling mother to her train;
 Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,
 Chaunts; and, the treasures of his labour safe,

The

The husbandman of him, as at the plough,
Or team, he toils. With him the sailor sooths,
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;
And the full city, warm from street to street;
And shop to shop, responsive, rings of him,
Nor joys one land alone; his praise extends
Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day;
Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace,
'Till all the happy nations catch the song.

Thomson's Britannia.

Brave minds, howe'er at war, are secret friends,
Their gen'rous discord with the battle ends;
In peace they wonder whence dissension rose,
And ask how souls so like could e'er be foes.

Methinks I hear more friendly shouts rebound,
And social clarions mix their sprightly sound;
The British flags are furl'd, her troops disband,
As scatter'd armies seek their native land.
The hardy veteran, proud of many a scar,
The manly charms, and honours of the war,
Who hop'd to share his friend's illustrious doom,
And in the battle finds a soldier's tomb,
Leans on his spear to take his farewell view,
And sighing bids the glorious camp adieu.

Tickell.

O peace! the fairest child of heaven,
To whom the sylvan reign was given.
The vale, the fountain, and the grove,
With ev'ry softer scene of love:
Return, sweet peace! and cheer the weeping swain
Return, with ease and pleasure in thy train.

Thompson's Alfred.

Pox of peace —

It fills the kingdom full of holidays;

And

And only feeds the wants of whores and pipers ;
 And makes th' idle drunken rogues get spinsters :
 By heav'n it is the surfeit of all youth,
 That makes the toughness, and the strength of
 nations

Melt into women. 'Tis an ease that broods
 Thieves, and bastards only.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Captain.

— In this plenty,
 And fat of peace, your young men ne'er were train'd
 In martial discipline ; and your ships unrigg'd,
 Rot in the harbour ; nor defence prepar'd,
 But thought unuseful : as if that the gods,
 Indulgent to your sloth, had granted you
 A perpetuity of pride and pleasure ;
 Nor change fear'd, or expected.

Massinger's Bondman.

Our armours now may rust ; our idle scimetars
 Hang by our sides for ornament, not use :
 Children shall beat our arabals and drums ;
 And all the noisy trades of war no more
 Shall wake the peaceful morn ;
 Nor shall Sebastian's formidable name,
 Belonger us'd to lull the crying babe.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

Now are our brows bound with victorious
 wreaths.

Our stern alarms are chang'd to merry meetings ;
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures :
 Grim-visag'd war has smooth'd wrinkl'd front,
 And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute :

Shakespeare's Richard. III.

Peace

Peace has sweets
That Hybla never new; it sleeps on down
Cull'd gently from beneath the cherub's wings.

Brook's Gustavus Vasa.

Long peace, I find
But nurses dangerous humours up to strength,
Licence, and wanton rage; which war alone
Can purge away,

Mallet's Mustapha.

Gentle peace,
With liberal hand, diffuses gladness round;
By her inspired, the flock spread mountain fings;
The cultur'd vale resounds the parent's joy;
And plenty flows into the croud'd gate
Of the full peopled city—who then, peace
Thou best of powers! who would not thee prefer
To guilty glory, and the crimes of war.

Paterfon's Arminius.

O beauteous Peace:
Sweet union of a state! what else, but thou,
Gives safety, strength, and glory to a people!
I bow, lord constable, beneath the snow
Of many years; yet in my breast revives
A youthful flame. Methinks, I see again
Those gentle days renew'd, that bless'd our isle,
E're by this wasteful fury of division,
Worse then our Etna's most destructive fires,
It desolated sunk. I see our plains
Unbounded waving with the gifts of harvest;
Our seas with commerce throng'd, our busy ports
With chearful toil. Our Enna blooms afresh;
A fresh the sweets of thee, my Hybla, flow.
Our nymphs and shepherds, sporting in each vale,
Inspire new song, and wake the pastoral reed.

Thomson's Tancred and Sigismunda.

And

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And thou, fair peace, from the wild floods of war
Come, dove like, and thy blooming olive bear.
Tell me ye victors, what strange charms ye find
In conquest, that destruction of mankind!
Unenvy'd may your laurels ever grow,
That never flourish but in human woe.
If never earth the wreath triumphal bears,
Till drench'd in hero's blood, or orphan's tears.

Broome.

A peace is the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither party loser.

Shakespeare's Henry IV.

Peace is the happy natural state of man;
War is corruption, his disgrace.

Thomson's Coriolanus.

P E A C O C K.

How rich the peacock; what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the sun!
He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day!
With conscious state the spacious round displays,
And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.

Young's Paraphrase on Job.

P E N A N C E.

I met her as returning
In solemn penance from the public cross,
Before her certain rascal officers,
Slaves in authority, the knaves of justice!
On either side her marched an ill-look'd priest,
Who with severe, with horrid haggard eyes,
Did ever and anon, by turns upbraid her,

And

And thunder in her trembling ear damnation :
 Around her numberless the rabble flow'd,
 Should'ring each other crouding for a view,
 Gaping, and gazing, taunting, and reviling ;
 Some pitying ; but those, alas ! how few !
 The most such iron hearts we are, and such
 The base barbarity of human kind,
 With insolence, and lew'd reproach review'd her,
 Hooting and railing, and with villainous hands,
 Gathering the filth from out the common ways,
 To hurl upon her head :
 Submissive, sad, and lowly was her look ;
 A burning taper in her hand she bore ;
 And on her shoulders carelessly confus'd,
 With loose neglect, her lovely tresses hung,
 Upon her cheek a fainting flush was spread ;
 Feeble she seem'd, and sorely smit with pain,
 While barefoot, as she trod the flinty pavement,
 Her foot-steps were all along mark'd with blood :
 Yet silent still she pass'd, and unrepining !
 Her streaming eyes bent ever on the earth,
 Except when, in some bitter pang of sorrow,
 To heav'n she seem'd in fervent zeal to raise 'em,
 And beg that mercy, man deny'd her here.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

PERSECUTION.

To subdue th' unconquerable mind,
 To make one reason have the same effect
 Upon all apprehensions ; to force this
 Or that man to think just as I do ;
 Impossible ! unless souls, which differ
 Like human faces, were alike in all.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

PETI.

P E T I T I O N.

A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
 Where from ambrosia Jove retires for ease;
 There in his seat two spacious vents appear,
 On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
 And hears the various vows of all mankind;
 Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
 All vain petitions mounting to the sky,
 With reams abundant, this abode supply;
 Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills,
 Sign'd with that ichor which from gods distills.

Pope's Dunciad.

P H E A S A N T.

See from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
 Short in his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
 Oh! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
 His purple breast, and scarlet circled eyes;
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold.

Pope's Windsor Forest.

P H I L O S O P H Y.

Some few, whose lamps shone brighter, have been led
 From cause to cause to nature's secret head:
 And found that one first principal must be,
 But what, or who that universal he;
 Whether some soul, incompassing this ball,
 Unmade, unmov'd, yet making, moving all;
 Or various atoms interfering dance
 Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance;
 Or this great all was from eternity:
 Not ev'n the Stagarite himself could see,
 And Epicurus guess'd as well as he.

}
As

As blindly grop'd they for a future state,
 As rashly judg'd of providence and fate.
 But least of all could their endeavours find
 What most concern'd the good of human kind;
 For happiness was never to be found,
 But vanish'd from them like enchanted ground.
 One thought content the good to be enjoy'd;
 This ev'ry little accident destroy'd:
 The wiser madmen did for virtue toil;
 A thorny, or at best a barren soil:
 In pleasure some their glutton souls would steep,
 But found their line too short, the well too deep,
 And leaky vessels, which no bliss could keep. }
 Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roul,
 Without a centre where to fix the soul.
 In this wild maze their vain endeavours end,
 How can the less the greater comprehend?
 Or finite reason reach infinity?
 For what could fathom God, were more than he.

Dryden's Relig. Laicis

With thee, serene philosophy, with thee,
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
 Effusive source of evidence and truth!
 A lustre shedding o'er th' enobled mind;
 Stronger than summer noon, and pure as that,
 Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,
 New to the dawning of celestial day.
 Hence through her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by
 thee,
 She springs aloft with elevated pride,
 Above the tangling mass of low desires,
 That bind the fluttering croud; and angel wing'd,
 The height of science and of virtue gains,
 Where all is calm and clear; with nature round,
 Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss
 To reasons and to fancy's eye display'd:

The

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The first up tracing from the dreary void,
 The chain of causes and effects to him,
 The world producing essence, who alone
 Possesses beings ; while the last receives
 The whole magnificence of heav'n and earth,
 And every beauty delicate and bold,
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
 Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence poetry exalts
 Her voice to ages ; and informs the page
 With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
 Never to die ! the treasure of mankind :
 Their highest honour, and their truest joy !

Without thee what were unenlighten'd man !
 A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilds
 In quest of prey, and with th' unfashion'd fur
 Rough clad, devoid of ev'ry finer art,
 And elegance of life. Nor happiness
 Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
 Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
 Nor guardian law were his ; nor various skill
 To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
 Mechanic, nor the heav'n conducted prow
 Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
 The burning line, or dares the wintry pole,
 Mother severe of infinite delights !
 Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
 And woes on woes, a still revolving train :
 Whose horrid circle had made human life
 Than nonexistence worse : but taught by thee,
 Ours are the plans of policy and peace :
 To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
 Embellish life. While thus laborious crouds
 Ply the tough oar, philosophy directs
 The ruling helm ; or like the liberal breath
 Of potent heav'n, invisible, the sail
 Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.

Nor

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
 Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
 Creation thro'; and from that full complex
 Of never ending wonders, to conceive
 Of the sole being right, who spake the word,
 And nature moved compleat. With inward view,
 Thence on the ideal kingdom swift she turns
 Her eye; and instant, at her pow'rful glance,
 Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
 Compound, divide, and into order shift,
 Each to his rank from plain perception up
 To the fair forms of fancy's fleeting train:
 No reason then, deducing truth from truth;
 And notion quite abstract, where first begins
 The world of spirits, action all, and life unfettered,
 and unmix'd.

Thomson's Seasons.

PIETY.

Hail! heav'nly piety, supremely fair!
 Whose smiles can balm the horrors of despair.
 Bid in each breast unusual transports flow,
 And wipe the tears that stain the cheek of woe:
 How blest the man who leaves each meaner scene,
 Like thee, exalted, smiling, and serene!
 Whose rising soul pursues a nobler flight,
 Whose bosom melts with more refin'd delight;
 Whose thoughts, elate with transports all sublime,
 Can soar at once beyond the views of time:
 Till loos'd from earth, as angels unconfin'd,
 He flies aerial on the darting wind;
 Free as the keen ey'd eagle, bears away,
 And mounts the regions of eternal day.

Ogilvie's Day of Judgment.

PITY.

PITY.

For love of all the gods
 Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,
 And when we have our armour buckled on,
 Let venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords.

Shakespear's Troilus and Cressida.

My gracious liege, this too much lenity
 And harmful pity must be laid aside :
 To whom do lions cast their gentle looks ?
 Not to the beast, that would usurp their den :
 Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick ?
 Not his, that spoils her young before her face :
 Who scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting ?
 Not he, that sets his foot upon her back :
 The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on ;
 And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

Shakespear's Third Part of King Henry VI.

Never slave

Could yet so highly offend, but tyranny
 In tort'ring him, would make him worth lamen-
 ting.

Johnson's Sejanus.

Take heed of pity, pity was the cause
 Of my confusion, pity hath undone
 Thousands of gentle natures in our sex,
 For pity is sworn servant unto love,
 And this be sure, where-ever it begin
 To make the way, it lets the master in.

Daniel's Arcadia.

Pity is the virtue of the law,
 And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

Shakespear's Timon.

Objects

Objects of pity, when the cause is new,
 Still work too fiercely on the busy crowd :
 Had Cæsar's body never been expos'd,
 Brutus had gain'd his cause.

Dryden's Spanish Friar.

P I L L O R Y.

Where elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
 Clasp'd in the board the perjurd head is bow'd,
 Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailstones pow'r,
 Turnips and half hatch'd eggs, (a mingled shower)
 Among the rabble rain: some random throw
 May with th' trickly yolk thy cheek o'erflow.

Gay's Trivia.

P L A G U E.

Frequent o'er the lick'ning city, plague,
 The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
 Descends! From Ethiopia's poison'd woods,
 From stifled Cairo's filth and fetid fields,
 With locust armies putrifying heap'd,
 This great destroyer sprung; her awful rage
 The brutes escape: man is her destin'd prey,
 Intemperate man! and o'er his guilty domes
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze, and stain'd
 With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
 Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom then
 Dejects his watchful eye; and, from the hand
 Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
 The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
 And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;
 Into the worst of desarts sudden turn'd,
 The chearful haunt of men: unless escap'd

From

From the doom'd house, where matchless horror
reigns,

Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks loose, and, loud to heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns.

Inhuman, and unwise, the sullen door,

Yet uninfected on its cautious hinge

Fearing to turn, abhors society.

Dependents, friends, relations, love himself,

Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,

The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.

But vain their selfish care; the circling sky,

The wide enliv'ning air is full of fate;

And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs

They fall, unblest'd untended, and unmourn'd.

Thus o'er the prostrate city black despair

Extends her raven wings; while to complete

The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,

The grim guards stand denying all retreat,

And give the flying wretch a better death.

Thomson's Seasons.

The raw damps

With flaggy wings fly heavily about,

Scatt'ring their pestilential colds and rheums

Thro' all the lazy air: hence murrains follow

On bleating flocks, and on the lowing herds.

At last the malady

Grew more domestic, and the faithful dog

Dy'd at his master's feet; and next his master.

For all those plagues which earth and air had brooded,

First on inferiour creatures try their force,

And last they seiz'd on man:

And then a thousand deaths at once advanc'd,

And ev'ry dart took place. All was so sudden,

That scarce a first man fell: one but began

To wonder, and straight fell a wonder too;

A third, who stoop'd to raise his dying friend,
 Drop'd in the pious act. Heard you that groan?
 A troop of ghosts took flight together there,
 Now death's grown riotous, and will play no more
 For single stakes, but families and tribes.
 With dead and dying men our streets lie cover'd;
 And earth exposes bodies on the pavements
 More than she hides in graves.
 Between the bride and bridegroom have I seen
 The nuptial torch do common offices
 Of marriage and of death. Cast round your eyes,
 Where late the streets were so thick-sown with men,
 Like Cadmus brood they jostled for their passage;
 Now look for those erected heads, and see 'em,
 Like pebbles, paving all our publick ways.

Dryden's Oedipus.

P L A N E T.

Each planet, shining in his proper sphere,
 Does with just speed his radiant voyage steer;
 Each sees his lamp with diff'rent lustre crown'd,
 Each knows his course with different periods bound;
 And, in his passage through the liquid space
 Nor hastens, nor retards his neighbour's race.
 Now shine these planets with substantial rays,
 Does innate lustre gild their measur'd days?
 Or do they, as your schemes, I think, have shown
 Dart furtive beams, and glory not their own,
 All servants to that source of light, the sun?

Prior's Solomon.

The planets of each system represent
 Kind neighbours; mutual amity prevails;
 Sweet interchange of rays receiv'd, return'd
 Enlight'ning, and enlight'ned; all at once
 Attracting, and attracted: patriot like,

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None

None sins against the welfare of the whole;
 But their reciprocal unselfish'd aid
 Affords an emblem of true filial love.

Young's Night Thoughts.

P L A Y E R.

Is it not monstrous that this player here,
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
 Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
 That from her working, all his visage warm'd,
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
 With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
 For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
 That he should weep for her? What would he do
 Had he the motive, and the cue for passion,
 That I have? He would drown the stage with
 tears,

And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech;
 Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
 The very faculty of eyes, and ears.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced
 It to you, trippingly on the tongue; but
 If you mouth it, as many of our players
 Do, I had as lief the town crier had
 Spoke my lines: and do not saw the air too
 Much with your hand, thus, but use all gently;
 For in the very torrent, tempest, and,
 As I may say, whirl-wind of your passion,
 You must acquire, and beget a temperance
 That may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends
 Me to the soul, to hear a robustious
 Periwig-pated fellow tear a passion

To tatters, to very rags, to split the
Ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part,
Are capable of nothing, but inexplicable
Dumb shews, and noise; I would have such a fel-
low

Whip'd for an o'erdoing termagant; it
Out herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

2. I warrant your honour.

1. Be not too tame neither, but let your own
Discretion be your tutor, suit the action
To the words, the words to the action;
With this special observance, that you o'er step
Not the modesty of nature; for any
Thing so o'erdone is from the purpose
Of playing; whose end both at the first and
Now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror
Up to nature; to shew virtue her own
Feature, scorn her own image, and the very
Age and body of the time, his form and
Pressure. Now this o'erdone, or cometary
Of, tho' it makes th' unskilful laugh, cannot
But make the judicious grieve: the censure
Of which one, must in your allowance, o'erway
A whole theatre of others. Oh! there be
Players that I have seen play, and heard others
Praise, and that highly, not to speak it prophanely,
That having neither the accent of Christian,
Nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man,
Have so strutted and bellow'd, that I have
Thought some of nature's journeymen had made
Men, and not made them well, they imitated
Humanity so abominably!

2. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with
us.

1. Oh, reform it altogether;
And let those that play your clowns speak no more
Than is set down for them: for there be of

Them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some
 Quantity of barren spectators to
 Laugh too, though in the mean time some
 Necessary question of the play be
 Then to be considered : that's villainous ;
 And shews a most pitiful ambition
 In the fool that uses it.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

They abuse our scene,
 And say we live by vice, indeed 'tis true ;
 As physicians by diseases do ;
 Only to cure them : they do live we see
 Like cooks by pamp'ring prodigality ;
 Which are our fond accusers. On the stage,
 We set an answerer to tell this age
 How ugly looks his soul ; a prodigal,
 Is taught by us how far from liberal
 His folly bears him, boldly I dare say,
 There has been more by us in some one play
 Laugh'd into wit, and virtue, than hath been
 By twenty tedious lectures drawn from sin
 And foppish humours ; hence the cause doth rise,
 Men are not won by the ears, as by the eyes.

Rand. Muscs Looking-Glass.

P L E A S U R E.

Why would not eating, drinking, sleeping,
 Education of children, be half neglected,
 Were it not for pleasure ? Would understanding
 Embrace the truth, if it took not pleasure
 In it ? What kind of men are those that oppugn
 Pleasure ? Doth not the courtier take pleasure
 In honour, the citizen in wealth, the
 Countryman in delights of health, the
 Academick in the mysteries of

Learning

Learning? Is there not, ev'n in angels, a
Certain incomprehensible pleasure?

Love's Loadstone.

Of pleasure next the final cause explore ;
Its mighty purpose, its important end,
Not to turn human brutal, but to build
Divine on human, pleasure came from heav'n ;
In aid to reason was the goddess sent :
To call up all it's strength by such a charm ;
Pleasure first succours virtue ; in return,
Virtue gives pleasure an eternal reign.
What but the pleasure of food, friendship, faith,
Supports life nat'ral, civil, and divine ?
'Tis from the pleasure of repast we live ;
'Tis from the pleasure of applause we please ;
'Tis from the pleasure of belief we pray ;
(All prayer would cease if unbelieved the prize,)
It serves ourselves, our species, and our God ;
And to serve more is past the sphere of man.
Glide then for ever pleasure's sacred stream ;
Through Eden and Euphrates rich, it runs
And fosters ev'ry growth of happy life ;
Makes a new Eden where it flows ;—but such
As must be lost, Lorenzo ! by thy fall.

Young's Night Thoughts.

The youth, who bathes in pleasure's limpid stream
At well judg'd intervals, feels all his soul
Nerv'd with recruited strength ; but if too oft
He swims in sportive mazes thro' the flood,
It chills his languid virtue.

Mason's Elfrida.

P O E T.

Such was the bard, whose heavenly strains of old
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.

Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
 The man who bad the Theban domes ascend,
 And tam'd the savage nations with his song;
 And such the Thracian, whose harmonious lyre
 Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep.
 Sooth'd ev'n th' inexorable powers of hell,
 And half redeem'd his lost Euridice.
 Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
 Expels diseases, softens every pain,
 Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague;
 And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd
 One power of physic, melody, and song.

Arm. Art of Preserving.

'Tis true the man of verse, tho' born to ills,
 Too oft deserves the very fate he feels.
 When, vainly frequent at the great man's board,
 He shares in every vice with ev'ry lord.
 Makes to their taste his sober sense submit,
 And 'gainst his reason madly arms his wit.
 Heaven but in justice turns their serious heart
 To scorn the wretch, whose life belies his art.

Will. Whitehead.

Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;
 Immortal heirs of universal praise!
 Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow:
 Nations unborn your mighty names shall found,
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found;

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

I grant, that poetry's a crying sin;
 It brought, no doubt, th' excise and army in:
 Catch'd, like the plague, or love, the lord knows
 how;
 But that the cure is starving, all allow.

Yet

Yet like the papist's is the poet's state,
 Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate.

Pope's Satires.

In all your lines let energy be found,
 And learn to rise in sense, and sink in sound :
 Slide without falling, without straining soar.
 Harsh words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear ;
 None please the fancy, who offend the ear.
 In sense and numbers if you would excel,
 Read Wycherly, consider Dryden well.
 In one what vig'rous turns of fancy shine !
 In th' other Syrens warble in each line !
 If Dorset's sprightly muse but touch the lyre,
 The smiles and graces melt in soft desire,
 And little loves confess their am'rous fire.
 The gentle His claims the ivy crown,
 To bind th' immortal brows of Addison,
 As tuneful Congreve tries his rural strains,
 Pan quits the wood, the list'ning fawns the plains,
 And philomel, in notes like his, complains.
 When Stepney paints the godlike acts of kings,
 Or what Apollo dictates Prior sings ;
 The banks of Rhine a pleas'd attention show,
 And silver Sequana forgets to flow.

Garth.

The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
 Are of imagination all compact ;
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;
 This is the madman. The lover, all as frantick
 Sees Helen's beauty in the brow of Egypt,
 The poets eye, in a fine frenzy rowling,
 Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to
 heav'n,
 And as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turns them to shape, and gives to any nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Shakespear's Night Dreams.

Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart;
Write 'till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and from some feeling line
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tygers tame, and huge leviathans
Forake unsounded deeps, to dance on sands.

Shakespear's Gentleman of Verona.

O sacred poesy, thou spirit of Roman arts,
The soul of science; and the queen of souls!
What prophane violence, almost sacrilege,
Hath here been offered thy divinity,
That thine own guiltless poverty should arm
Prodigious ignorance to wound thee thus?
For thence is all their force of argument
Drawn forth against thee; or from the abuse
Of thy great pow'rs in adulterate brains:
When spirits, would men learn but to distinguish
And set true difference 'twixt these jaded wits
That run a broken pace for common hire,
And the high raptures of a happy muse,
Borne on the wings of her immortal thought,
That kicks at earth with a disdainful heel,
And beats at heav'ns gates with her bright hoofs;
They would not then with such distorted faces,
And desp'rate censures, stare at poesy.
They would admire bright knowledge, and their
minds
Should never descend on so unworthy objects
As gold or titles: they would dread far more
To be thought ignorant, than be known poor.

Johnson's Poetaster.

How shall my debts be paid? or can my scores
 Be clear'd with verses to my creditors?
 Hexameter's no sterling; and I fear
 What the brain coins, goes scarce for current there.
 Can metre cancel bonds? Is there a time
 Ever to hope to wipe out chalk with rhyme?
 Or if I now were hurrying to a goal,
 Are the nine muses held sufficient bail?
 Would they to any composition come,
 If we should mortgage our Elysium,
 Tempe, Parnassus, and the golden streams
 Of Tagus, and Pactolus, those rich dreams
 Of active fancy?

Randolph.

POLITENESS.

Study with care politeness, that must teach
 The modish forms of gesture and of speech:
 In vain formality, with matron mien,
 And pertness, apes her with familiar grin;
 They against nature for applauses strain,
 Distort themselves, and give all others pain:
 She moves with easy, tho' with measur'd pace,
 And shews no part of study but the grace,
 Yet ev'n by this man is but half refin'd,
 Unless philosophy subdues the mind.

Stillington.

POPULARITY.

I never courted popular applause;
 Feasted the men of action; or labour'd
 By prodigal gifts to draw the needy soldier,
 The tribunes, or centurions, to a faction;
 Of which, I would rise up the head against him.
 I hold no place of strength, fortress, or castle
 In my command, that can give sanctuary
 To malecontents, or countenance rebellion:
 I've built no palaces to face the court;
 Nor do my followers brav'ry shame his train;

And though I cannot blame my fate for want,
My competent means of life deserves no envy;
In what then am I dangerous?

Massinger's Emperor of the East.

I love the people;
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and *Ave's* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does effect it.

Shakespear's Measure for Measure.

Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:
How he did seem to dive into their hearts
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
 wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient under bearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their effects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of dray-men bid, God speed him well:
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With--Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects next degree in hope.

Shakespear's King Richard II.

The commonwealth is sick of her own choice:
Her over-greedy love has surfeited:
A habitation giddy and unsure
Has he that builds upon the vulgar's hearts.
O thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heav'n with blessing Bullinbroke!
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be?
But being trim'd up in thy own desires,

Thou

Thou beaſtly feeder art ſo full of him,
That thou provok'ſt thyſelf to caſt him up!
So, ſo, thou common dog, didſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton boſom, of the royal Richard,
And now thou wouldſt eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'ſt to find it. What truſt is in theſe times?
They, that when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd of his grave.
Thou, that threw'ſt duſt upon his ſacred head,
When thro' proud London he came ſighing on
After th' admired heels of Bullinbroke,
Cry'ſt now, O earth! yield us that king again,
And take thou this!

Shakeſpear's Henry IV.

I'll about
And drive away the vulgar from the ſtreets.
Theſe growing feathers pluckt from Cæſar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who elſe would ſoar above the view of men,
And keep us all in ſervile fearfulness.

Shakeſpear's Jul. Cæſar.

The people like a headlong torrent go,
And every dam they break or overflow:
But unoppoſ'd, they either looſe their force,
Or wind in volumes to their former courſe.
Their fright to no perſuaſions will give ear,
There's a deaf madneſs in a people's fear.

Julius Cæſar.

Theſe ſlaves,
Theſe wide-mouth'd brutes, that bellow thus for
freedom!

Oh! how they run before the hand of pow'r,
Flying for ſhelter into every brake?
Like cowardly fearful ſheep, they break their herd
When the wolf's out and raging for his prey.

Otway's Caius Marius.

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The streets are thicker in this noon of night
Than at the mid-day sun: a drowzy horror
Sits on their eyes, like fear not well awake:
All crowd in heaps, as at a night's alarm
The bees drive out upon each other's backs,
T' imboss their hives in clusters: all ask news:
Their busy captain runs the weary round,
To whisper orders; and commanding silence,
Makes not noise cease, but deafens it to murmurs.
Shakespear's Julius Cæsar.

Observe the mountain billows of the main
Blown by the winds into a raging storm:
Brush off those winds, and the high waves return
Into their quiet, first-created calm.
Such is the rage of busy blust'ring crowds,
Tormented by th' ambition of the great:
Cut off the causes, and th' effects will cease,
And all the moving madness fall to peace.
Dryden's Cleomenes.

All nations bow their heads with homage down,
And kiss the feet of this exalted man:
The name, the shout, the blast from e'ery mouth
Is Alexander! Alexander bursts
Your cheeks, and with a crack so loud
It drowns the voice of heav'n! like dogs you fawn
The earth's commanders fawn, and follow him:
Mankind starts up to hear his blasphemy;
And if this hunter of the barb'rous world
But wind himself a god, you eccho him
With universal cry.

Lee's Alexander.

Triumphant Brutus,
Like Jove, when follow'd by a train of gods,
To mingle with the fates, and doom the world,
Ascends.

Ascends the brazen steps o'th' Capitol,
 With all the humming senate at his heels :
 While you are but the ape, the mimic god
 Of this new thund'rer, who appropriates
 Those bolts of pow'r which ought to be divided :
 Now, by the gods ! I hate this upstart pride,
 His abject soul, that stoops to court the vulgar,
 His scorn of princes, and his lust to th' people !
 O Collatine ! have you not eyes to find him ?
 Why are you rais'd, but to set off his honours ?
 A taper by the sun, whose sickly beams
 Are swallow'd in the blaze of his full glory :
 He like a meteor, wades th' abyss of light,
 While your faint lustre adds but to the beard,
 That awes the world. When late through Rome
 he pass'd,

Fix'd on his courser, mark'd you how he bow'd
 On this, on that side, to the gazing heads,
 That pav'd the streets, and all imboss'd the win-
 dows ;

That gap'd with eagerness to speak, but cold not,
 So fast their spirits flow'd to admiration,
 And that to joy, which thus at last broke forth :
 Brutus ! god Brutus ! father of thy country !
 Hail, genius, hail ! deliv'rer of lost Rome !
 Shield of the commonwealth, and sword of
 justice !

Hail, scourge of tyrants ! lash of lawless kings !
 All hail ! they cry'd ; while the long peal of prai-
 ses,

Tormented with a thousand echoing cries,
 Ran like the volley of the gods along.
 But when you follow'd, how did their bellying
 bodies,

That ventur'd from the casements more than half
 To look at Brutus ? nay, that stuck like snails
 Upon the walls, and from the houses tops

Hung

Hung down, like clust'ring bees upon each other?
 How did they all draw back at sight of you,
 To laze, and loll, and yawn, and rest from rap-
 ture!

Lee's Lucius Junius Brutus.

I have no taste
 Of popular applause: the noisy praise
 Of giddy crowds as changeable as winds;
 Still vehement, and still without a cause:
 Servants to chance, and blowing in the tide
 Of swoln success; but veering with the ebb,
 It leaves the channel dry.

Dryden's Spanish Fryar.

Base mongrel souls! flesh 'em but once with for-
 tune,
 And they will worrey royalty to death!
 But if some crabbed virtue turn and pinch them,
 They'll run, and yelp, and clap their tails,
 Like curs, betwixt their legs, and howl for mercy.

Lee's Duke of Guise.

The crowd, to restless motion still inclin'd,
 Are clouds, that rack according to the wind;
 Driv'n by their chiefs, they storms of hailstones
 pour,
 Then mourn and soften to a silent show'r.

Lee's Massacre of Paris.

The genius of your Moors is mutiny:
 They scarcely want a guide to move their mad-
 ness:
 Prompt to rebel on e'ery weak pretence:
 Blust'ring when courted, crouching when op-
 press'd;
 Wise to themselves, and fools to all the world;
 Restless

Restless in change, and perjur'd to a proverb !
 They love religion sweeten'd to the sense ;
 A good, luxurious, palatable faith !
 Thus vice and godliness, prepos't'rous pair,
 Ride cheek by jowl : but churchmen hold the
 reins ;
 And whene'er kings would lower clergy-great-
 ness,
 They'll learn too late what pow'r the preachers
 have,
 And whose the subjects are.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

P O V E R T Y.

But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
 And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
 With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
 Wretched repasts my meagre corps sustain,
 Then solitary walk, or dose at home
 In garret vile, and with a warming puff
 Regale chill'd fingers, or from tube as black
 As winter chimney, or well polish'd jet,
 Exhale mundungus, ill perfuming scent :
 Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size
 Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree
 Sprung from Cadwaladar and Arthur, kings
 Full famous in romantic tale, when he
 O'er many a craggy hill, and barren cliff,
 Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
 High over shadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his wares, or at th' Chronian mart,
 Or Maridunam, or th' antient town
 Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
 Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil !
 Whence flow Nectarous wines, that well may
 vie ;

With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Philips's Splendid Shilling.

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Wealthy men, that have estates to lose,
Whose conscious thoughts
Are full of inward guilt, may shake with hor-
ror,

To have their actions sifted, or appear
Before their judge : but the poor, that know
themselves,

As innocent as poor, that have no fleece,
On which the talons of the griping law
Can take sure hold, may smile with scorn on all
That can be urg'd against them.

Beaumont's Spanish Curate.

Want whets the wit, 'tis true ; but wit not blest
With fortune's aid, makes beggars at the best :
Wit is hot fed, but sharpen'd with applause ;
For wealth is solid food, but wit is hungry sauce.

Dryden's Love Triumphant.

Are all my services forgot ?— This morn,
This splendid morn, beheld me first of men,
Blest and applauded as my chariot drove,
And by my glories Cæsar was obscur'd !
And now, the day not yet obscur'd, behold
Me last of men, abandon'd and despis'd !
O why is man compos'd of such vile stuff !
Reduc'd at once to beggary : — hard fate !
Who now will ope their hospitable doors,
And shelter Belisarius from the cold ?
Who slake his thirst, who spread the friendly board
To give the famish'd Belisarius food !
Or with an obolus relieve his wants !

Philips's Belisarius.

P O W E R.

I doubt she is so flush'd with the vast views
Of power, and the exalted heights she has gain'd,
That,

That, like the falcon, tow'ring in her pride,
And warm, and eager for the glorious quarry,
She will despise the skilful falc'ner's call,
Nor listen to the voice that us'd to guide her
Madden's Themistocles.

Power! 'tis the fav'rite attribute of gods,
Who look with smiles on men, who can aspire
To copy them —
Martyn's Timoleon.

The power to give creates us oft our foes:
Where many seek for favour, few can find it:
Each thinks he merits all that he can ask;
And, disappointed, wonders at repulse;
Wonders awhile, and then sits down in hate.
Frowde's Philotas.

P R A I S E.

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you:
Know you not, master, to some kind of men,
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctify'd and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!
Shakespear's As you like it.

P R E D E S T I N A T I O N.

But here the doctors eagerly dispute,
Some hold predestination absolute:
Some clerks maintain, that heav'n at first foresees,
And in the virtue of foresight decrees.
If this be so, then prescience binds the will,
And mortals are not free to good or ill;
For what he first foresaw he must ordain,
Or his eternal prescience may be vain:

As

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As bad for us if prescience had not been ;
 For first or last he's author of the sin.
 And who says that, let the blaspheming man
 Say worse, ev'n of the devil, if he can :
 For how can that eternal pow'r be just
 To punish man, who sins because he must ?
 Or how can he reward a virtuous deed,
 Which is not done by us, but first decreed ?
 I cannot bould this matter to the bran,
 As Bradwardin and holy Austin can :
 If prescience can determine actions so,
 That we must do because he did foreknow ;
 Or that foreknowing, yet our choice is free,
 Not forc'd to sin by strict necessity :
 This strict necessity they simple call ;
 Another sort there is conditional :
 The first so binds the will, that things foreknown,
 By spontaneity not choice are done.
 Thus galley-slaves tug willing at their oar
 Content to work in prospect of the shore ;
 But would not work at all if not constrain'd be-
 fore.

The other does not liberty restrain,
 But man may either act or may refrain ;
 Heav'n made us agents free to good or ill,
 And forc'd it not, tho' he forswore the will.
 Freedom was first bestow'd on human race,
 And prescience only held the second place.
 If he could make such agents wholly free,
 I'll not dispute, the point's too high for me ;
 For heav'n's unfathom'd pow'r what man can sound,
 Or put to his omnipotence a bound ?
 He made us to his image all agree,
 That image is the soul, and that must be,
 Or not the maker's image, or be free.
 But whether it had better man had been
 By nature bound to good, not free to sin,
 I wave, for fear of splitting on a rock.

Dryden's Cock and Fox.

The gods foresaw it, and forbid his being
Before he yet was born; I broke their laws,
And cloath'd with flesh his pre-existing soul;
Some kinder power too weak for destiny,
Took pity, and endu'd this new-form'd mass
With temp'rance, justice, prudence, fortitude,
And every kingly virtue, but in vain.
For fate, that sent him hood-wink'd to the world,
Perform'd its work by his mistaking hand.

Dryden's Oedipus.

P R I D E.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind;
What the weak head with strongest byas rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride:
For as in bodies, so in souls, we find,
What wants in blood and spirit's fill'd with wind;
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend, and ev'ry foe.

Pope's Essay on Criticism.

Ask for whose end the heav'nly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, 'tis for mine.
For me kind nature wakes her genial pow'r,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r.
Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;

Seas

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Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies.

Pope's Essay on Man.

In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies:
Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes;
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.

Pope's Essay on Man.

To err is human, human to be vain;
'Tis vanity and mock desire of fame,
That prompts the rustic on the steeple top,
Sublime, to mark the outlines of his shoe;
And in the area to engrave his name:
With pride of heart the churchwarden surveys,
High o'er the belfry, girt with birds and flow'rs,
His story wrote in capitals, 'twas I
That bought the font; and I repair'd the pews.

Smart's Hop Garden.

P R I E S T.

I tell thee, Musti, if the world were wise,
They would not wag one finger in thy quarrels:
Your heav'n you promise, but our earth you covet,
The Phaetons of mankind, who fire that world
Which you were sent by preaching, but to warm.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

Is not the care of souls a load sufficient?
Are not your holy stipends paid for this?
Were you not bred apart from worldly noise,
To study souls, their cures, and their diseases?
The province of the soul is large enough
To fill up every cranny of your time,
And leave you much to answer, if one wretch
Be damn'd by your neglect.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

Were all thy tribe like thee, it well might
Startle our lay unlearn'd faith ; when thro' such
hands

The knowledge of the gods is reach'd to man :
But thus those gods instruct us, that not all,
Who, like intruders, thrust into their service,
And turn the holy office to a trade,
Participate their sacred influence.

Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.

Awful heaven :

Great ruler of the various hearts of man !
Since thou hast rais'd me to conduct thy church
Without the base cabal too often practis'd,
Beyond my wish, my thought, give me the lights,
The virtues, which that sacred trust requires :
A loving, lov'd, unterrifying power,
Such as becomes a father ; humble wisdom ;
Plain, primitive sincerity ; kind zeal
For truth and virtue rather than opinions ;
And, above all, the charitable soul
Of healing peace and Christian moderation.

Thomson's Edward and Eleonora.

When such as thou with sacrilegious hand
Seize on the apostolic key of heav'n,
It then becomes a tool for crafty knaves
To shut out virtue, and unfold those gates,
That heav'n itself had barr'd against the lusts
Of avarice and ambition — soft, and sweet
As looks of charity, or voice of lambs
That bleat upon the morning, are the words
Of Christian meekness ! mission all divine !
The law of love sole mandate — but your gall,
Ye Swedish prelacy ! your gall hath turn'd
The words of sweet, but indigested peace,
To wrath and bitterness — Ye hallow'd men !

In

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In whom vice sanctifies, whose precepts teach
Zeal without truth, religion without virtue,
Who ne'er preach heav'n but with a downward eye
That turns your souls to dross; who shouting loose
The dogs of hell upon us, thefts, and rapes,
Sack'd towns, and midnight howlings thro' the
realm

Receive your sanction — O 'tis glorious mischief
When vice turns holy, puts religion on,
Assumes the robe pontifical, the eye
Of faintly elevation blesteth sin,
And makes the seal of sweet offended heav'n
A sign of blood, a label for decrees,
That hell wou'd shrink to own. —

Brooke's Gustavus Vasa.

Good Worster thus supports his drooping age,
Far from court flattery, far from party rage:
He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,
Firm and intrepid on his country's side,
Her boldest champion then, and now her mildest
guide.

O gen'rous warmth! O sanctity divine!
To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine.
Learn from his life the duties of the gown,
Learn not to flatter, nor insult the crown;
Nor basely servile court the guilty great,
Nor raise the church a rival to the state:
To error wild, to vice alone severe,
Seek not to spread the law of love by fear.
The priest who plagues the world can never mend,
No foe to man was e'er to God a friend:
Let reason and let virtue faith maintain,
All force but their's is impious weak and vain.

L. Littleton.

My time is spent pleasantly;
My lord is neither haughty nor imperious,

Nor

Nor I gravely whimsical: he has good nature,
 And I have good manners.
 His sons too are civil to me, because
 I do not pretend to be wiser than they are;
 I meddle with no man's business, but my own.
 I rise in a morning early, study moderately,
 Eat and drink cheerfully, live soberly,
 Take my innocent pleasures freely;
 So meet with respect, and am not the jest of the
 family. *Otway's Orphan.*

A parish priest was of the pilgrim train,
 An awful, reverend, and religious man;
 His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
 And charity itself was in his face:
 Rich was his soul, tho' his attire was poor,
 As God had cloath'd his own ambassador,
 For such on earth his bless'd Redeemer bore.
 Refin'd himself to soul, to curb the sense,
 And made almost a sin of abstinence.
 Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,
 But such a face as promis'd him sincere.
 Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see,
 But sweet regards and pleasing sanctity;
 Mild was his accent, and his action free.
 With eloquence innate his soul was arm'd;
 Tho' harsh the precept, yet the preacher charm'd:
 He bore his great commission in his look;
 But sweetly temper'd awe, and soften'd all he spoke.
 He taught the gospel, rather than the law,
 And forc'd himself to drive, but lov'd to draw.
 For fear but freezes minds; but, love, like heat,
 Exhales the soul sublime to seek her native seat:
 The tythes his parish freely paid he took,
 But never su'd or curs'd with bell and book,
 With patience bearing wrong, but off'ring none,
 Since every man is free to lose his own.

Yet

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Yet of his little he had some to spare,
 To feed the famish'd, and to cloath the bare.
 For mortify'd he was to that degree,
 A poorer than himself he could not see :
 True priests, he said, and preachers of the word,
 Were only stewards of their sov'reign lord :
 Nothing was their's but all the public store,
 Intrusted riches to relieve the poor ;
 Who, should they steal for want of his relief,
 He judg'd himself accomplice with the thief.
 And still he was at hand, without request,
 To serve the sick, to succour the distress'd.
 He duly watch'd his flock by night and day,
 And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey,
 But hungry sent the wily fox away.—
 The proud he tam'd, the penitent he chear'd,
 Nor to reprove the rich offender fear'd ;
 His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
 (A living sermon of the truth he taught)
 For this by rules severe his life he squar'd,
 That all might see the doctrine which they heard ;
 For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest,
 The gold of heav'n, who bear the God impress'd ;
 But, when the precious coin is kept unclean,
 The sov'reign's image is no longer seen :
 If they be foul, on whom the people trust,
 Well may the baser brass contract a rust ;
 With what he begg'd his brethren he reliev'd,
 And gave the charities himself receiv'd ;
 Gave while he taught, and edify'd the more,
 Because he shew'd by proof, 'twas easy to be poor.

Dryden.

Triumphant plenty, with a chearful grace,
 Basks in their eyes, and sparkles in their face ;
 How sleek their look, how goodly is their mien,
 When big they strut behind a double chin ;

Each

Each faculty in blandishments they lull,
Aspiring to be venerably dull.
No learn'd debates molest their downy trance,
Or discompose their pompous ignorance;
But undisturb'd they loiter life away,
So wither green, and blossom in decay.
Deep sunk in down, they by sloth's gentle care
Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air;
And leave to tatter'd crape the drudgery of pray'r.

Dryden.

Your Saviour came not with a gaudy show,
Nor was his kingdom of the world below:
Patience in want and poverty of mind,
These marks of church and churchmen he design'd,
And living taught, and dying left behind.
The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn,
In purple he was crucify'd, not born:
They who contend for place and high degree,
Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.

Dryden.

PRINCE.

'Tis war that forms the prince: 'tis hardship, toil;
'Tis sleepless nights, and never-resting days;
'Tis pain, 'tis danger, 'tis affronted death;
'Tis equal fate for all, and changing fortune;
That rear the mind to glory, that inspire
The noblest virtues, and the gentlest manners.

Thompson's Agamemnon.

PRISON.

Part of a Scene in the Second Act of the

NOBLE KINSMEN.

PELRMON and AREITE.

This is all our world:—
We shall know nothing but one another;
Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes;
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it:

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Summer shall come and with her all delights,
But dead cold winter must inhabit here still.

PAL.

'Tis too true, Areite, to our Theban hounds,
That shock the aged forest with their ecchoes,
No more now must we hollow, no more shake
Our pointed javelen; whilst the angry swine
Fly like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Struck with our well-steel'd darts. All valiant uses,
The food and nourishment of noble minds,
In us too here shall perish: we shall die,
Which is the curse of honour, lazily,
Children of grief and ignorance.

ARE.

Yet cousin,

Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two meer blessings.
If the gods please to hold here, a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together,
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish,
If I think this our prison.
Let's think this prison a holy sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men;
We're young, and yet desire the ways of honour,
That liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
Move us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours? And here being thus together,
We are an endless mine to one another;
We're one another's wife; ever begetting
New births of love; we're father, friends, ac-
quaintance:
We are in one another's families;
I am your heir, and you are mine in this place
Is our inheritance: no hard oppressor

Dare

Dare take this from us ; here with a little pasture
 We shall live long and loving : no surfeits seeks :
 The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas
 Swallow their youth : were we at liberty
 A wife might part us lawfully, or business ;
 Quarrels consume us : envy of ill men
 Reave our acquaintance. I might sicken, cousin,
 Where you should never know it, and so perish
 Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
 Or prayers to the gods : a thousand chances,
 Were we from hence, wou'd sever us.

PAL.

You have made me,
 I thank you, cousin Areite, almost wanton
 With my captivity ; what a misery
 Is it to live abroad, and every where ?
 'Tis like a beast methinks : I found the court here ;
 I'm sure of more content, and all these pleasures
 That woo the wills of men to vanity,
 I see through : and am sufficient
 To tell the world 'tis but a gaudy shadow,
 That, old time, as he passes by takes with him.
 What had we been ? Been old in the court of Creon,
 Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
 The virtues of the great ones. Cousin Areite,
 Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
 We had died as they do, ill old men, unwept,
 And had their epitaphs, the people's curses.

P R O D I G I E S.

The spirit of king Philip, in those arms
 We saw him wear, pass'd groaning thro' the court !
 His dreadful eye-balls rolled their horror upwards ;
 He wav'd his arm, and shook his wond'ring head !
 I've heard that at the crowing of the cock,
 Lions will roar, and goblins steal away ;
 But this majestic air stalks steadfast on,

Spight of the morn that calls him from the east,
Nor minds the opening of the ivory-door.

Lee's Alexander.

In a lone isle o'th' temple while I walk'd,
A whirlwind rose, that with a violent blast
Shook all the dome: the doors around me clapp'd;
The iron wicket that defends the vault
Where the long race of Ptolemy's are laid,
Burst open, and disclos'd the mighty dead:
From out each monument, in order plac'd,
An arm'd ghost starts up: the boy-king last
Rear'd his inglorious head. A peal of groans
Then follow'd and a lamentable voice
Cry'd, Egypt is no more! my blood ran back,
My shaking knees against each other knock'd!
On the cold pavement down I fell intranc'd,
And so unfinish'd left the horrid scene!

Dryden's All for Love.

Scarce had we stepp'd on the forbidden ground,
When the woods shook, the trees stood bristling up:
A living trembling nodded thro' the leaves;
And strait a rumbling sound, like bellowing winds,
Rose, and grew loud, confus'd with howls of wolves,
And grunts of bears, and dreadful hiss of snakes,
Shrieks more than human! Globes of hail pour'd
down

An armed winter, and inverted day!

Dryden's King Arthur.

Such unheard-of prodigies hang o'er us,
As make the boldest tremble: see the moon,
Robb'd of her light, discolour'd, without form,
Appears a bloody sign hung out by Jove,
To speak peace broken with the sons of men:
The Nile, as frightened, sinks within its banks;
And as this hour I pass great Isis' temple,
A sudden flood of lightning rush'd upon it,
And laid the shrine in ashes.

Young's Basiris.

P R O M I S E.

A promise may be broke;
 Nay, start not at it—'tis an hourly practice;
 The trader breaks it, yet is counted honest.
 The courtier keeps it not—yet keeps his honour;
 Husband and wife in marriage promise much,
 Yet follow sep'rate pleasures, and are—virtuous.
 The churchmen promise too, but wisely they
 To a long payment stretch the crafty bill,
 And draw upon futurity: a promise!
 'Tis the wise man's freedom, and the fool's restraint;
 It is the ship in which the knave embarks,
 Who rigs it with the tackle of his conscience,
 And sails with ev'ry wind.

Havard's King Charles I.

Promising is the very air of the
 Time; it opens the eyes of expectation.
 Performance is ever the duller for
 His act; and, but in the plainer and simpler
 Kind of the people, the deed is quite out of
 Use. To promise, is most courtly, and fashionable;
 Performance is a kind of will or testament,
 Which argues a great sickness in his judgment
 That makes it.

Shakespeare's Timon.

P R O S P E R I T Y.

Knives will thrive,
 When honest plainness knows not how to live.

Shirley's Maid's Revenge.

He that suffers
 Prosperity to swell him 'bove a man;
 Like those impressions in the air, that rise
 From dunghill vapours, scatter'd by the wind,
 Leaves nothing but an empty name behind.

Nabbs's Hannibal and Scipio.

P R O V I D E N C E.

Who is it, that will doubt
 The care of heaven; or think immortal

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Pow'rs are slow, 'cause they take the privilege
To chuse their own time, when they will send their
Blessings down ?

Sir W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.

Submit thy fate to heav'n's indulgent care,
Tho' all seem lost, 'tis impious to despair :
The tracks of Providence, like rivers, wind,
Here run before us, there retreat behind :
And tho' immerg'd in earth from human eyes,
Again break forth, and more conspicuous rise.

Higgon's Generous Conqueror.

Mark, mark, Ulysses ! how the gods preserve
The men they love, even in their own despiht !
They guide us, and we travel in the dark !
But when we most despair to hit the way,
And least expect, we find ourselves arriv'd !

Landsdown's Heroic Love.

How just is Providence in all its works ?
How swift to overtake us in our crimes ?

Landsdown's Heroic Love.

The holy power that cloathes the senseless earth
With woods, with fruits, with flowers, and verdant
plains,
Whose bounteous hand feeds the whole brute crea-
tion,

Knows all our wants, and has enough to give us.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

The ways of heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzl'd in mazes, and perplex'd with errors ;
Our understanding traces them in vain.
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search ;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

Addison's Cato.

Forbear, fond man. That heaven thou dar'st accuse,

Just, tho' mysterious, leads us on unerring
Thro' ways unmark'd, from guilt to punishment.

Eurydice.

O eternal Providence, whose course,
Amidst the various maze of life, is fix'd
By boundless wisdom and by boundless love,
I follow thee, with resignation, hope,
With confidence and joy ; for thou art good,
And of thy rising goodness is no end.

Thomson's Edward and Eleonora.

What the gods intend—is theirs alone :
Let us not bar their great opposeless wills,
By seeming more than they wou'd have us be :
So shall the chain, that links propriety,
Remain unbroken, and the nerve of hope
But brace obedience to the will of heaven.

Havard's Regulus.

Sink not beneath imaginary sorrows :
Call to your aid your courage, and your wisdom ;
Think on the sudden change of human scenes ;
Think on the various accidents of war ;
Think on the mighty pow'r of awful virtue ;
Think on that Providence that guards the good.

S. Johnson's Irene.

How heav'n, in scorn of human arrogance,
Commits to trivial chance the fate of nations !
While with incessant thought laborious man
Extends his mighty schemes of wealth and pow'r,
And tow'rs and triumphs in ideal greatness ;
Some accidental gust of opposition
Blasts all the beauties of his new creation,
O'erturns the fabrick of presumptuous reason,
And whelms the swelling architect beneath it.

S. Johnson's Irene.

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• This is thy work, almighty Providence,
Whose power, beyond the stretch of human thought,
Revolves the orbs of empire; bids them sink,
Deep in the dead'ning night of thy displeasure,
Or rise majestic o'er a wondering world.

Thomson's Coriolanus.

There is a power
Unseen that rules th' illimitable world,
That guides its motions, from the brightest star,
To the least dust of this sin-tainted mold;
While man, who madly deems himself the lord
Of all, is nought but weakness and dependence.
This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,
Thou must have learnt, when wandering all alone,
Each bird, each insect, flitting thro' the sky,
Was more sufficient for itself, than thou——

Thomson's Coriolanus.

The gods take pleasure oft, when haughty mortals
On their own pride erect a mighty fabric,
By slightest means, to lay their tow'ring schemes
Low in the dust, and teach them they are nothing.

Thomson's Coriolanus.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Shakespear's King Lear.

Tell me, O ye powers,
For I'll be calm: was I not worthy of your care?
And why ye gods, was virtue made to suffer,
Unless this world be but as fire, to purge
Her dross, that she may mount and be a star?

Lee's Mithridates.

Oh heavens, and oh you ever burning lights,
Who have beheld at midnight from your orbs
Our flames that kindled bright, as chaste as yours,
Which of you all, which most malignant star,

Shew

Shew me that envious fire that crost our loves,
That I may curse him from his fatal sphere.

Lee's Mithridates.

Is there no god,
Who can controul the malice of our fate?
Are they all deaf? or have the giants heaven?

Dryden's Oedipus.

Yet sure the gods are good : I would think so,
If they would give me leave!
But virtue in distress, and vice in triumph,
Make atheists of mankind.

Dryden's Cleomenes.

If piety be thus debarr'd access
On high ; and of good men, the very best,
Be singled out to bleed, and bear the scourge,
What is reward ? and what is punishment?
But who shall dare to tax eternal justice!

Congreve's Mourning Bride.

O ! when shall I have rest?
Why are all these things thus ? Is it of force,
Is their necessity I must be miserable ?
Is it of moment to the peace of heav'n,
That I should be afflicted thus ? If not :
Why is it thus contriv'd ? Why are things laid,
By some unseen hand, so as of consequence
They must to me bring curses, grief of heart,
The last distress of life, and sure despair?

Congreve's Mourning Bride.

Sure some malignant planet,
Which long has spar'd me, now of late begins
To shed on me its baleful influence.

Trapp's Abramule.

Ruin like yours is privileg'd to rail,
And when it raves, tho' impotent of harm,
Prudence will shun its walks, or hear regardless,
Nor answer to its frenzy.

Francis's Eugenia.

What can prudence do
Or human wisdom, more than judge from outside,
And flattering likeness? Kings can see no farther;
High heaven, alone, can read the heart, in all
Its utmost frauds, and mystic characters.

Jones's Earl of Essex.

Prudence! the stale pretence of ev'ry knave!
The traitor's ready mask! *Barbarossa.*

You have forgot reward!
The part of heaven in kings for punishment
Is hangman's work; and drudgery for devils.

Dryden's Don Sebastian.

PUNISHMENT.

See they suffer death:
But in their deaths remember they are men:
Strain not the laws, to make their tortures grievous,
Lucius, the base degenerate age requires
Severity and justice in its rigour.
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws:
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay the uplifted thunderbolt aside.

Addison's Cato.

The land wants such
As dare with rigour execute her laws;
Her fester'd members must be lanc'd and tented:
He's a bad surgeon that for pity spares
The part corrupted, 'till the gangrene spread,
And all the body perish: he that's merciful
Unto the bad, is cruel to the good.
The pillory must cure the ear's disease;
The stock's the foot's offences; let the back
Bear her own sin, and her rank blood purge forth
By the phlebotomy of a whipping post:

And

And yet the secret and purse-punishment
Is held the wiser course ; because at once
It helps the virtuous, and corrects the vicious.
Let not the sword of justice sleep, and rust
Within her velvet sheath ; preserve her edge,
And keep it sharp with cutting ; use must whet her :
Tame mercy is the breast that suckles vice,
Till Hydra-like she multiply her heads.

Randolph's Muses Looking-glass.

P U N.

Some know no joy like what a word can raise,
Hal'd thro' a language's perplexing maze ;
Till on a mate, that seems t'agree, they light,
Like man and wife that still are opposite ;
Not lawyers at the bar play more with sense,
When brought to the last trope of eloquence,
Than they on ev'ry subject, great and small,
At clubs, or counsels, at a church, or ball ;
Then cry we rob them of their tributed due :
Alas ! How can we laugh and pity too ?
While others to extremes as wild will run,
And with four face anatomise a pun ;
When the brisk glass to freedom does intice,
And rigid wisdom is a kind of vice.
But let not such grave fops your laughter spoil ;
Ne'er frown where sense may innocently smile.

Stillingfleet.

Q U A C K.

I have heard, they are the most lewd impostors,
Made of all terms and shreds ; no less belyers
Of great men's favours, than their own vile medicines,
Which they will utter upon monstrous oaths ;
Selling that drug for twopence ere they part,
Which they have valued at twelve crowns before.

Johnson's Volpone.

I. Good

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1. Good Dr. Alcon, I am come to crave
Your counsel, to advise me for my health;
For I suppose, in troth, I am not well;
Methinks I should be sick, yet cannot tell;
Something there is amiss that troubles me,
For which I would take physick willingly.

2. Welcome, fair nymph; come let me try your
pulse;

I cannot blame you hold yourself not well.
Something amiss, quoth you.: here's all amiss!
The whole fabric of yourself distemper'd is;
The sistole and diastole of your pulse
Do shew your passions most hysterical:
It seems you have not careful been
T'observe the prophylactic regimen
Of your own body; so that we must now
Descend unto the therapeutical;
That so we may prevent the syndrome
Of symptoms, and may afterwards apply
Some analeptical alexipharmacum,
That may be proper for your malady.

Daniel's Arcadia

Q U A R R E L.

There's mischief greater than all these;
A base and sordid provocation,
Us'd among gentlemen, they cannot quarrel
About a glass of wine, but out flies straight,
Son of a whore: dead mothers must be torn
Out of their graves, or living, have their names
Poison'd by a prodigal's breath: it were
A brave and noble law to make this tongue
Be cut for't, it would save much blood i'th year,
That might be spilt more honourably.

Shirley's Gamester.

THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.



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